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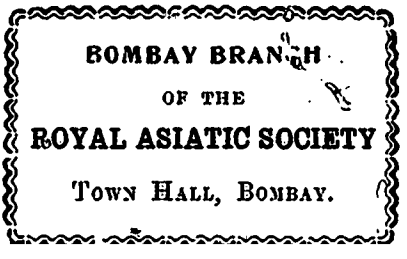

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RESEARCHES

INTO THE

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH DOG.

VOLUME I.

Peace at any Price

RESEARCHES

INTO THE

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH DOG,

From Ancient Laws, Charters, and Historical Records.

WITH ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE NATURE AND ATTRIBUTES OF THE DOG,

FROM THE POETS AND PROSE WRITERS OF ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN TIMES.

By GEORGE R. JESSE.

39835

"When wandering over pathless deserts, oppressed with vexation and distress at the conduct of my own men, I have turned to these as my only friends, and felt how much inferior to them was man when actuated only by selfish views."—BURCHELL.

WITH ENGRAVINGS DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE author of this work is too sensible of the somewhat rugged form in which it is presented to the public; but the time occupied in its compilation having being taken from professional avocations, he is unable to bestow the revision on it which he could desire. To write a history of the British Dog would require still more extended research, and the present effort in that direction will, it is hoped, meet with favour. They who have had personal experience in similar labours, will, the author believes, be most indulgent in their judgment: they who have ever sought for accurate and original sources of information on any subject, are well aware how little the result is adequate, in many cases, to the amount of time and drudgery bestowed. In the event of any of his readers being kindly disposed to point out to the writer any historical information he has overlooked, or not had access to, it will be received with grateful thanks.

The few meagre scraps hitherto published on the history of the British Dog, and the ancient hunting establishments of England, have been so frequently copied by one writer from another, and inserted over and over again in periodicals, that the probabilities are strong in favour of original and genuine

research being received with interest by the public. Also, no author has, it is believed, ever attempted the collection of the works of the English and other poets illustrative of the sublime virtues of the dog. Portions of these poems are often quoted, and make many persons desirous of perusing the whole. Other poems of the kind, though of high merit, are nearly unknown to the general public. The presenting these, culled from many writers, both modern and ancient, will, it is hoped, fill a gap in our literature.

LONDON, 1866.

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THE DOG.

CHAPTER I.

OF all animals, the dog appeals most strongly to the hearts of human beings. It is the dog that by feeling, instinct, and education, can best appreciate our care, our love. Take the dog in the aggregate, weigh him against ourselves in moral qualities, such as patience, trustfulness, unselfishness —has he not often proved an example to shame man?

How frequently the brute is our superior! If the world fail you, go home, and if you have a dog, there you will find a friend ever to be depended on.

How many unhappy beings in neglect and solitude pass their hands fondly over the coats of their sympathising dumb companions, and say (perhaps unconsciously), "*You* will never leave me nor desert me!"

In our own country alone, in addition to their utility, were it possible to prove how great is the amount of pleasure and amusement given by dogs, our surprise would only be equalled by our doubt, till reflection dispelled the latter. Yet with what ingratitude, with what selfishness is this gentle, generous, brave, and affectionate, but despised creature, too often treated by man—by the human, which is not, however, always the humane race! No sooner has he lost his teeth in our

service,[1] like old Adam, than he is frequently either wilfully lost or remorselessly hanged, drowned, poisoned, or shot. The latter fates are merciful compared to the former; for then, added to the distress of mind in losing his god, the sole object of his love, and pole-star of his existence, he is exposed to the insults and ill-treatment of the cruel. In his case

> "—Misery is trodden on by many,
> And being low, never relieved by any.[2]"

At least by few; and those few who have had the feeling and moral courage to endeavour to alleviate his sufferings in this vast city, have met with the derision of the callous or unreflecting.

There is to be observed this difference between the affections of the canine race and those of man, that in the dog they are centred mainly on one object. The whole stream of his being flows in one direction; he rides by a single cable, and his love is the sheet-anchor of his existence. Man, though he may, and often has, one loved creature in whom his heart finds its home and its repose, has also other ties—those of offspring, of kindred, and of friendship. These are, comparatively unknown to the dog. Man is, in truth, his deity, his absorbing object; and when the tie between them is severed, agonizing must be the heart's pangs the poor animal has to endure.

> "And now I'm in the world alone!"

Painful to witness is the despairing look of hopeless anguish in this faithful animal when death, or accident, or wilful

[1] As You Like It, A. i. S. 1. [2] Venus and Adonis.

Forsaken

desertion leaves him broken-hearted. Both his joys and his griefs reach to the highest tone of ecstasy, and the heart-string cracks under the mental tension. A lady of my acquaintance had a King Charles' spaniel, which on her return from a lengthened absence, devoured her with caresses and then suddenly fell motionless on the hearth-rug. She picked him up—his eyes turned back in his head, and he died instantly. Instances of this acute sensibility in the nature of the Dog are numerous.

> Where flies that subtle spark of Heaven's fire,
> Set free by grief, or joy; say—mounts it higher?
> Absorb'd by that great God who gave it birth,
> Mounts it aloft to Him, or sinks in earth?
> Shall those fond eyes be quench'd in endless night,
> Which ever gaz'd with love's fond faithful light;
> Which watch'd their lord in danger's darkling hour?
> That mind, ne'er bribed by wealth, or cow'd by power;
> Proof 'gainst misfortune, misery, and want;
> Partaker of his joys, and sorrows both;
> In all extremes of fortune, still the same—
> Shall 'damn'd oblivion' ever quench that flame?
> No! that viewless essence shall outlive the world,
> Immortal, as the soul of man it served.

This devoted, beautiful, sagacious, and noble animal teaches to man the sublime lesson of the forgiveness of injuries; and though so inferior to him in gifts and power, holds continually before him a model well worthy his imitation in moral conduct. And doubtless, through ages the influence of this silent example must have been great. Several of the most ancient writings of the world show, that in remote ages the Dog was the servant and the friend of man; while the archives of Nature prove his existence and

association with the human race at far earlier periods. Indeed, without his protection and assistance, giving as he does to man an additional sense, probably he could never have maintained himself. Even now, all would suffer, and some whole races lose existence if deprived of the dog. Man, both savage and civilized, is served and solaced by him.

An illustrious naturalist has termed the alliance of man with the dog the most complete conquest ever achieved by man over the animal kingdom. But conquest it never was; the dog joined man as his friend; such devoted service never came by force or by hire. From the cradle to the grave he has always proved himself our protector, companion, and friend—alike in the cottage or the castle, the hovel or the palace,—to the weak, the poor, and the deformed, as to the powerful, the wealthy, and the beautiful,—ever true. An unalienable friend through all the changes and vicissitudes of life, sharing equally the luxury of the monarch, or the stale crust of the mendicant. Sonnini, speaking of the homeless and masterless dogs of Egypt, says: "Repelled by man, to whose personal use nature seems to have destined them, they are, nevertheless, incapable of deserting him."

It has been well remarked, that the poets of various lands and different ages have delighted in commemorating the virtues of this favourite animal, as though they recognised in his devotion to man something of the love and obedience with which man should look up to his Heavenly Father and Almighty Friend.

The father of poets, on whose imperishable works the tides of time beat in vain, has given to the world the most touching picture of the dog perhaps ever drawn. This portrait,

venerable through thousands of years, is still as true to the nature of the creature and his relation to the human race as when it emanated from the mind of the Greek.

Forgotten by his servants, and unrecognised by his wife, the wayworn monarch, though disguised in squalid rags, is at once remembered by his noble hound, even in the last moments of existence. Cautioned by his guide at the palace entrance of the wrong and insult he might encounter, Ulysses answers,—

"'Just is, O friend! thy caution, and address'd
(Replied the chief) to no unheedful breast;
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind,
Fresh to my sense, are always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, or in fighting fields,
Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern debate;
And now in humbler scene submit to fate.
What cannot Want? The best she will expose,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes.

* * * * * * *

Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around:
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhoused, neglected, in the public way;

And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
He knew his lord: he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet;
Yet, (all he could,) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceived: he turned his head and dried
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cried:
'What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise:
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves; or was he prized
For worthless beauty? therefore now despised:
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state
And always cherish'd by their friends the great.'
'Not Argus so, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd,)
But served a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong:
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scaped him bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.'
This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door:

The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look,—and having seen him—dies;
So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes!"

Homer's Iliad by Pope.

Payne Knight, in his 'Enquiry into the Principles of Taste,' admirably remarks on this when describing the sublime and pathetic:—

"The celebrated dog of Ulysses, lying upon a dung-hill, covered with vermin, and in the agonies of death: yet when, in such circumstances, on hearing the voice of his old master who had been absent twenty years, he pricks his ears, wags his tail, and expires, what heart is not at once melted, elevated, and expanded, with all those glowing feelings, which Longinus has so well described as the genuine effects of the true sublime? That master, too,—the patient, crafty, and obdurate Ulysses; who encounters every danger, and bears every calamity with a constancy unshaken, a spirit undepressed, and a temper unruffled,—when he sees this faithful old servant perishing in want, misery, and neglect, yet still remembering his long lost benefactor, and collecting the last effort of expiring nature to give a sign of joy and gratulation at his return, hides his face,—and wipes away the tear!"

Pope, in a letter to Mr. Henry Cromwell,—honest, hatless, Cromwell, as Gay termed him, says:—

"Homer's account of Ulysses's dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the circumstances considered, and an excellent proof of the old bard's good nature. Ulysses had

left him at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return, after twenty years (which, by the way, is not unnatural, as some critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she died. May the omen of longevity prove fortunate to her successors!) You shall have it in verse:—

ARGUS.

"When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars and long by tempests toss'd,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and even his Queen unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his reverend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could,) and fawn'd and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!"

The great poet writes in the same letter:—

"There has not been wanting one to insinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had some effect upon him. If so, he will have a greater punishment for his credulity than I could wish him in that fellow's acquaintance. The loss of a faithful creature is something, though of ever so contemptible a one; and if I

were to change my dog for such a man as the aforesaid, I should think my dog undervalued, who follows me about as constantly here in the country as I was used to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.

"Now I talk of my dog that I may not treat of a worse subject, which my spleen prompts me to. I will give you some account of him, a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in comparison) has done the same thing of his cat. Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam? You are to know, then, that as it is likeness begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shaped. He is not much a spaniel in his fawning, but has, (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb, surly sort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he thinks me illused by others, than when we walk quietly or peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree: he lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to. Witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park. Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not insist upon many of them, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only say, for the honour of dogs, that the two most ancient and estimable books, sacred and profane, extant, (viz., the Scripture and Homer), have shown a particular regard to these animals. That of Tobit is the more remarkable, because there seemed no manner of reason to take notice of the dog, besides the great humanity of the author.

"Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried.

"This respect to a dog in the most polite people in the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects; he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains), *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has told me a story" (said to be in Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs), "which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound, because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other, without fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence; I will be contented, provided you will but believe me when I say—a bold word for a Christian—that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

"Your, &c."

The account referred to by Pope is thus given by Plutarch. After Themistocles on the advance of the Persians had prevailed on his countrymen to abandon their city, "The embarkation of the people of Athens was a very affecting scene. What pity, what admiration of the firmness of those men, who—sending their parents and families to a distant place, unmoved with their cries and tears and embraces—had the fortitude to leave the city and embark for Salamis! What greatly heightened the distress, was the number of citizens whom, on account of their extreme old age, they were compelled to leave behind. And some emotions of tenderness were due even to the tame domestic animals, which, running to the shore, with lamentable howlings expressed their affection and regret for the persons by whom they had been fed. One of these, a dog belonging to Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, unwilling to be left behind, is said to have leaped into the sea, and to have swam by the side of the ship till it reached Salamis, where quite spent with toil it immediately died. And they show to this day a place called 'Cynos-sema,' where they tell us it was buried."

Pope said also, "I cannot think it extravagant to imagine that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompense in another life for their ill treatment in this." A friend of Pope's having mentioned to him the celebrated

Dr. Stephen Hales, (whose experiments on living animals can scarcely be justified by any results derived from them), as a very good and worthy man: "Yes," replied Pope, "he is a very good man; only I am sorry he has his hands so much imbrued in blood."—"What, he cuts up rats?"—"Ay, and dogs too!" (With what emphasis and concern he spoke it!) "Indeed he commits most of these barbarities with the thought of being of use to man; but how do we know that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us?"[1]

Pope's attachment to his dog Bounce is well known. Mrs. Racket told Spence, "My brother does not seem to know what fear is. When some of the people that he had put into his 'Dunciad' were so much enraged against him, and threatened him so highly, he loved to walk out alone, and particularly went often to Mr. Fortescue's at Richmond. Only he would take Bounce with him; and for some time carried pistols in his pocket." "Bounce," remarks Spence, "was a great faithful Danish dog belonging to Mr. Pope."

"When my brother's faithful dog, and companion in these walks, died, he had some thoughts of burying him in his garden, and putting a piece of marble over his grave, with the epitaph, O RARE BOUNCE! and he would have done it, I believe, had not he apprehended that some people might take it to have been meant as a ridicule of Ben Jonson."[2]

Gay also wrote some lines, entitled, "Bounce to Fop:

[1] See Spence's Anecdotes, Singer's ed., p. 203; and Pope's Paper in the Guardian, on Animals, 21 May, 1713.

[2] Spence's Anecdotes, 1858.

Epistle from a Dog at Twickenham to a Dog at Court." This was Pope's dog, Bounce. They conclude thus:—

"Yet Master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he sings
Than to bestow a word on kings,
Has sworn by Styx (sticks), the Poets' oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce."

Monsieur Elzéar Blaze in his excellent work gives the following anecdote of the consummate poet and his dog, but unhappily not his authority. Pope, one night, was awakened by the struggles of his dog who was holding a man by the throat. He ran to the window and called for help. Three thieves were seized in the garden, but the dog still held under him the one in the room, who proved to be Pope's own servant and armed with a pistol. He confessed his intention to murder his master, and rob the house with his confederates. Perhaps some of my readers can confirm or contradict this statement, which, if correct, is as curious as the celebrated anecdote of the mastiff of Sir Henry Lee.

There was, and still may be, a portrait of Pope and Bounce, by Richardson, at Hagley.

Somerville wrote these lines on Argus:—

"Short is their span; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd: kind, sagacious brute;
Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicer sense.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well pleas'd."

The Chase, book iv.

Man's more powerful nature moulds the dog in a measure to himself. It has been remarked that a man may be known by his dog. The wants, the superstitions, the cruelties, the politics, and the passions both good and evil, of the races of men, influence his nature. No animal whatsoever is so plastic and so varied, either in habits, or in form and appearance. The feelings of the Indian for his fond ally are exquisitely delineated by Pope, and the innate philosophy of the savage is perhaps nearer to the truth than he then thought.

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry-waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To *be*, contents his natural desire,—
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."—*Essay on Man.*

Some one mentioned to Pope the opinion that animals have reasoning. He replied, "So they have, to be sure. All our disputes about that are only a dispute about words. Man has reason enough only to know what it is necessary for him to know, and dogs have just that too." "But then," it was rejoined, "they must have souls too, as imperishable in their nature as ours." "And what harm," said Pope, "would that be to us?"[1]

[1] Spence's Anecdotes, p. 60.

Pope's sarcastic epigram, "engraved on the collar of a dog, which I gave to his Royal Highness," must not be omitted here.

"I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

No English writer has drawn the dog more happily than Walter Scott. As in the case of Bevis, his descriptions were no doubt often taken direct from individuals he knew; and with the love he had for them he drew them lovingly. In pathos, we have nothing of the kind which surpasses his verses on the dog of Helvellyn.

HELVELLYN.

1805.

"In the spring of 1805 a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland."

"I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
Where I mark'd the sad spot where the wand'rer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft did'st thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh, was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of Nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain-lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam."

Wordsworth likewise composed a poem on the same affecting and tragic event.

Helvellyn.

FIDELITY.

"The young man whose death gave occasion to this poem was named Charles Gough, and had come early in the spring to Patterdale for the sake of angling. While attempting to cross over Helvellyn to Grasmere, he slipped from a steep part of the rock where the ice was not thawed, and perished. His body was discovered as is told in this poem. Walter Scott heard of the accident, and both he and I, without either of us knowing that the other had taken up the subject, wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity. His contains a most beautiful stanza:—

> "How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
> When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start?"

"I will add that the sentiment in the last four lines of the last stanza in my verses was uttered by a shepherd with such exactness, that a traveller, who afterwards reported his account in print, was induced to question the man whether he had read them, which he had not."

> "A barking sound the shepherd hears,
> A cry as of a dog or fox;
> He halts—and searches with his eyes
> Among the scattered rocks:
> And now at distance can discern
> A stirring in a brake of fern,
> And instantly a dog is seen,
> Glancing through that covert green.
>
> The dog is not of mountain breed;
> Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
> With something, as the shepherd thinks,
> Unusual in its cry:

Nor is there anyone in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recall'd the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished there through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate!"—1805.

In Payne's 'Handbook to the English Lakes' occurs the following respecting the lost traveller, which well contrasts ideal poetry with the prose realities of life. In this instance, however, the poet's tale would seem to be well founded, for Wordsworth resided in the Lake District at the time, and therefore was likely to know the facts, and the belief attached to them by the neighbouring inhabitants. Scott, Davy, and Wordsworth also visited Helvellyn together soon after the event.

"The mountain mists are really dangerous. That modest retiring lover of nature, Mr. Gough, came doubtless by his end upon Helvellyn top by their treacherous means, of whom two poets, as we all know, made very excellent material. His dog, they relate, watched his remains for weeks, and was found at last by their side.

'How nourished there through such long time?'

asks the greater bard. We inquired of a dalesman in Borrow-

dale his opinion on the subject, as to whether the animal could have caught sheep, birds, or foxes enough to make a subsistence, however scanty; but he replied, 'Certainly not.' 'Well,' persisted we, 'but the dog was found alive by his master's side, that's certain.' 'Aye, aye,' answered the unpoetical shepherd, 'he eat *him*, that was how it was.'"

Sir Walter Scott's celebrated hound, Maida, the original of the magnificent Bevis of Woodstock, was presented to him by the chief of Glengarry. Scott depicts him in these words, in a letter written in 1816. "I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and deer greyhound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion; he is quite gentle, and a great favourite. Tell Will Erskine he will eat off his plate without being at the trouble to put a paw on the table or chair."

Maida died in 1824, and Scott thus mentioned the event to his son:—

"I have little domestic news to tell you. Old Maida died quietly in his straw last week, after a good supper; which, considering his weak state, was rather a deliverance. He is buried below his monument, on which the following epitaph is engraved, though it is great audacity to send Teviotdale Latin to Brazen-nose:—

'Maidæ Marmoreâ dormis sub imagine Maida,
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis.'

"Thus Englished by an eminent hand,—

'Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.'"

Richardson, in his excellent work, states that Maida's sire was one of the noble shepherds' dogs of the Pyrenees, and his dam of the Highland deerhound race. Moreover, that he certainly was one of the finest dogs ever seen of his kind, not only on account of his symmetry of form and dignified aspect, but also from his extraordinary size and strength. He had the greatest pleasure in accompanying the common greyhounds; and although, from his great size and massive power, he was not to appearance at all adapted for coursing, yet he not unfrequently turned and even ran down hares.

Scott, writing in his Diary of the irksomeness of sitting for his portrait, said, "I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper, and handle his brushes."

Miss Edgeworth, in 1826, not knowing that Maida had been replaced, offered him an Irish staghound, which was declined, Sir Walter having two gigantic wolf-hounds (as he considered them), Nimrod and Bran, one presented by Glengarry, the other by MacPherson, of Cluny.

Maida, in the vigour of youth, and decrepitude of age, is thus described in Woodstock:—

"At this moment another auxiliary rushed out of the thicket to the knight's assistance: it was a large wolf-dog, in strength a mastiff, in form, and almost in fleetness, a greyhound. Bevis was the noblest of the kind which ever pulled down a stag; tawny coloured like a lion, with a black muzzle and black feet, just edged with a line of white round the toes. He was as tractable as he was strong and bold.

* * * * * * * * *

"We must not omit one other remarkable figure in the group—a gigantic dog, which bore the signs of being at the extremity of canine life, being perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old. But though exhibiting the ruin only of his former appearance, his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff, rheumatic, hobbling gait, the noble hound had lost none of his instinctive fondness for his master. To lie by Sir Henry's feet in the summer or by the fire in winter, to raise his head to look on him, to lick his withered hand or his shrivelled cheek from time to time, seemed now all that Bevis lived for. His faithful dog did not survive him many days."

Maida was painted by the most illustrious of all painters of the dog, and the picture, afterwards engraved, is, or was, at Blair-Adam.

Scott observes of the dog:—

"The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe an assassin to slay a man, or a witness to take his life by false accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."

The dogs of Scott must occur to every reader: little Wasp, on the moors of Cumberland, scampering and racing in a

thousand wheels upon the heath, and returning to jump on his master—attacking the heels of the ruffians who assault him—licking his hand to ask leave to sleep at his feet—and pattering up the stair in the gloomy jail, rushing into his cheerless room to devour him with caresses.

The superb deerhound in the 'Abbot,' Wolf; little Elphin in 'Old Mortality,' in the touching scene of the return of Morton to his home; Fangs, in 'Ivanhoe,' the friend of the Saxon serf; all rise at once before us. No man ever so individualised them as the great Wizard of the North, who declared he could believe anything of a dog.

Neither must Lufra be forgotten. The restrained wrath of the dreaded baron culminating at the insult to his canine companion, is true to nature; and a similar incident is well told in the enthralling romance of 'Nick of the Woods,' the best novel of Indian life after the 'Last of the Mohicans.'

"The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And, dashing on the antler'd prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and, with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.

— The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the noble's scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck,
In maiden glee, with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

Then clamoured loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves amain.
But stern the Baron's warning—'Back!
Back on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas,—yes! behold,
King James, the Douglas, doomed of old.'"

Lady of the Lake.

Byron.

Within the precincts of the ancient abbey of Newstead, and amidst its ivy-mantled ruins, in the burial-place of the monks, is the handsome marble monument lovingly erected by Byron, in affectionate remembrance of his favourite dog Boatswain. This noble animal, after long and faithful service, was seized with madness, and in its agonising paroxysms, his master's ministering hand, with devoted tenderness, more than

once wiped away the foam that gathered on his lips. Writing to his friend Hodgson, he thus spoke of him: "Boatswain is dead! He expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to anyone near him. I have now lost everything except old Murray."

By a will which Lord Byron executed in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault which he had made for that purpose near his loyal dog. The sale of Newstead put an end to this idea, for in 1813 he writes, "I had built myself a bath and a *vault*, and now I shan't even be buried in it. It is odd that we can't even be certain of a *grave;* at least a particular one."

The following is the world-wide inscription and epitaph inscribed on the tomb:—

"Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of

BOATSWAIN, a Dog,

Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808."

EPITAPH.

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urn records who rests below;

When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiv'n,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh, man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debas'd by slav'ry or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust;
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies."

Newstead Abbey, November 30, 1808.

Thomas Moore remarks: "The monument raised by him to this dog,—the most remarkable tribute of the kind since the Dog's Grave of old, at Salamis—is still a conspicuous ornament of the gardens of Newstead."

It is not clear what is intended by the words "is *still* a conspicuous ornament." Colonel Wildman, the then possessor of the estate, was one of the last men not to jealously protect every memorial of Byron. Perchance the same feeling dictated the sentiment, which caused the tender bard to regale with Duchesses on *recherché* viands, whilst he left his neglected, but "dearest Bessy," alone, to dine on mutton chops in dismal lodgings: his fair hostesses dissolving the

while to "The last rose of summer left blooming alone," sung by Tommy to the air of "Groves of Blarney."

"Byron's fondness for dogs accompanied him throughout life. Of his favourite Boatswain, traits are told indicative not only of intelligence, but of a generosity of spirit which might well win for him the affections of such a master as Byron."

"Mrs. Byron had a fox-terrier, called Gilpin, with whom her son's dog, Boatswain, was perpetually at war, taking every opportunity of attacking and worrying him so violently, that it was very much apprehended he would kill the animal. Mrs. Byron therefore sent off her terrier to a tenant at Newstead; and on the departure of Lord Byron for Cambridge, his 'friend' Boatswain, with two other dogs, was intrusted to the care of a servant till his return. One morning the servant was much alarmed by the disappearance of Boatswain, and throughout the whole of the day he could hear no tidings of him. At last, towards evening, the stray dog arrived, accompanied by Gilpin, whom he led immediately to the kitchen fire, licking him and lavishing upon him every possible demonstration of joy. The fact was, he had been all the way to Newstead to fetch him; and having now established his former foe under the roof once more, agreed so perfectly well with him ever after, that he even protected him against the insults of other dogs (a task which the quarrelsomeness of the little terrier rendered no sinecure), and, if he but heard Gilpin's voice in distress, would fly instantly to his recue."[1]

[1] Moore's Life of Byron.

Pratt.

The poem by this author, called 'the Lower World,' merits more fame than it possesses, and redounds much to his honour. "Blessed are the merciful!"

Pratt was one of those labourers whose harvest waves its golden ears beyond our sun.

"Stand forth thou champion of a ruffian band,
At mercy's bar uplift thy savage hand;
Brought to thine eye, what thou, perforce must see,
The dread account betwixt thy slave and thee.
First, answer to thy Dog, as first in place,
Friend at thy board, companion of thy chase;
His no foul crime of 'friend remembered not,'
Each kindness cherish'd, and each wrong forgot;
And though full oft he feels thy stripes unjust,
He bears them all, and humbles to the dust;
Unmurmuring bears them, and one slight caress,
Tho' smitten to the bone, again can bless.
Thy day of labour he is proud to share,
And guards thy slumbers with a love's care;
Thy presence hails, thy absence fondly mourns,
While bounding raptures mark thy wish'd returns;
To rage, to anguish, e'en to death, resigned,—
What nobler feelings boast thy nobler kind?

* * * * * * *

* * * through the pressing throng,
See how yon terrier gently leads along
The feeble beggar, to his custom'd stand,
With piteous tale to woo the bounteous hand;
In willing bonds, but master of the way,
Ne'er leads that trusted friend his charge astray:
With slow, soft step, as conscious of his care,
As if his own deep sorrows form'd the prayer—

IN
AFFECTIONATE
REMEMBRANCE

Should yielding charity the scrip supply,
Tho' hunger press'd, untouch'd the boon would lie;
Eyes to the blind, he notes the passing thief,
And guards the good Samaritan's relief;
A faithful steward, amidst unbounded power,
Patient he waits the home-returning hour;
Then reconducts his master to his shed,
And grateful banquets on the coarsest bread.
And were that cheerless shed, by fortune plac'd
In the chill cavern, or the naked waste,
The sport of every storm, unroof'd and bare,
This faithful slave would find a palace there;
Would feel the labours of his love o'erpaid
Near to his monarch master's pillow laid;
Unchang'd by change of circumstance or place:
A sacred lesson to a prouder race!

But, reasoner, say, are these thy gifts of art,
Or, native graces of the canine heart?
Say, does he owe this social change of state
To imitation of the fair and great?
Copied from thee, and do his virtues rise
From man's example of the good and wise?
If thou hast thus reclaimed from savage strife,
And made him thus a link of social life,
Ask thy own soul—that every harshness knows—
How oft his joys are follow'd by his woes;
And if like thee, this slave could count his gains,
Say, would his pleasures balance to his pains?

* * * * * *

Reckon those scars, which thy unkindness gave,
A still-forgiving, still-insulted slave;
Reckon that wanton gash, that mangled limb,
From hateful vengeance this, and that from whim;
Reckon that stunning stroke, which to the ground
Brought thy true friend, to welter in his wound;
Count too, the anguish of those sounding blows,
And the deep stream, that blushes as it flows.

Wretch! could'st thou see him when thy useless breath
At last shall give thee to the grasp of death,
When, haply, thy *sole* mourner, fix'd he stands,
Watches thy couch, and licks thy barbarous hands;
Those hands that long have tried their force to prove,
Thy heart was dead to pity, truth, and love.
Ah! could'st thou view him seem to look a pray'r,
Or heave the moan that seem'd to speak despair;
Then follow sad thy body to the grave,
There, each extremity of hunger brave;
Nor quit the spot, till famine, fraud, or force,
Drove him awhile to quit thy much-lov'd corse;
Soon to return—enamour'd of the spot—
Thy savage nature, rage, and stripes forgot;
Could'st thou see this, perchance one tear would start,
One brief compunction stir thy stony heart;
Then might'st thou wish ingratitude forgiv'n,
And dread that crime of hell to show offended Heav'n!"

The Lower World. 1810.

CHAPTER II.

IN the ancient Metrical Romance of 'Syr Tryamoure,' a greyhound plays an important part. King Aradas of Arragon and his lovely Queen Margarete—"She was as treue as steele, and sweete"—

> "——made grete mone
> For chyldren together had they none."

The king therefore vowed to take the cross; and departed for the "hethenlond." The last night, his queen conceived, and on his return was great with child. During his absence, however, Sir Marrocke, the steward, made false and traitorous love to her, and being repulsed, revenge entered into his heart. He infused his rancorous venom into the weak mind of her husband, who, rashly believing her unfaithful, banished her, allowing only an aged knight and kinsman, Sir Roger, to accompany her.

> "Forth they wente in nombre thre,
> Syr Roger, the quene, and the grehounde truely."

Sir Marrocke, with a company of his own men, waylaid them in a wood. Sir Roger, powerfully aided by his dog, made a stout defence and slew many—

> "So sore he dede than smyte.
> Truely his grehounde that was so good
> Dyd helpe his maister and by him stode
> Full bytterly he gan byte."

The queen hid herself in the forest, and the brave knight after a gallant defence, fell, slain foully by Sir Marrocke, who stabbed him in the back. In vain the traitor sought his hapless prey, and finally, after thrusting her defender's dead body through, departed with the remainder of his band.

" There passed but foure a waye :
Than the quene was ful wo .
And whan she sawe that they were go
She made sorowe and crye
Than she rose and wennte agayne
To Syr Roger and founde hym slayne.
His grehounde by his fete dyde lye
Alas she sayde that I was borne
My true knight now haue I lorne
They haue hym here slayne
Full pyteously she made her mone
And sayd nowe must I go alone
The grehunde she wolde haue had full fayne
The hounde styll by his maister dide lye
He lycked his woundes and dyde whyne and crye
This to se the quene had payne
And sayd Syr Roger this haste thou for me
Alas that ever it shoulde so be
Her heere she tare a twayne
And than she wente and toke her stede
She no lenger there abede
Leest men shode fynde her there
She sayd Syr Roger now thou arte dede
Who shal me now the ryghte waye lede
For now thou may speke no more
Ryght on the grounde there as he laye dede
She kyssed hym or she from him yede [1]
God wote her herte was sore :

[1] Went.

What for sorowe and drede
Fast awaye she gan her spede
She wyste not whether ne where.
The good grehounde for wele ne wo
Wolde not fro the knyght go
But laye and lycked his wounde
He wente[1] to haue heled hym agayne
And therto he dyde his payne
Lo suche loue is in a hounde
This knight laye tylle he dyde stynke
The grehounde than began to thynke
And scraped a pytte anone
Therein he drewe the deed corse
So he couered with erth and mosse
And from hym he wolde not gone
The grehounde laye styll there
This quene gan forthe fare
For drede of her fone."

The queen fled "into the londe of Hongrye," and was delivered of her child, Sir Tryamoure, by a woodside, where she was then found by a knight, who took her home with him, and trained up her son.

"Now of the quene lette we be
And of the grehounde speke we
That I erst of tolde
Longe seuen yere so god me saue
He dyde kepe his maisters graue
Tyll that he wart olde
This grehounde Sir Roger had kepte longe
And brought him up syth he was yonge
In storyes as it is tolde
Therfore he kepte so there
By the space of seuen yere
And go from hym he ne wolde

[1] Ween'd; thought.

Ever upon his maystres graue he lay
Ther myght no man haue hym away
For hete neyther for colde
Without it were ones a daye
He ranne aboute to gete hys praye
Of beestes that were bolde
Conyes whan he might them gete
Thus wolde he laboure for his mete
Yet grete honger he had in holde
And seuen yere he dwelled there
Tyll it befell on that one yere
Even on Christmasse daye
The grehounde as the story sayes
Came to the Kynges palayes
Withoute ony delaye
Whan the lordes were sette to mete sonne
The grehounde into thei hall ronne
Amonge the knyghtes gaye
All aboute he gan beholde
But he sawe not what he wolde
Then wente he his waye full ryght
Whan he had sought and coude not fynd
He dyde full gentylly his kynde
Spede better whan he myght
The grehounde ranne forth his waye
Tyll he came where his maister laye
As faste as euer he mought
The Kinge maruayled on that dede
Frome whens he came and whyder he yede
Or who hym thyder brought
The Kynge thought he had sene hym ere
But he wyste not well where
Therfore he sayde ryght nought
Soone he bethought hym then
That he him erste ken
And sate styll in a thoughte
The other daye in the same wyse
Whan the Kynge from hys mete sholde ryse

The grehounde came in tho
All about there he sought
But the Stuarde founde he nought
Than agayne be began to go
Than sayde the kynge in that stounde
Me thynke that it Syr Rogers hounde
That wente forthe with the quene
I trowe they be come agayne to this lond
Lordes all this I vnderstonde
It maye ryght well so be
If that they be into thys londe come
We shall haue worde thereof sone
And within shorte space
For never syns the wente ywys
I sawe not the grehounde or this
It is a maruelyous case
Whan he cometh agayne folowe hym
For euermore he wyll renne
To his maystres dwellynge place
Rynne and go loke ye not spare
Tyll that ye come there
To Syr Roger and my quene
Than the thyrde day amonge them all
The grehounde came into the hal
To mete or they were sette
Marrocke the stuarde was within
The grehounde thought he wolde not blynne[1]
Tyll he with him had mette
He toke the stuarde by the throte
And asonder he it botte
But than he wolde not byde
For to his graue he ranne
There folowed hym many a manne
Some on hors and some besyde
And whan he came where his mayster was
He layde hym downe upon the grasse

[1] Stop; cease.

And barked at the meune agayne
There myght no man hym fro ye place
And yet with staues ye dyd hym bete
That he was almoste slayne
And whan the men saw no better bote [1]
Than yede the home [2] on hors and fote
With grete wonder I wene
The Kynge sayde by goddes payne
I trowe Marrocke hath Syr Roger slayne
And with treason flemed [3] my quene
Go ye and seke there agayne
For there the houndes mayster is slayne
Some treson there hath bene
Thyder the wente so god me saue
And founde Syr Roger in his graue
For that was soone sene
And there they loked hym upon
For he was hole bothe flesshe and bone
An to the courte hys body the brought
For whan the Kynge dyde him se
The teres ranne downe from his eye
Full sore it hym forthought
The grehounde he wolde not from this corse fare
Than was the Kynge caste in care
And sayde Marrocke hathe done me tene [4]
Slayne he hathe that curteyse knyght
And flemed my quene wyth grete vnright
As a traytoure kene
The Kynge let drawe anone ryght
The stuardes body that false knyghte
With horse through the towne
Than he hanged hym on a tre
That all men myght his body se
That he had done treason
Syr Rogers body the next daye
The Kynge lette bury in good araye

---

[1] Remedy. [2] Returned home. [3] Banished. [4] Sorrow.

With many a bolde baron
The grehounde wolde neuer awaye
By nyght nor yet by daye
But on the grounde he dyde dye."

Lyndsay.

Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Lion King at Arms under James V., was born about 1490, and became page and playmate to that king, born in 1512. He was a severe satirist of the times, and particularly of the clergy: a reformer, a poet, and ambassador to Charles V. and other sovereigns. Lyndsay would deserve respect were it only for his sentiment, written too by a man in office and at that period:—

"Quhat is ane king? Nocht but an officiar,
To cause his leigis live in aquitie."

James ever protected him, and was "studious to enforce the payment of his pension even while his own means were few and power little."

The Complaynt of Basche, the King's Hound, was composed during 1536. This dog was bred by Gordon of Pittarie; and presented to the king by his nephew the Earl of Huntly, son of Margaret a natural daughter of James IV., and the master of Huntly.[1]

[1] Sir David Lindsay's Works. By G. Chalmers. 1806.

"THE COMPLAYNT

and

PUBLICT CONFESSIOUN

of

The Kingis Auld Hound, callit

BAGSCHE,

Directit to Bawte, the Kingis Best Belovit Dog,
and His Companzeonis.
Maid at command of King James the Fyft, be Schir
David Lyndesay, of the Mont, Knycht, alias
Lyoun King of Armes.

Allace! quhometo[1] suld I complane,
In my extreme necessitie:
Or quhometo sall I mak my mane,[2]
In court, na dog will do[3] for me,
Beseikand[4] sum for cheritie,
To beir[5] my supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawtie,
Now, or[6] the king pas off the town.[7]

I have followit the court sa lang,
Quhyll, in gude faith, I may na mair;
The cuntre knawis, I may nocht gang,
I am so crukit, auld, and sair,
That I wat nocht quhare to repair;
For, quhen I had auctoritie,
I thocht me so familiar,
I never dred necessitie.[8]

[1] To whom. [2] Moan. [3] Make; give.
[4] Beseeching [5] Bear. [6] Ere; before. [7] Out of the town.
[8] I thought I had so much influence, that I never dreaded necessity.

I rew the race,[1] that Geordie Steill
Brocht Bawtie to the kingis presence,
I pray God, lat him never do weill,
Sen syne[2] I gat na audience;
For, Bawtie now gettis sic credence,
That he lyis on the kingis nicht gown,
Quhare, I perforce, for my offence,
Man, in the clois, ly lyke ane lown.[3]

For, I haif bene ay to this hour,
Ane wirrear[4] of lamb, and hog,[5]
Ane tyrrane, and ane tulzeour,[6]
Ane murdresar[7] of mony ane dog,
Fyve foullis[8] I chaist out throuch ane scrog;[9]
Quharefor, thair motheris did me warie;[10]
For, they war drownit all in ane bog;
Speir[11] at Ihone Gordoun of Pittarie.

Qukilk, in his hous, did bring me up,
And usit me to slay the deir;
Sweit milk, and meill, he gart me sup,
That craft, I leirnit sone, perqueir;[12]
All uther vertew ran arreir,
Quhen I began to bark, and flyte;
For thare was nother monk, nor freir,
Nor wyfe, nor barne,[13] bot I wald byte.

Quhen to the king the cace was knawin[14]
Of my unhappy hardines,
And all the suith[15] unto him schawin,[16]
How everilk dog I did oppres;
Than, gaif his grace command expres,
I suld be brocht to his presence;
Notwithstanding my wickitnes,
In court, I gat greit audience.

---

[1] I rue the day. [2] Since then. [3] Must lie in the yard like a low fellow.
[4] Worrier. [5] One year old sheep. [6] Wrestler; fighter. [7] Murderer.
[8] Foals. [9] Some brushwood. [10] Curse. [11] Inquire. [12] Offhand.
[13] Child. [14] Known. [15] Truth. [16] Shown.

I schew my greit ingratitude,
To the capitaine of Badzeno,
Quhilk, in his hous, did find me fude,
Twa yeir, with other houndis mo:
Bot, quhen I saw that it was so,
That I grew hich[1] into the court,
For his reward I wrocht him wo,
And cruellie I did him hurt.

So thay that gave me to the king,
I was thair mortall enemie,
I tuke cure[2] of na kynd of thing,
Bot pleis the kingis majestie;
Bot, quhen he knew my crueltie,
My falset,[3] and my plane oppressioun,
He gave command, that I suld be,
Hangit without confessioun.

And yit, because that I was auld,
His grace thocht pitie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhare I wald;
Than set my fais for to fang[4] me,
And every bouchour dog doun dang[5] me;
Quhen I trowit best[6] to be ane laird,
Than, in the court, ilk wicht[7] did wrang me;
And this I gat for my rewaird.

I had wirreit blak Makesoun
War nocht[8] that ribaldis[9] come, and red;[10]
Bot, he was flemit[11] of the toun,
From tyme, the king saw how I bled;
He gart[12] lay me upon ane bed,
For with ane knyfe I was mischeivit;
This Makesoun, for feir, he fled,
Ane lang time or he was releivit.

---

[1] High; advanced. [2] Care. [3] Falsehood. [4] Catch.
[5] Knocked me down. [6] Thought best. [7] Every one. [8] Were it not.
[9] Rascal; worthless fellow. [10] Separated. [11] Banished. [12] Caused.

And Patrik Striviling in Ergyle,
I bure him bakwart to the ground,
And had him slane, within ane quhyle,[1]
War nocht the helping of ane hound :
Yit, gat he monie bludie wound,
As yit his skin will schaw the markis,
Find me ane dog quhare ever ye found,
Hes maid sa monie bludie sarkis.[2]

Gude brother Lanceman, Lyndsayis dog,
Quhilk ay hes keipit thy lawtie,[3]
And never wirryit lamb, nor hog ;
Pray Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,
Of me Bagsche to have pitie,
And provide me ane portioun,
In Dumfermeling, quhare I may dre[4]
Pennance, for my extortioun :

Get, be their solistatioun,
Ane letter from the kingis grace,
That I may have collatioun,
With fyre, and candill, in the place ;
Bot, I will leif schort tyme, allace !
Want I gude fresche flesche for my gammis ;[5]
Betwix Ashwednisday, and Pace,[6]
I man have leif to wirrie lambis.

Bawtie, considder weill this bill,
And reid this cedule, that I send yow,
And everilk poynt thareof fulfill,
And now in tyme of mis[7] amend yow ;
I pray yow, that ye nocht pretend yow,
To clim over hie, nor do na wrang,
Bot from your fais,[8] with richt defend yow,
And tak exempill how I gang.[9]

[1] While. [2] Bloody shirts. [3] Laws. [4] Suffer.
[5] Gums; jaws. [6] Easter. [7] Fault. [8] Foes. [9] Go.

I was that na man durst cum neir me,
Nor put me furth of my lugeing;
Na dog durst fra my denner sker[1] me,
Quhen I was tender with the king:
Now, everilk tyke dois me doun thring,[2]
The quhilk before, be me, war wrangit,
And sweiris, I serve[3] na uther thing,
Bot, in ane halter, to be hangit.

Thocht ye be hamelie[4] with the king,
Ye Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,
Be war that ye do nocht doun thring,
Your nichtbouris throw auctoritie:
And your exempill mak be me,
And beleve weill ye ar bot doggis.
Thocht ye stand in the hyest gre,[5]
Se ye byte nother lambis, nor hoggis.

Thocht ye have now greit audience,
Se that be yow be nane opprest;
Ye will be punischit for your offence,
From tyme the king be weill confest;[6]
Thare is na dog, that hes transgrest,
Throw crueltie, and he may fang him;[7]
His majestie will tak na rest,
Till on ane gallous he gar hang him.

I was anis als far ben[8] as ye ar,
And had in court als greit credence,
And ay pretendit to be hyar;
Bot, quhen the kingis excellence,
Did knaw my falset, and offence,
And my prydefull presumptioun,
I gat nane uther recompence,
Bot hoyit, and houndit, of the town.[9]

[1] Fright. [2] Throw. [3] Deserve. [4] Familiar.
[5] Highest degree. [6] Well informed. [7] If he can catch him.
[8] I was once as much in favour. [9] Hooted, and hunted out of the town.

Was never sa unkynd ane corce,[1]
As quhen I had auctoritie:
Of my freindis, I tuke na force,[2]
The quhilkis afore had done for me,
This proverb, it is of veritie,
Quhilk I hard red, intill ane letter,
Hiest in court, next the widdie,[3]
Without he gyde him all the better.

I tuke na mair compt of ane lord,
Nor I did of ane keitching knaif,[4]
Thocht everilk day I maid discord,
I was set up above the laif,[5]
The gentill hound was to me slaif,
And with the kingis awin fingeris fed,
The sillie rachis[6] wald I raif;[7]
Thus, for my evill deidis, was I dred:

Tharefor, Bawtie, luke best about,
Quhen thow art hiest with the king;
For than thou standis in greitest dout,
Be thow nocht gude of governing,
Put na pure tyke from his steiding,[8]
Nor yit na sillie rachis raif;
He sittis above that seis all thing,
And of ane knicht can make ane knaif.

Quhen I cam steppand ben[9] the flure,
All rachis greit roume to me red;[10]
I of na creature tuke cure,
Bot lap upon the kingis bed,
With claith of gold, thocht it war spred;
For feir, ilk freik[11] wald stand on far,
With everilk dog I was so dred,
Thay trimblit quhen thay hard me nar.[12]

---

[1] Body; person. [2] Care. [3] Gallows. [4] Kitchen boy; servant.
[5] Above the rest. [6] Hounds. [7] Rob; plunder. [8] Place.
[9] When I stepped forward. [10] All the hounds gave me plenty of room.
[11] Fellow. [12] Snarl.

Gude brother Bawtie, beir the evein,
Thocht with thy prince thou be potent;
It cryis ane vengeance from the hevin,
For till oppres ane innocent:
In welth be than maist vigilent,
And do na wrang to dog, nor biche,
As I have, quhilk I now repent
Na messane reif[1] to mak the riche.

Nor for augmenting of thy boundis,
Ask na reward, schir, at the king,
Quhilk may do hurt to uther houndis,
Expres aganis Goddis bidding,
Chais na pure tyke from his midding,[2]
Throw cast[3] of court, or kingis requeist;
And of thyself presume na thing,
Except thow art ane brutall beist.

Traist weill thare is nane oppressour,
Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
Ane tyrane, nor ane transgressour,
That sall now of the king get gude;
From tyme furth, that his celsitude
Dois cleirlie knaw the veritie,
Bot he is flemit, for to conclude,
Or hangit hich upon ane tre.

Thocht ye be cuplit all togidder,
With silk, and swaulis, of silver fyne,
Ane dog may cum furth of Balquhidder,
And gar yow leid ane lawer tryne;
Than, sall your plesour turne in pyne,
Quhen ane strange hounter blawis his horne,
And all your treddingis gar yow tyne;
Than, sall your labour be forlorne.

[1] No little dog rob.
[2] Chase no poor dog from his dunghill, or place of repose.
[3] Artifice.

I say no more, gude freindis, adew!
In dreid[1] we never meit agane:
That ever I kend the court, I rew,
Was never wicht[2] sô will of wane:[3]
Lat na dog now serve our soverane,
Without he be of gude conditioun;
Be he perverst, I tell you plane,
He hes neid of ane gude remissioun.

That I am on this way mischevit,
The Erl of Huntlie I may warie,[4]
He wend[5] I had bene weill relevit
Quhen to the court he gart[6] me carie:
Wald God, I war now in Pittarie,
Because I have bene so evil deidie:[7]
Adew, I dar na langer tarie,
In dreid, I waif intil ane widdie."[8]

This poem doubtless portrays the courtier, under an assumed likeness of one of his most opposite contrasts—the dog. It shows the estimation of James for the latter, and the close companion he made of him ere one as faithful in nature succeeded. It may be regarded as a kind of fable. Lyndsay's own motto, "I'Ayme," is more expressive of the dog.

William Robert Spencer.

Bowles, truly said, that the poetical world had seldom seen anything more pleasing and elegant on the dog than William Spencer's Ballad of 'Beth Gêlert.' "The story of this ballad

[1] Fear; doubt; dread. [2] Person.
[3] Wilful in opinion; bewildered; lost as to the future. [4] Curse.
[5] Thought. [6] Caused. [7] Given to evil deeds. [8] Swing in a halter.

is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewelyn the Great had a house. The greyhound, named Gêlert, was given him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205, and the place, to this day, is called Beth-Gêlert, or the Grave of Gêlert."

"BETH GÊLERT; OR,

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

"The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer;
'Come, Gêlert, come, wer't never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.—

Oh where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
'A lion in the chase?'

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his Lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied;
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the Chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er, was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprise;
Unus'd such looks to meet,
The fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn pass'd,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With bloodstain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied—
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

'Hellhound! my child's by thee devour'd,'
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh;—
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe:
'Best of thy kind adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmov'd;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear, he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of 'Gêlert's grave.'"

Dolymelynllyn, August 11, 1800.

"TO A LADY.

WITH THE BALLAD OF BETH-GÊLERT.

"Dies the dark yew, and cypress fair,
Which long poor Gêlert's ashes shaded,
And shall the bays I planted there
Not sooner far than they be faded?

No—dews more soft than morning wears
Have dropp'd, their lowly bloom to cherish;
Hallow'd by beauty's virgin tears,
No bays, not even *mine*, can perish!"

By the Honourable William Robert Spencer.

It is difficult to dive to the origin and real facts of a tradition. Traditions of this kind belong to every country. I have vainly searched many works for information regarding the one in question; but a Welsh scholar believes it to be founded on truth, and that it may be trusted.* As the Princes of Cambria always maintained a bard in their households; if the event of Llewelyn's dog saving his child ever really happened, a poem must have been composed on the occasion, and may still exist among the records of the Principality.

At any rate it is certain that Llewelyn existed, married the princess Joan or Jane, the daughter of John (who died about 1237), and had a son. He also resided in the neighbourhood of Snowdon. Leland in his Itinerary, under Houses of Religion, mentions Bethkellarth as having a priory of "White Freres by Bangor dedicate to Jesu." He also states that "Lluelen that married Jane, King John's daughter, lay at Treurewe Castell a myle from Conwey Abbay."

Camden says, at Bethkelert, under Snowdon, now a mean village, was a priory of black canons, the oldest foundation in Wales except Bardsey, or Bangor. Others say, they were of the order of St. Gilbert, and that the priory, which was endowed by Owin Gwynedd, existed even previous to his times, and had its lands augmented by Llewelyn.

Pennant calls it Bedd Kelert Augustine Priory, and states there is a charter of lands bestowed on it by Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, or the Great, who began his reign in 1194. The priory is called elsewhere the Abbey de Valle, S. Mariæ Snawdonia. The fame of the hound is said to have been handed down in some Welsh lines, which have been thus translated.

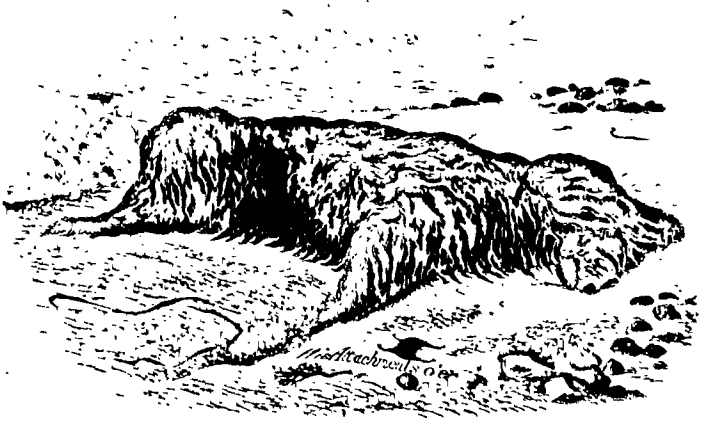
"The remains of famed Gêlert, so faithful and good,
The bounds of the Cantred conceal;
Whenever the doe or the stag he pursued
His master was sure of a meal."

From the story of Gêlert was derived a very common Welsh proverb:—

"I repent as much as the man who slew his greyhound."

It was believed Llewelyn erected a tomb over his remains, on the spot where afterwards the parish church was built,

hence called Bedd Gêlert, or the Grave of Gelert. A stone is now all that is pointed out as marking the place of his interment. Goodlake, in his 'Courser's Manual,' says, it is recorded that Gêlert was a brindled hound. Llewelyn ap Jorwerth himself died in 1240. "This valiant and noble prince," says Powel, "governed Wales well and worthily, fifty and six years, when he passed out of this transitory life and was honourably buried at the abbey of Conwey."



CHAPTER III.

Crabbe.

"NATURE'S sternest painter, yet the best," has left us this graphic picture:—

"There watch'd a cur before the Miser's gate—
A very cur, whom all men seem'd to hate;
Gaunt, savage, shaggy, with an eye that shone
Like a live coal, and he possess'd but one;
His bark was wild and eager, and became
That meagre body and that eye of flame;
His master prized him much, and *Fang* his name.
His master fed him largely; but not that,
Nor aught of kindness, made the snarler fat.
Flesh he devour'd, but not a bit would stay;
He bark'd, and snarl'd, and growl'd it all away.
His ribs were seen extended like a rack,
And coarse red hair hung roughly o'er his back.
Lamed in one leg, and bruised in wars of yore,
Now his sore body made his temper sore.
Such was the friend of him who could not find
Nor make him one 'mong creatures of his kind.
Brave deeds of Fang his master often told,
The son of Fury, famed in deeds of old;
From Snatch and Rabid sprung; and noted they
In earlier times—each dog will have his day.

The notes of Fang were to his master known,
And dear—they bore some likeness to his own;
For both convey'd to the experienced ear,
'I snarl and bite because I hate and fear.'

None passed ungreeted by the master's door,—
Fang rail'd at all, but chiefly at the poor;
And when the nights were stormy, cold, and dark,
The act of Fang was a perpetual bark;
But though the master loved the growl of Fang
There were who vow'd the ugly cur to hang;
Whose angry master, watchful for his friend,
As strongly vow'd his servant to defend.

In one dark night, and such as Fang before
Was ever known its tempests to outroar,
To his protector's wonder now express'd
No angry notes—his anger was at rest.
The wond'ring master sought the silent yard,
Left Phœbe sleeping and his door unbarr'd;
Nor more return'd to that forsaken bed—
But lo! the morning came and he was dead.
Fang and his master, side by side, were laid
In grim repose—their debt of nature paid!
The master's hand upon the cur's cold chest
Was now reclined, and had before been press'd,
As if he search'd how deep and wide the wound
That laid such spirit in a sleep so sound;
And when he found it was the sleep of death
A sympathising sorrow stopp'd his breath.
Close to his trusty servant he was found,
As cold his body, and his sleep as sound."

The Dealer and Clerk.

It has been urged by those who, having little compassion of their own, endeavour to depreciate others to their own level, that dogs are inimical to beggars and the poor. Crabbe has well vindicated them from the accusation, in the lines—

"The dogs, who learn of man to scorn the poor,
Bark'd him away from every decent door."

The Borough. Letter xiii.

These, so frequently quoted lines, are likewise attributed to him:—

"With eye uprais'd, his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,
The only being faithful to the end."

Another great author has delineated the antipodes of Fang in outward form and fierceness of nature; but a creature who possessed most likely an equally true heart.

Swift.

"ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

Instructions to a Painter.

"Happiest of the Spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace;
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribands bound;
And the musely swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.
With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power,)

In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft, perspiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers!
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress;
Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Soothe the heart, and kindle love:
Here for me, and for the muse,
Colours of resemblance choose;
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels, gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame;
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *"

These lines were supposed to be composed in ridicule of Philips' poem on Miss Carteret, and written it has been said "to affront the lady of Archbishop Boulter."

Swift wrote the following inscription for another lady's pet:—

"ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

"Pray steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies."

We hope the appeal never met the eye of the dog-thief, as so far from reaching his heart it would only have stimulated his avarice and raised his demands. Legislation is yet required on this matter, and increased severity of punishment for the professional scoundrels who make money by stealing and exporting animals which have not merely a pecuniary value, but as companions and friends are bound up with the feelings of their owners, and in not a few instances are beyond price. But the instincts of trade govern unduly our lawgivers and law-administrators. An inhuman being may, and often does, behave with worse than what is called brutal ferocity, to the sex and creatures he should protect and cherish: he spurns his wife; savagely bruises his child; flays animals alive—yes, alive!—and his punishment is a very trifling one. Let him, however, steal 14 lbs. of meat from a shop and he receives seven years of penal servitude!

Philips.

By the pen of Mrs. Katherine Philips we have a grand representation of the most magnificent of all varieties of the most noble of the whole animal creation. Greater interest attaches to it from its being a portrait drawn by a personal

observer of that renowned creature which has now been totally extinct for some generations—the Irish wolfhound. Mrs. Philips, born in London, in 1633, was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and accompanied the Viscountess Dungannon to Ireland, afterwards marrying James Philips of Cardigan, about 1647. She died in Fleet Street, in 1664. Posterity has not confirmed the high reputation for ability she received during her life; her poems, now nearly consigned to oblivion, contain nothing so good as the above-mentioned lines.

She evidently then drew direct from nature; and probably saw the superb creature she has so vigorously pictured, on her visit to Ireland. Cowley praised her works in an ode; and her memory in some elegiac verses, under the name of Orinda.

Jeremy Taylor addressed his 'Discourse on the Nature and Effects of Friendship' to this lady; she is also mentioned by King; and was termed the learned, matchless, excellent, and incomparable Orinda. A folio edition of her writings was printed in 1669 for H. Herringman, at the sign of the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. A spurious one was published in her lifetime.

"THE IRISH GREYHOUND.

"Behold this Creature's Form and state,
Which Nature therefore did create,
That to the World might be exprest
What meen there can be in a Beast;
And that we in this shape may find
A Lion of another kind.
For this Heroick beast does seem
In Majesty to Rival him;

And yet vouchsafes, to Man, to shew
Both service and submission too.
From whence we this distinction have,
That Beast is fierce, but this is brave.
This Dog hath so himself subdu'd,
That hunger cannot make him rude:
And his behaviour does confess
True Courage dwells with Gentleness.
With sternest Wolves he dares engage,
And acts on them successful rage.
Yet too much courtesie may chance
To put him out of countenance.
When in his opposer's blood,
Fortune hath made his vertue good;
This Creature from an act so brave
Grows not more sullen, but more grave.
Man's Guard he would be, not his sport,
Believing he hath ventur'd for't;
But yet no blood or shed or spent
Can ever make him insolent.
Few Men, of him, to do great things have learn'd,
And when th' are done to be so unconcern'd."

This description has been thus modernised, by one now passed away, whose generosity of feeling, warmth of affection, and gentleness of manners, rendered him an ardent admirer of the dog.

"Behold this creature's form and state!
Him Nature surely did create,
That to the world might be exprest
What mien there can be in a beast;
More nobleness of form and mind
Than in the lion we can find:
Yea, this heroic beast doth seem
In majesty to rival him.
Yet he vouchsafes to man to shew
His service, and submission too—

And here we a distinction have;
That brute is fierce—the dog is brave.
He hath himself so well subdued
That hunger cannot make him rude;
And all his manners do confess
True courage dwells with gentleness.
War with the wolf he loves to wage,
And never quits if he engage;
But praise him much, and you may chance
To put him out of countenance.
And having done a deed so brave,
He looks not sullen, yet looks grave.
No fondling play-fellow is he;
His master's guard he wills to be:
Willing for him his blood be spent,
His look is never insolent.
Few men to do such noble deeds have learn'd,
Nor having done, could look so unconcern'd."

W. I.

Barrett Browning.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is another poetess who has honoured the humble friend of man. She states,—"This dog was the gift of my dear and admired friend, Miss Mitford, and belongs to the beautiful race she has rendered celebrated among English and American readers."

"TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

I.

"Loving friend, the gift of one
Who her own true faith has run,
Through thy lower nature,
Be my benediction said
With my hand upon thy head,
Gentle fellow-creature!

II.

Like a lady's ringlets brown,
Flow thy silken ears adown
Either side demurely
Of thy silver-suited breast,
Shining out from all the rest
Of thy body purely.

III.

Darkly brown thy body is,
Till the sunshine striking this
Alchemise its dulness,
When the sleek curls manifold
Flash all over into gold,
With a burnished fulness.

IV.

Underneath my stroking hand,
Startled eyes of hazel bland
Kindling, growing larger,
Up thou leapest with a spring,
Full of prank and curveting,
Leaping like a charger.

V.

Leap! thy broad tail waves a light,
Leap! thy slender feet are bright,
Canopied in fringes.
Leap—those tasselled ears of thine
Flicker strangely, fair and fine,
Down their golden inches.

VI.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is 't to such an end
That I praise thy rareness!
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears,
And this glossy fairness.

VII.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unweary,—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

VIII.

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning;
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone
Love remains for shining.

IX.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow.
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

X.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
Up the woodside hieing.
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech,
Or a louder sighing.

XI.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double,—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

XII.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping,—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After,—platforming his chin
On the palm left open.

XIII.

This dog, if a friendly voice
Call him now to blyther choice
Than such chamber-keeping,
'Come out!' praying from the door,—
Presseth backward as before,
Up against me leaping.

XIV.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly not scornfully,
Render praise and favour:
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
Therefore, and for ever.

XV.

And because he loves me so,
Better than his kind will do
Often, man or woman,
Give I back more love again
Than dogs often take of men,
Leaning from my Human.

XVI.

Blessings on thee, dog of mine,
Pretty collars make thee fine,
Sugared milk make fat thee!
Pleasures wag on in thy tail,
Hands of gentle motion fail
Nevermore, to pat thee!

XVII.

Downy pillow take thy head,
Silken coverlid bestead,
Sunshine help thy sleeping!
No fly's buzzing wake thee up,
No man break thy purple cup,
Set for drinking deep in.

XVIII.

Whiskered cats arointed flee,
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee
Cologne distillations;
Nuts lie in thy path for stones,
And thy feast-day macaroons
Turn to daily rations!

XIX.

Mock I thee, in wishing weal?—
Tears are in my eyes to feel
Thou art made so straightly;
Blessing needs must straighten too,—
Little canst thou joy or do,
Thou who lovest *greatly*.

XX.

Yet be blessed to the height
Of all good and all delight
Pervious to thy nature;
Only *loved* beyond that line,
With a love that answers thine,
Loving fellow-creature!"

1856.

"FLUSH, OR FAUNUS.

"You see this dog. It was but yesterday
I mused forgetful of his presence here
Till thought on thought drew downward tear on tear,
When from the pillow, where wet-cheeked I lay,
A head as hairy as Faunus, thrust its way

Right sudden against my face,—two golden clear
Great eyes astonished mine,—a drooping ear
Did flap me on either cheek to dry the spray!
I started first, as some Arcadian,
Amazed by goatly god in twilight grove;
But, as the bearded vision closelier ran
My tears off, I knew Flush, and rose above
Surprise and sadness,—thanking the true PAN,
Who, by low creatures, leads to heights of love."

Burns.

In a book bearing the title of the 'Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons,' by the Rev. Henry Duncan, is this highly interesting passage concerning the great Scotch poet:—

"I well remember with what delight I listened to an interesting conversation, which, while yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing in my father's manse, between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was the fidelity of the dog. Burns took up the question with all the ardour and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued. It was a subject well suited to call forth his powers, and, when handled by such a man, not less suited to interest the youthful fancy. The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory, but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns, with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw a new light into my mind, I shall never forget. 'Man,' said he, 'is the god of the dog. He knows no other, he can under-

stand no other; and see how he worships him! with what reverence he crouches at his feet, with what love he fawns upon him, with what dependence he looks up to him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him! His whole soul is wrapt up in his god; all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service, and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse. Divines tell us that it ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dog puts the Christian to shame.'"

"The more we know of this wonderful species, the greater reason shall we find to admire that beneficent Being who gave the dog to man as his companion and friend, and the greater indignation shall we feel against the worse than brutal human beings who abuse the devotion of this most affectionate and docile creature."—p. 361, vol. 1.

THE TWA DOGS.

"The tale of the *Twa Dogs*," says Gilbert Burns, "was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog which he called Luath, that was a great favourite. The dog had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person the night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow on his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of 'Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend,' but this plan was given up for the poem as it now stands. Cæsar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favourite Luath."

THE TWA DOGS: A TALE.

"'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgathered[1] ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,[2]
Showed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.
His locked, lettered, braw brass collar,
Showed him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride—nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
E'en wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messan.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,[3]
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang!
He was a gash and faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dike.[4]
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka[5] place.

[1] Encountered. [2] Ears. [3] Dirty; ragged.
[4] Ditch. [5] Each.

His breast was white, his touzie[1] back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaucie[2] tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies[3] wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain[4] o' ither,
And unco pack[5] and thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit;[6]
Whyles scoured awa' in lang excursion,
An' worried ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin'[7] weary grown,
Upon a knowe[8] they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation."

After reviewing and criticising some of the faults and follies of human society, the poem concludes,—

"By this, the sun was out o' sight,
And darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock[9] hummed wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs;
And each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day."

1786.

"Burns," says A. Cunningham, "had a favourite collie at Ellisland, with this legend on its collar: 'Robert Burns, Poet.' His last dog, a fine burly fellow, which survived him sometime, was named THURLOW, which I suppose the poet had bestowed on him in compliment to the rough, manly character of the Chancellor. You remember Thurlow's famous reply to

[1] Shaggy. [2] Jolly. [3] Hips. [4] Fond. [5] Intimate.
[6] Dug. [7] Sporting. [8] Hillock. [9] Beetle.

the Duke of Grafton, in which he challenged comparison with the noble Duke as A MAN. This could not fail to take a strong hold of the feelings of Burns."—*R. Carruthers' MS.*

Burns was very fond of animals, and he showed it in 'The Farmer's Address to his Mare,' his 'Lines on a Wounded Hare,' 'The Winter's Night,' and other pieces. He also, at a lady's importunity, wrote an epitaph on a lapdog, but it has slight merit.

Blacklock,

mentioned above, composed a better inscription of the kind, and also an ode.

EPITAPH

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

"I never barked when out of season;
I never bit without a reason;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
Happy for man could he say so!"

ODE

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

TO MISS G—— J——.

"Pretty, sportive, happy creature,
Full of life, and full of play,
Taught to live by faithful Nature,
Never canst thou miss thy way.

By her dictates kind instructed,
Thou avoid'st each real smart;
We, by other rules conducted,
Lose our joy to show our art.

Undisguis'd, each reigning passion,
When thou mov'st or look'st we see:
Were the same with us the fashion,
Happy mortals would we be!

May her favour still pursue thee,
Who propos'd thee for my theme;
Till superior charms subdue thee,
And inspire a nobler flame.

In each other bless'd and blessing,
Years of pleasure let them live;
Each all active worth possessing,
Earth admires or heav'n can give."

Roscommon

was also happy on another of the fondlings of the fair.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

"Thou, happy creature, art secure
From all the torments we endure;
Despair, ambition, jealousy,
Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;
A sullen prudence drew thee hence
From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
Though Life essay'd the surest wile,
Gilding itself with Laura's smile;
How didst thou scorn Life's meaner charms,
Thou who could'st break from Laura's arms!
Poor Cynic! still methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless crowd away.
How fondly human passions turn!
What we then envied, now we mourn!"

Frébille,

a French writer on the canine race, has given the next pretty lines on his pets.

ÉPÎTRE À LIRON ET LIRETTE.

"*Liron*, *Lirette*,
Petits toutous
Plus gents que tous,
Par amusette
J'adresse à vous
Ce loisir doux
De ma musette.
Toujours seulette,
Simple, discrette,
Mais en courroux
Contre nos fous,
Et des filoux,
Race funeste,
Par qui des sous
Nul ne nous reste,
Pas même un zeste ;
Maudite peste,
Pis que les loups
Les plus garoux !

Petits louloux,
Petits bijoux,
Je vous l'atteste,
Ceux qui liront
Rime follette,
Sur vous, *Liron*,
Sur vous, *Lirette*,
Point pour bluette,
Point pour sornette,
Ne la prendront.
Bien ils diront
Avec simplesse :
Nulle souplesse,
Nul tour d'adresse,
Ne font de vous des preux ;
Eh ! qu'importent ces jeux,
Et ces sauts périlleux ?
Ce qui vaut mieux,
Avec liesse,
Pleins de tendresse,
Vous chérissez maîtresse
Plus que merille, à vous deux.

Ce qu'encor puis écrire,
C'est qu'à sages fameux
Dans les arts merveilleux
Dont *Minerve* a l'empire,
Aux amis de *Montreuil*,
Hélas ! toujours en deuil,
Et pleurant au cercueil
De sa jeune *Thémire* !
A *Lalande*, à *Lemire*,
Vous faites tant d'accueil,
Que c'est presque un délire.

Ne mordant nullement ;
Montrant mine doucette ;
Donnant très-poliment,
Patte svelte et blanchette ;
Badinant bellement ;
Caressant gentiment ;
A chacun faisant fête,
De façon joliette :

L'un, l'autre vous aimant
Plus fraternellement,
Que *Tata*, ni *Grisette*,
Un peu flatteusement
Chantés par *Antoinette;*
Gardant fidèlement
Paisible maisonnette,
Où l'on voit constamment
Bon cœur, hôtesse honnête :
Quel chien est plus charmant ?
Quel natural de bête ?
O *Liron !* ô *Lirette !*
Je vous devois vraiment
Dans mon enchantement,
Outre mainte gimblette,
Ces petits vers en *ette*,
Sortis, tout bonnement,
De mon chef, sur l'herbette :
De moi, chétif Poëte,
Qui, sans bisque indigent,
Qui, sans maille[1] d'argent
Pour la plus mince emplette,
(Grace au gouvernement,
Raflant fonds et recette),
Conserve, heureusement,
Dans ces jours de tempête,
Sinon visière nette,
Sinon contentement,
Au moins, d'une âme droite
Le noble épanchement :
Désintéressement;
La conscience nette ;
Un peu d'entendement;
Humeur à la franquette ;
Appétit dévorant ;
Haine à plus d'un tyran ;
Et puis encor . . . . . la tête !

Enfin, *Liron*, *Lirette*,
Sans plus de compliment,
Pour finir rondement,
Cette épître longuette,
Et rendre plus complette,
Ma nouvelle cueillette,
Sur *Ouillon*, sur *Ouillette*,
Sans-peur et *Turlurette*,[2]
Regagnant ma retraite,
Je vous dirai gaiement :
Adieu *Liron*, *Lirette.*"

A. F. J. FRÉVILLE. 1796.

Hamilton,

born in 1704, and who fought for the Pretender, wrote the following :—

ON A DOG.

"Calm though not mean, courageous without rage,
Serious not dull, and without thinking sage;
Pleas'd at the lot that Nature has assign'd,
Snarl as I list, and freely bark my mind;

[1] Old coin worth less than a farthing.

[2] Names of four dogs.

As churchman wrangle not with jarring spite,
Nor statesman-like caressing whom I bite;
View all the canine kind with equal eyes,
I dread no mastiff, and no cur despise:
True from the first, and faithful to the end,
I baulk no mistress, and forsake no friend.
My days and nights one equal tenour keep,
Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep:
Thus stealing along life I live *incog*,
A very plain and downright honest dog."

CHAPTER IV.

Wordsworth

composed an epitaph on a favourite dog, which for pathos has been rarely surpassed by any, either on the human or canine race. It follows the anecdote below, which relates also to the same creature.

INCIDENT CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

"This dog I knew well. It belonged to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, who then lived at Sockburn-on-the-Tees, a beautiful, retired situation, where I used to visit him and his sisters before my marriage. My sister and I spent many months there after our return from Germany in 1799."

"On his morning rounds the master
Goes to learn how all things fare:
Searches pasture after pasture,
Sheep and cattle eyes with care;
And, for silence or for talk,
He hath comrades in his walk;
Four dogs, each pair of a different breed,
Distinguished, two for scent, and two for speed.

See a hare before him started!
Off they fly in earnest chase;
Every dog is eager-hearted,
All the four are in the race:

And the hare whom they pursue,
Knows from instinct what to do;
Her hope is near: no turn she makes;
But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

Deep the river was, and crusted
Thinly by a one-night's frost;
But the nimble hare hath trusted
To the ice, and safely crost;
She hath crost, and without heed
All are following at full speed,
When, lo! the ice so thinly spread,
Breaks—and the greyhound, Dart, is over-head!

Better fate have Prince and Swallow—
See them cleaving to the sport!
Music has no heart to follow,
Little Music, she stops short.
She hath neither wish nor heart,
Hers is now another part:
A loving creature she, and brave!
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches,
Very hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears,—
Him alone she sees and hears,—
Makes efforts with complainings; nor gives o'er
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more."

1805.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

"Lie here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no stone we raise:

More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives to man,
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:
This oak points out thy grave; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.
We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past;
And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hadst lived till every thing that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
Old household thoughts, in which thou had'st thy share;
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!
For love, that comes wherever life and sense
Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love, love's intellectual law:—
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!"

1805.

Wolcott, (PETER PINDAR),

even shewed tenderness when he wrote on

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

"The old Shepherd's dog, like his master, was gray;
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went, he was follow'd by Tray;
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued, on the grass the shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Placed his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
If Corin went forth 'midst the tempests and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed;
For vain, against death, is the stoutest endeavour—
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, closed his eyes, and, ah! closed them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend;
And when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
'Oh bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend!'"

Goldsmith.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

"Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

Cowper.

This sensitive, amiable, and philanthropic man, eloquently advocated the claims of the weak and poor of his own species without neglecting those of inferior races.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

NO FABLE.

"The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When 'scap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs adorn'd with ev'ry grace
That spaniel found for me.)

Now wanton'd, lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd consid'rate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I return'd;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed:
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed:

But chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."

Cowper, besides immortalising Beau in the above, and two other poems, also wrote epitaphs on Fop and Neptune, dogs of Sir John and Lady Throckmorton.

Prior.

"Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man:
While the kind spaniel, or the faithful hound,
Likest that fox in shape and species found,

Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,
Pursues the noted path, and covets home;
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
Takes what the glutted child denies to eat,
And, dying, licks his long lov'd master's feet."

Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book I.

For the subsequent clever lines I am obliged to a lady, but have been unable to learn by whom they were composed. I have never seen them in print, and trust the author will not be displeased at their insertion.

THE DOG'S AMBITION.

"What a pity it is that we dogs should be dumb!
I declare I'd give years, (if I had them to come),
To be able to utter *one* fervent petition,
For I'm dying a martyr to baffled ambition.
While I yet was a puppy—the time's long gone by—
I was given away, with a kiss and a sigh,
By a little Scotch boy to his little pale cousin,
Whose squirrels and birds had died off by the dozen:
And having the luck—while she yet was a child,
And by lilies, or blue bells, or something beguiled,
Bent over a torrent too rashly to stand—
To plunge to her rescue and drag her to land;
I was dubbed quite a hero, and made such a treasure
My life was a round of perpetual pleasure;
And the Laird told all Perthshire I saved his dear daughter
That terrible day from the falls of Dunwater.
Well, the pale little cousin grew taller and taller,
Her shoulders much wider, her waist even smaller,
And I often heard gentlemen say on the moors,
When we met them by chance—for we wer'n't much in-doors—
Though her bonnet was off and her hair out of curl—
Who's that? oh, by Jove, what a beautiful girl!
The Laird kept his house full of comers and goers,
And the awkwardest sportsmen made elegant wooers;

But all Cupid's arrows glanced harmless the while,
Her little red mouth kept its innocent smile,
Not a beam of the light faded out of her eye;
She laughed and she talked, but she never would sigh.
One day, (now then comes the hard part of my story),
When the sun on the blue hills was setting in glory,
As we strolled to the house I perceived at the door,
Two visitors who had arrived just before;
One exclaimed—'What a lovely and picturesque sight!'
And the other—'Why Anne you've forgotten me quite!'
She blushed, how she blushed!—she gazed still in doubt,
Till he said, 'I'm your cousin, the secret is out.
Give me leave to present Mr. Landseer—a friend,
Who has come a few days at Dunwater to spend.'
She, bewildered, a moment continued to stand,
Then started, half curtsied, half held out her hand,
And, (omen of what sort of luck would befall me),
Walked off with her cousin forgetting to call me.
Mr. Landseer stood whistling a tune on the lawn;
He stooped, and he patted me, when they were gone,
And he said, 'Shaggy friend, I suspect you and I
Will be left pretty much to ourselves by and bye.'
Yes, that is the way my acquaintance began,
With that famous artist and excellent man.
I had known him before by his great reputation;
An honour, a glory, a pride to the nation!
And I own, that my constant ambition has been,
To be painted by him like the dogs of the Queen,
Ever since I have seen in shop of Maclean,
That beautiful picture half canine, half human;
I think it's a dog—he says it's a woman:
Where the hair hangs like ears, I declare it's a puzzle;
All silky and soft round the delicate muzzle,
Looking so like a lapdog I loved in my youth,
I scarce can believe the sly artist speaks truth.
Now, thought I, if these cousins should happen to marry,
The point will be gained I so much wish to carry.
The least they can do for their old servant's sake,
Is to tell Mr. Landseer my picture to take:

And I ne'er shall forget my alarm and dismay,
When they quarrelled (as lovers will quarrel), one day,
And wandering out by the side of the torrent,
Which had once nearly carried her off in its current,
The pale cousin wept, with her white arms flung round me,
And she sobbed, 'Would, poor dog, you had left where you found me,
With the cold stones beneath and the waters above;
I then had not lived to remember his love!'
Then with tears she imprinted a kiss on my head;
When the cousin came up with a quick hasty tread,
And looking exceeding unhappy and yellow,
Said sulkily, 'Would I were you my fine fellow!'
I'm dumb, but I swear you might read in my eye,
Make it up, make it up!—which they did by the bye—
Well! they married at last and my joy was complete,
Except that another small dog at her feet
Was constantly lying, and snarling and snapping,
Disturbing my slumbers while quietly napping:
A ridiculous creature, the maids used to deck,
With a bit of blue ribbon tied round its fat neck.
When to town for the season the young couple came,
I heard them both mentioning Landseer by name:
They went to his house, I ran after the carriage:
Now, thought I, for the scheme that's to follow this marriage.
She told the good painter she never could rest,
'Till he made her a sketch of the dog she lov'd best,
And she stood looking up in his face smiling brightly.
Mr. Landseer smiled too, and he answered politely,
If he had not got time he would find it or make it,
And the palette that wouldn't serve her, why he'd break it.
Half frantic with joy I remained standing there,
With my tail wagging hard and my nose in the air,
When—oh! that a dog or a poet should sing it—
She said, 'Very well, Mr. Landseer, I'll bring it.'
Bring what! bring the dog she wished to be painted?
Oh woman! oh gratitude! how my heart fainted!
May each pencil be broken that e'er had a nib on:.
'Twas that little fat beast in the bit of blue ribbon!"

Next follows a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Thomas Goodlake. It not only displays the kind sentiments of the great novelist, but shows that the greyhound's supposed inferiority of intellect to other dogs is artificial and not natural. If coursers bred for sagacity, as well as speed and courage, this would soon be demonstrated.

LAST WORDS OF BONNY HECK.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I have loved the sport of coursing so well, and pursued it so keenly for several years, that I would with pleasure have done anything in my power to add to your collection on the subject. But I have long laid aside the amusement, and still longer renounced the poetical pen which ought to have celebrated it; and I could only send you the laments of an old man, and the enumeration of the number of horses and dogs which have been long laid under the sod. I cannot indeed complain with the old huntsman, that

> '——— No one now
> Dwells in the hall of Ivor;
> Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead,
> And I, the sole survivor.'

But I have exchanged my whip for a walking-stick, my smart hack has dwindled into a Zetland shelty, and my two brace of greyhounds into a pair of terriers. Instead of entering on such melancholy topics, I judge it better to send you an Elegy on Bonny Heck, an old Scottish poem of very considerable merit in the eyes of those who understand the dialect. I have added a few glossarial notes, with the following slight notice.

"The Last Dying Words of Bonny Heck is not the first production of the Scottish muse upon such a subject. Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, about a century before the following

elegy was written, had composed the Complaint of Basch, the king's hound, who, like many a courtier beside, had outlived his better qualities and lost the favour of his royal master. But I should suppose that Basch, from his birth and education in Badenoch, must have been a Highland deer-greyhound, and therefore does not fall within your subject of discussion. Poor Heck, on the contrary, was certainly a regular coursing greyhound, though from his readiness to dash through Ardry Whines he may be suspected to have had a touch of our rough mountain breed, which is, I believe, excluded from honourable competition in most matches in the south. The owner of Bonny Heck had been probably one of the numerous and highly honourable gentlemen of the name of Anstruther, several of whom have seats within 'the sound of Kilrenny bell.' The elegy itself turns upon a circumstance which, when I kept greyhounds, I felt a considerable alloy to the sport: I mean the necessity of dispatching the instruments and partakers of our amusements, when they begin to make up by cunning for the deficiency of youthful vigour. A greyhound is often termed an inferior species of the canine race in point of sagacity, and in the eyes of an accomplished sportsman it is desirable they should be so, since they are valued for their spirit, not their address. Accordingly they are seldom admitted to the rank of personal favourites. I have had such greyhounds, however, and they possessed as large a share of intelligence, attachment, and sagacity, as any other species of dog that I ever saw. In such cases it becomes difficult or impossible to execute the doom upon the antiquated greyhound, so coolly recommended by Dame Juliana Berners:

> 'And when he comes to that yere
> Have him to the Tannere,
> For the best whelp ever bitch had
> At nine years old is full bad.'

Modern sportsmen anticipate the doom by three years at least.

"I have only to add, that the elegy was written in the last

century. The oldest collection in which it is to be found in print is the rare one entitled 'A choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, by James Watson, Part First, Edinburgh, 1706.' I think, however, it was to be found in another miscellany, about forty years older, of which I never saw but one copy, which was the property of my right hon. friend, Lord Montagu, and was destroyed in the fire which consumed Ditton-house.

"I cannot help adding to the Last Words of Bonny Heck a sporting anecdote, said to have happened in Fife, and not far from the residence of that famous greyhound, which may serve to show in what regard the rules of fair play between hound and hare are held by Scottish sportsmen. There was a coursing club once upon a time, which met at Balchristy, in the province, or as it is popularly called, the kingdom of Fife. The members were elderly social men; whom a very moderate allowance of sport served as an introduction to a hearty dinner and jolly evening. Now there had her seat on the ground where they usually met, a certain large stout hare, who seemed made on purpose to entertain these moderate sportsmen. She usually gave the amusement of three or four turns so soon as she was put up—a sure sign of a strong hare when practised by any beyond the age of a leveret—then stretched out in great style, and after affording the gentlemen an easy canter of a mile or two, threw out the dogs, by passing through a particular gap in an enclosure. This sport the same hare gave to the same party for one or two seasons, and it was just enough to afford the worthy members of the club a sufficient reason to be alleged to their wives, or others whom it might concern, for passing the day in the public-house. At length a fellow who attended the hunt nefariously thrust his plaid, or great coat, into the gap I mentioned, and poor puss, her retreat being thus cut off, was, in the language of the dying Desdemona, 'basely—basely murdered.' The sport of the Balchristy club seemed to end with this famous hare. They either found no hares, or such as afforded only a halloo and a squeak, or such,

finally, as gave them farther runs than they had pleasure in following. The spirit of the meeting died away, and at length it was altogether given up.

"The publican was of course the party most especially affected by the discontinuance of the club, and regarded, it may be supposed, with no complacency the person who had prevented the hare from escaping, and even his memory. One day a gentleman asked him what was become of such a one, naming the obnoxious individual. 'He is dead, Sir,' answered mine host, with an angry scowl, 'and his soul kens this day whether the hare of Balchristy got fair play or not.'

"If either the hare of Balchristy or the famous Heck can revive for your service, I shall be well content, being

"Dear Sir,

"Your most faithful humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

ABBOTSFORD, 16*th October*, 1828.

THE LAST DYING WORDS OF BONNY HECK,

A FAMOUS GREYHOUND IN THE SHIRE OF FIFE.

"Alas, alas, quo' bonny Heck,
On former days when I reflect!
I was a dog much in respect
For doughty deed:
But now I must hing by the neck
Without remeed.

O fy, Sirs, for black burning shame,
Ye 'll bring a blunder on your name!
Pray tell me wherein I'm to blame?
Is't in effect,
Because I'm cripple, auld and lame?
Quo' bonny Heck.

What great feats I have done mysell
Within clink of Kilrenny[1] bell;
When I was souple, young, and fell,
But[2] fear or dread:
John Ness and Paterson can tell,
Whose hearts may bleid.

They'll witness that I was the vier[3]
Of all the dogs within the shire;
I'd run all day, and never tyre:
But now my neck,
It must be stretched for my hyre,
Quo' bonny Heck.

How nimbly could I turn the hare,
Then serve myself, that was right fair!
For still it was my constant care
The van to lead:
Now, what could sary[4] Heck do mair,
Syne kill her dead?

At the King's-muir and Kelly-law,[5]
Where good stout hares gang fast awa,
So cliverly I did it claw,
With pith and speed,
I bore the bell before them a'
As clear's a beid.

I ran alike on a' kind grounds,
Yea, in the midst of Ardry Whines,[6]
I grip't the mackings[7] be the bunns,

---

[1] A small royal borough in the east of Fife.

[2] *But* is here used in the sense of *Be-out, i.e.*, without.

[3] I am doubtful of the application of *vier* in this place; it signifies literally the bolt of a crossbow, and to bear the vier may mean to hit the mark: or it may signify *verd*, and then the signification would be to wear the green or garland.

[4] *Sary* for sorry, used as a fond expression, as we might say, poor Heck.

[5] Both well known places for coursing in Fife.

[6] A strong cover of furze, the property of the late John Anstruther, Esq., Sheriff of Fife.

[7] Mackings or Mawckins—*anglice* Malkins—hares, or, as they are called, pusses. A domestic cat is in like manner termed Grimalkin, or Grey Malkin.

Or be the neck;
Where nathing could slay them but guns,
Save bonny Heck.

I witty, wily was, and gash,[1]
With my auld feini packy pash[2]
Nae man might anes buy me for cash
In some respect.
Are they not then confounded rash,
That hangs poor Heck?

I was a bardy tyke[3] and bauld,
Tho' my beard's grey, I'm not so auld:
Can any man to me unfauld,
What is the feid,
To stane me ere I be well cauld?
A cruel deed!

Now honesty was ay my drift,
An innocent and harmless shift,
A kaill-pot-lid gently to lift,
Or amby-sneck,[4]
Shame fa the chafts dare call that thift!
Quo' bonny Heck.

So well's I cou'd play *hocus pocus*,
And of the servants mak *Jodocus*,
And this I did in every *locus*
Throw their neglect;
And was not this a merry *jocus*,
Quo' bonny Heck?

[1] *Gash*—Sagacious.

[2] *Auld feini paky pash.* This line, scarcely to be rendered into English, is in itself very descriptive of a cunning old dog. It may be termed an old, mischievous, crafty pate.

[3] *Bardy tyke, and bauld*—A mettled and brave dog.

[4] Latch of a pantry.

But now, good Sirs, this day is lost
The best dog in the east-nook coast,
For never ane durst brag nor boast
Me, for their neck;
But now I must yield up the ghost,
Quo' bonny Heck.

And put a period to my talking,
For I'm unto my exit making:
Sirs, ye may a' gae to the hawking,
And there reflect,
Ye 'll ne'er get sick a dog for maukin
As bonny Heck.

But if my puppies ance were ready,
Which I gat on a bonny lady:
They 'll be baith cliver, keen, and beddy,[1]
And ne'er neglect,
To clink in like their ancient deddy,
The famous Heck."

The profoundly learned, but rugged Porson, was not insensible to canine virtue, as this charade will prove.

CHARADE.

"My first, though the best and most faithful of friends,
You ungen'rously name with the wretch you despise:
My second—I speak it with grief—comprehends
All the good, and the great, and the just, and the wise:
Of my whole, I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it marks the departure of day."

(*Curfew.*)

[1] The learned Dr. Jamieson, quoting this passage, gives up *beddy* as a word of unknown signification. It may mean ready at bidding or command.

In the 'Living Librarie,' by Camerarius, translated by J. Mole and his son in 1625, are these verses, said to be by J. Mycillus, a Latin poet.

"Of any beast, none is more faithfull found,
Nor yeelds more pastime in house, plaine, or woods,
Nor keepes his master's person, nor his goods,
With greater care, than doth the dog or hound.

Command; he thee obeyes most readily.
Strike him; he whines and fals down at thy feet.
Call him: he leaves his game and comes to thee
With wagging taile, offring his service meeke.

In summer's heat he follows by thy pace:
In winter's cold he never leaveth thee:
In mountaines wild he by thee close doth trace;
In all thy feares and dangers true is he.

Thy friends he loves; and in thy presence lives
By day: by night he watcheth faithfully
That thou in peace mayst sleepe; he never gives
Good entertainment to thine enemie.

Course, hunt, in hills, in valleyes, or in plaines;
He joyes to run and stretch out every lim:
To please but thee, he spareth for no paines:
His hurt (for thee) is greatest good to him.

Sometimes he doth present thee with a Hare,
Sometimes he hunts the Stag, the Fox, the Boare,
Another time he baits the Bull and Beare,
And all to make thee sport, and for no more.

If so thou wilt, a Collar he will weare;
And when thou list to take it off againe
Vnto thy feet he coucheth downe most faire,
As if thy will were all his good and gaine.

In fields abroad he lookes unto thy flockes,
Keeping them safe from Wolves, and other beasts:
And oftentimes he beares away the knocks
Of some odd thiefe, that many a fold infests.

And as he is the faithful bodies guard,
So is he good within a fort or hold,
Against a quicke surprise to watch and ward;
And all his hire is bread mustie and old.

Canst thou then such a creature hate and spurne?
Or barre him from such poore and simple food?
Being so fit and faithfull for thy turne,
And no beast else can do thee halfe such good!"

CHAPTER V.

THE ATTRIBUTES AND QUALITIES OF THE DOG PARTIALLY ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES.

THE attributes of the Dog show his possession of an extent of mind which is little suspected by the unreflective. A varied and copious collection of anecdotes, or, still more, of biographies of dogs,—a canine Plutarch—would prove this in a very striking manner; and by comparison and study lead, perhaps, to some elucidation of the phenomena of thought.

Remarkable instances of the following virtues, feelings, and powers of mind, are well authenticated:—

LOVE.	ENDURANCE.	AMIABILITY.
FAITHFULNESS.	PERSEVERANCE.	MAGNANIMITY.
GRATITUDE.	TEMPERANCE.	REFLECTION.
GENEROSITY.	OBEDIENCE.	SENSITIVENESS.
SAGACITY.	VIGILANCE.	GRIEF.
COURAGE.	COMPASSION.	JOY.
NOBILITY.	MERCY.	JEALOUSY.
TRUSTFULNESS.	ATTENTION.	REVENGE.
TRUTH.	MEMORY.	DOCILITY.
DEVOTION.	FORGIVENESS.	WILLINGNESS.
UNSELFISHNESS.	GENTLENESS.	COMPLAISANCE.
SINCERITY.	TENDERNESS.	HUMILITY.
HONESTY.	FORBEARANCE.	SUBMISSION.
	HUMANITY.	

Risks his life to give help.
Goes for assistance.
Saves life from drowning, fire, other animals, men, &c.

Assists distress.
Guards property (perhaps the only animal which does so, the elephant excepted).
Knows boundaries.
Resents injuries offered to others or himself.
Repays benefits.
Communicates ideas.
Combines (with other dogs to avenge an injury, give assistance, hunt, &c.).
Understands language.
His own voice most expressive, and its range wide.
Knows if he is dying, or to be put to death.
Knows death in the human.
His whole life devoted to the object of his love.
Dies of grief.
Dies of joy.
Dies in his master's defence (or of his property, or in trust).
Commits suicide.
Remains by the dead.
Solicits.
Gives alarm (or warning of fire, falling buildings, &c.).
Knows characters of men.
Feeds men and dogs confined.
Recognizes a portrait.
Recognizes men after long absence.
Fond of praise ("like men of a generous spirit"—*Arrian*).
Sensible of ridicule.
Feels shame.
Most alive to praise and censure
Is sensible of a fault, and good action.
Indefatigable.
Delights to please.
Resentful to enemies.
Trustful, but, if deceived, becomes suspicious.
Playful.
Welcomes.
Reasons.
Observes.
Apportions punishment.
Looks to man for help.
Adapts himself to circumstances.
Injury or ingratitude does not abate his fidelity.
Distress does not detach him.
Is incorruptible.
Profits by experience.
Hides food when he has more than he needs.
Finds his way back from distant countries, and by untraversed roads.
Largely capable of instruction.
Communicates hereditary tendencies and mental qualities.
Knows his owner's property, and will punish dogs which touch it.
Revenges his master's death.
Will die of hunger, rather than violate or desert his charge.
Measures time.
Has presentiments.
Will rarely injure children, or drunken men.
Is sensible of surgical treatment for its benefit, and will bring an injured dog to receive it.
Hostile at first to foreigners, strangers, and beggars.

When dying takes a last farewell; affection supreme at the last moment of existence. It may be truly said of him, "Much waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it"

Has a sense of justice.

Will present its offspring to its master.

Dreams. Is subject to lunacy or delirium, and sees visions.

Will assist his enemy.

Will relinquish his enmity towards another of his own species, or towards man, on receiving a benefit.

The bitch feels passion; bestows her affections, and her offspring are largely affected in consequence, even where the desired object has had no connexion.

The bitch has been known to seek, and obtain, the assistance of another in suckling her whelps, when her own milk was insufficient.

Has been said to die of jealousy on the marriage of his master.

The following anecdotes, several of which are original, will elucidate some of these qualities, and those persons who may desire to pursue the investigation are referred to the works of Blaine, Youatt, Blaze, and many other writers.

The first, a touching instance of faithfulness in adversity, is to be found in the chapter on Chios, in the excellent pages of 'The Roving Englishman.'

"I took my way from the coffee-house to the prison, which is under the house of the Bin-Bashee, or captain of the fortress. I easily obtained admission: a low door turned groaningly on its rusty hinges, and then opened on to another one, at the end of a dark little passage. It was quite dark; so dark that, though it was noon-day, we were obliged to light a lamp before we could discover anything.

"When I at length could distinguish objects, it was to notice a tall, handsome, faded man extended on the floor, heavily manacled and shackled. Beneath him was a carpet, worn all in holes—nothing more.

"The jailer stirred up his prisoner as I entered, rather roughly, but not unkindly, and the man rose with a groan. Oh, such a groan of pain and weariness!

"I walked round the prison, though the stench was stifling. On one side was a fresh tomb: the last prisoner had been buried there; some pieces of unplaned deal, still white and new, covered his remains.

"Anything more fearfully dreary and filthy than this prison could not be conceived. The floor was of damp earth, the walls were mouldy with foul exhalations, and the solitary prisoner's face was flushed with a hectic fever, as well it might be. His only exercise was a short walk to the *other* prison every twenty days; the other prison being distant about a stone's throw. His diet was, mercifully, low enough. He told me he could see *sometimes*, because there was a little chink in the outer door which admitted the light. He had no occupation; he did nothing; he saw nobody; he never spoke; he had, however, one companion: it was a little dog—a tan-coloured spaniel, very thin and faded, like its master. The dog showed no wish to go when the door was opened; he seemed to have doggish sagacity enough to understand the state of affairs very well; he did not bark when we entered, he only wagged his tail in a very gentle, but deprecatory manner, as if he hoped that he was not taking a liberty, or did not intrude, or something of that kind.

"The man had been imprisoned thus for a whole year. It is marvellous how human nature could have so long supported a trial so stern.

"He had been arrested *on suspicion only* of a murder, which was never brought home to him; there was even

strong reason to suppose that suspicion had fastened on the wrong man."

The next is an original, and well-authenticated episode, remarkable in proving how the creature's affections can conquer its antipathies.

The remote Kentish village of Lydd is situated close to the Channel, between that rich, flat, and fertile tract called Romney Marsh, lying below high-water mark of spring-tides; and the great accumulation of shingle forming the projection into the sea near the extreme point of which stands the light-house of Dungeness. This point keeps gradually increasing and running out into the deep water, but the sea, urged by gales from the ocean, gnaws away the western side, occasionally destroys the dykes which protect the alluvial lowlands, and scoops deep gulleys in the shore. A strange, large, black dog, resembling a wolf, appeared on the beach one day, and was supposed to have escaped from one of the numerous wrecks which occur on that exposed coast: his resemblance to the animal was so strong, that the first time he was seen he was shot at. He came into the possession of Mr. Procter, a gentleman of Lydd, and was much in the habit of fraternizing with sailors and the coast-guard; but though his master's companion in his rides, he was not allowed in the house; and evinced, perhaps in consequence of his exposure to the tempest when wrecked, a great and marked aversion to the water.

During a heavy gale on the 26th of October, 1855, another vessel, (the 'Enchantress'), was wrecked, and thirteen of her crew perished. Mr. Procter, accompanied by Neptune, the dog in question, rode down to the beach to see if he could

render any help. On arriving at the water's edge his horse became frightened at the furious seas washing over the *falls* of shingle, and fell suddenly backwards into an eddy, in a large, deep hole cut by the sea, one side of which was nearly perpendicular. Mr. Procter disengaged himself and vainly tried to get to land. Twice he went under water, and was nearly exhausted and insensible; when the dog, which had been jumping, crying, and barking from the beach as if calling his master, made in to him and repeatedly attempted, though fruitlessly, to seize him by the collar; but the smooth waterproof coat his master wore baffled his efforts, his teeth slipping over without being able to get a hold. Mr. Procter was going down a third time when he fancied he heard a voice shout, "lay hold of his tail"—in a confused state he did so, the animal doubled round, licked his hand, turned, and struck out for the shore, which, with much difficulty he reached, towing his master, who was then quite unconscious. That gentleman was then carried to the inn, and restoratives were applied; the dog never quitted his side, but laid himself on the bed, where he remained for a considerable time, and would move for no one, but at last was enticed down stairs. The next morning directly the doors were opened he was up-stairs, and lay outside the bed-room waiting to be let in, which habit he continued up to his death, or remained at the door all night. From the day of the wreck till the last day of the dog's life he seemed to take possession of his master—would never let him go out alone, and when in any of his journeys he was obliged to pass through water (which it is often necessary to do about Lydd in the winter season), the dog would always go first to pilot the way.

A few days before the event here recorded, Mr. Procter went down a road which is every winter under water; he was on foot, and frequently got into holes and deep ruts, but Neptune, who accompanied him, carefully avoided wetting his feet. The dog died in 1861. It was his custom to go hunting alone, among the furze which grows on the old beaches; one day his owner saw him disappear behind a clump of bushes, and that evening he did not return home. Three days after, to the great grief of his master and mistress, a young man came to say he had found Nep dead on the beach. The faithful creature had burst a blood-vessel in the heart. His body was carried home and buried in the garden, where a stone was erected to his memory in grateful remembrance by those to whom the noble animal had proved so brave, true, and affectionate a friend.

The instance of reasoning which is now given, is nearly in the words of the lady who witnessed the facts.

"Below our house at Pembury was a valley in which were many hares, and in the neighbourhood was kept a pack of harriers. A favourite dog of ours named Ness, a large rough bull-terrier, used to lie on the lawn in front of the house, keeping watch all around, glancing occasionally into the windows to observe my motions, as he was always the companion of my walks. One morning I saw a hare run up the hill, and the cry of the harriers as they followed on her track was heard in the valley. Ness, too, saw poor puss, started up, seized her, and brought her in his mouth to me. I patted and congratulated him, and showed the hare to my father, who said Ness and I had done a very unsportsmanlike deed of which we should soon hear more. So we did, for the pack

rushed upon the lawn in full chorus on the scent, with the men after them, to the porch, where my father met them, gave them the hare, and expressed his regret that his dog had spoiled their sport. At the same time telling them that he valued his dog highly, but if the same thing occurred again they should always have the hare. Ness stood by growling, and appearing much displeased. This was repeated several times. Ness always brought the hare to me in the house, and I always caressed and praised him, but was obliged by my father's orders to give it to the huntsmen whenever they traced it to the house, Ness invariably testifying his total disapprobation of the whole proceeding.

"One day he came to the window where I sat; but not as usual with a gladsome bark did he claim my notice. He capered, wagged his tail, grinned—by every *silent* means entreating me to come to him. I went, and still in perfect silence, but with great appearance of fun and joy, he bounded before me to a thick Portugal laurel about fifty yards from the house, and then stood looking eagerly into it. I looked too, and there lay the dead hare, the hounds being as yet in the valley. Ness would not touch it, but rejoiced exceedingly as I took it up and carried it; he then resumed his usual station to watch. I watched, too, from a window, and thence I saw the hounds come up on the scent to the Portugal laurel. There they were of course at fault; Ness barked aloud, rejoiced, capered, all but *said*, 'You are foiled now; I have out-witted you at last.' And so he had. They did not come to the house for that hare.

"I have always thought this a curious incident. The conduct of the dog was so evidently the result of experience,

observation, and reflection. But I do not know that I have anything more to relate of poor Ness. I dare say you remember how prettily his little friend Elfin, the silky little spaniel, used to employ his finer scent in finding snakes, hedgehogs, rats, and such articles, point them out to Ness, and then, hastily retreating to a safe distance, observe the combat eagerly; barking, as if to encourage his stouter companion."

"I add another story of canine sagacity from Scotland.

"Don was a very handsome white setter, the property of the late Sir A. M., who lent him to my brothers for the shooting season. Sir A. had many dogs in charge of his keeper, chained in kennels, and under regular sporting discipline. Our dogs passed their time at liberty, and, when not in the field, were lounging about on the lawn or playing with the children.

"The Aberdeen term came on, and my brothers returned the setter to his master, whose house was about fifteen miles from ours. A few days after, as we went out in the morning, we found Don had returned; he sprang with every demonstration of joy to greet us, and by his side was a large Newfoundland dog, who also welcomed us with much cordiality. We were extremely pleased with our old friend and our new visitor; but in a few hours the gamekeeper arrived in great wrath, declaring the two dogs had run off together, utterly regardless of his calls; that they had always been particularly attached to each other, and that Don must have told the Newfoundland that there were no collars or chains in use with us. Collars and chains were produced then, the two friends were led home, and we saw them no more."

Another case of reasoning in the dog, substantiated by undeniable authority, now follows.

"SIR,— The Fellside, Penrith, April 11, 1863.

"I gladly give you the anecdote Dr. S. alluded to. The dog was not mine, nor did I witness the incident. The dog belonged to the Rev. Mr. Cockaine, who kept a school, more than thirty years ago, in Clifton Wood. I was only a day boy, and therefore did not walk out with the boarders. But the second master, with whom I was friendly, told me the incident next day, and all the boys confirmed it. So that I have no doubt of the *entire* reliability of the story I now relate.

"The second master took the boys out on a half-holiday for a walk to Leigh Woods, and, as usual, Mat, who was generally chained to his kennel, went with them. When they reached Rownham Ferry, the ferryman would not allow Mat to get into the boat, for fear of his soiling the seats. The tide was then running up to Bristol. Mat, after grieving a little at seeing his friends leave him, ran some way towards the Hot-wells (*i. e.*, as the tide then was, *up* the stream), jumped in, and safely landed on the opposite side, just where the boat debarked its passengers. The party remained some hours in the woods; and when they came to recross the Ferry, the tide had changed, and was running in the opposite direction. Mat was again excluded from the boat, and, as before, ran down some distance towards the Hot-wells, and jumped in. But, of course, he was grievously mistaken. The tide carried him in the opposite direction to what he wished; and from the muddy bank not suffering him to get out of the water where he first reached the opposite shore, he

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was only with difficulty recovered near the Hot-wells House. That is the story, as I implicitly believe it. I may suggest that Mat *may* have, in the first instance, been induced to run *up* the stream (although it was *down* the river, if there had been no tide), by seeing the boat carry his friends up the stream. Perhaps you know that the ferry-boat used to be anchored, and used always, according to the state of the tide, to be punted some distance up or down, close into shore, so as always to make the *trajet* obliquely. I suggest this as a possible theory; but it does not explain his conduct the second time: for then the boat went in the direction opposite to the one he took. I have always regarded the anecdote as an evidence of reasoning, and not of instinct. The latter would have been infallible; but the former, as we see every day, errs by drawing conclusions from inadequate data, or from assuming two cases to be identical which have some essentially different elements.

"I have no other story of my own worth your acceptance; but a brother of mine, who was a resident in Australia for several years, has a remarkable story of a dog of his, of which this is the marrow:—His stockman called late at night at a country inn and put his horse up there. The dog never used to leave the horse. Before going to bed the stockman missed his saddle, and made a great clamour about it, threatening to make the Host replace its value. No search could find it. The landlord rises early to renew the search, and my brother's dog gets hold of the landlord and decoys him three-quarters of a mile into the bush, where he finds the saddle.

"I remain, &c.,

"J. N."

Those who may doubt of the dog's knowledge of the last great change in this life, will find some evidence to the contrary in the anecdote below, which is as penned by the friend to whose kindness it is due.

"Don was a fine Spanish pointer of the true good breed (his mother coming direct from Spain), and my dear father's most devoted and faithful attendant, more particularly so in his last illness. He was in the habit of getting on the bed and edging himself up to him as *closely as possible;* but as my father grew worse he discontinued that practice, and contented himself with going round to lick the hand that was placed out for him! On the morning of the day my father died, Don seeing me (assisted by a friend) leading him from his dressing to the bed-room, he cast a most anxious and inquiring look in my poor father's face, scrutinizing us also, and then quietly left the room, (I picture to myself his expression at this distance of time!)—and I found that he had laid himself at the top of the landing-stairs, and he did not enter the room again. He seemed to comprehend what was taking place, and afterwards, when all was over, and I went and placed my arms around him, and said, 'Dear old Don, your kind master is gone,' he looked at me in a sorrowful way, and with a countenance of sympathy, and from that moment he became most attached to me, and seldom quitted me if he could help it, and slept on that landing close to my room, which was opposite my father's."

On the same subject is added an extract from 'Recollections of Labrador Life,' by De Boillieu.

"One day, the sea being too rough for aquatic sports I

took my gun and strolled across the hills in search of wild fowl along the different small inlets.

"On one of the hills I could command two or more of these inlets, and when I reached the summit I fancied I heard a piteous moan as if from two or three dogs. Following the sound, I soon came upon the object which had attracted my attention. I found on a rock two dogs, half a dozen dead ducks, and a gun recently discharged.

"On my near approach I recognised the dogs and guessed who the missing party was; nearing the animals, they showed their dislike to my disturbing any of the articles on the rocks. Still, one gently wagged his tail as if he knew me, and with a sorrowful expression of countenance walked slowly to the edge of the rock, and raising his head towards the sky, gave three of the most piteous moans I ever heard, and then returned and lay down by his charge. All I could do, I could not get the dogs to leave the spot. There they stood, as if still hopeful they would hear their master's voice again, but this they never did.

"I marked the spot indicated by the dog and retraced my steps homeward, and having to pass the man's hut who, I felt, had met a solitary death, I informed the remaining crew of my suspicions, and then I heard that their companion had set out in the morning for the place where I had found the dogs, having seen some birds about the spot the previous day, and wishing to shoot them.

"The dogs remained at their post all night; no one could remove them. The next morning the sea was calm, three boats were launched, creepers placed in them, and off we went to the spot. I had no occasion to point out the place, for

immediately on our approaching it the dog who had moaned over the rock, again did the same, and after a short search near the spot the body was found just under the cliff.

"On taking the corpse in the boat both dogs commenced howling, and followed the boats to the establishment, and would not again leave their dead master until he was put under ground. Nay, for some days after, these two dogs haunted the grave, and in whatever place they sat, kept their faces turned towards it, as if listening for the familiar call."

The following is to be found in 'Sykes's Local Records':—

"*December* 10, 1805.—In the evening of this day, was found dead, on the road between Hexham and Haydon Bridge, Mr. Thomas Graham, tallow-chandler, of the latter place. His death was occasioned by a fall from his horse. It was very remarkable a strange dog was lying by the body when found, and would suffer no person to come near it till forced. It afterwards followed the body to Haydon-bridge, up into the chamber where it was laid, and being banished out of the room, it found his boots in another, and lay down upon them; it also followed close behind the body to the place of interment, and was seen many days afterwards howling and scratching upon the grave. The dog belonged to Mr. Armstrong, butcher, of Hexham. Mrs. Batey, of the Grey Bull Inn, Hexham, where Mr. Graham set out from, heard a dog howling horribly as Mr. Graham left her house."

In the 'Old Sporting Magazine,' vol. 79, it is mentioned, that a black poodle was seen in Paris to follow as sole mourner, the coffin of its late master from an hospital. The animal actually shed tears; and when the body disappeared,

rent the air with broken lamentations. A somewhat similiar instance to this, occurred not very many years ago at Melton Mowbray. A surgeon, Mr. Hose, died; and on the day of the funeral, his dog took precedence at the procession and walked before the coffin to the grave.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next quotation is from George Cartwright's 'Coast of Labrador,' a voluminous and tedious work, but yet containing many points of interest, and which it is impossible to read without unbounded admiration of the indomitable stoicism of its hardy, intrepid, and humane author.

"*Monday*, 28 *January*, 1771.—In the evening Guy arrived here, and informed me that on Friday last he should have accompanied Mr. Jones from Chateau to Seal Island, in his way to this place (in order to render that assistance to my maid servant Nanny, which she will soon stand in need of); but, as it was not convenient to him, Mr. Jones came off by himself: he added, that he had crossed the track of a man yesterday upon Niger Sound, who had gone down towards the sea. On hearing this I was much alarmed; for as Mr. Jones had not arrived at the island, I concluded that he must have lost his way, or some other misfortune befallen him.

"*Tuesday*, 29.—At daybreak this morning, I sent off two men across the country to Chateau, to enquire if Mr. Jones had returned back again; I also sent another man with Guy to Niger Sound, to follow the track which he had observed there. In the evening, two of the Sealers arrived with a letter from Guy, informing me, that on Punt Pond he had met

with the footsteps of a man (crossing into the track made by me and one of Guy's men, on Friday last) who had followed us to the end of the pond, and there broken a few boughs, upon which he supposed he had lain during the night, and gone forward again on Saturday morning. He pursued the track to the mouth of Niger Sound, and upon the north end of Round Island he found the unfortunate Mr. Jones frozen to death, with his faithful Newfoundland bitch by his side! He gave the poor creature what bread he had about him, but could not prevail on her to leave her master. He had been so imprudent as to leave Chateau, not only by himself, but also, without either a hatchet, provisions, tinder, or matches.

"It was evening, I suppose, when he met with my track, and he certainly did not know where he was; for had he taken it the other way, he might have reached my house in about an hour's good walking. The loss of this young man is the more to be regretted, as he was of a very amiable disposition, and likely to prove an ornament to his profession.

"*Wednesday*, 30.—At night three men arrived from Chateau in quest of Mr. Jones; they informed me, that two other parties also were out on the same business.

"*Thursday*, 31.—The Chateau men went off for Seal Island early this morning; from which place my man returned to day, accompanied by those whom I sent from Chateau; also another party from the same place, joined them upon the road. These people brought me what things they found in Mr. Jones's pockets, and informed me that they had covered

the corps with snow and boughs of trees; but could not prevail on the bitch to leave her deceased master."

One is unable to refrain from inserting Southey's description of Cartwright:—

"I saw Major Cartwright (the sportsman, not the patriot) in 1791. I was visiting with the Lambs at Hampstead, in Kent, at the house of Hodges, his brother-in-law; we had nearly finished dinner when he came in. He desired the servant to cut him a plate of beef from the side-board. I thought the footman meant to insult him: the plate was piled to a height which no ploughboy after a hard day's fasting could have levelled; but the moment he took up his knife and fork, and arranged the plate, I saw this was no common man. A second and third supply soon vanished. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, who had never before seen him, glanced at each other; but Tom and I, with schoolboys' privilege, kept our eyes rivetted upon him with what Dr. Butt would have called the gaze of admiration. 'I see you have been looking at me,' (said he, when he had done). 'I have a very great appetite. I once fell in with a stranger in the shooting season, and we dined together at an inn. There was a leg of mutton which he did not touch. I never make more than two cuts off a leg of mutton; the first takes all one side, the second all the other; and when I had done this, I laid the bone across my knife for the marrow.' The stranger could refrain no longer. 'By God, Sir,' said he, 'I never saw a man eat like you.'

"This man had strength and perseverance charactered in every muscle. He eat three cucumbers, with a due quantity

of bread and cheese for his breakfast the following morning. I was much pleased with him, he was good-humoured and communicative; his long residence on the Labrador coast made his conversation as instructive as interesting. I had never before seen so extraordinary a man, and it is not therefore strange that my recollection of his manner, and words, and countenance should be so strong after an interval of six years.

"I read his book in 1793, and, strange as it may seem, actually read through the three quartos. At that time I was a verbatim reader of indefatigable patience, but the odd simplicity of the book amused me—the importance he attached to his traps delighted me, it was so unlike a book written for the world—the solace of a solitary evening in Labrador. I fancied him blockaded by the snows, rising from a meal upon the old, tough, high-flavoured, hard-sinewed wolf, and sitting down like Robinson Crusoe to his journal. The annals of his campaigns among the foxes and beavers interested me more than ever did the exploits of Marlborough or Frederic; besides, I saw plain truth and the heart in Cartwright's book; and in what history could I look for this?

"The print is an excellent likeness. Let me add that whoever would know the real history of the beaver must look for it in this work. The common accounts are fables.

"Coleridge took up a volume one day, and was delighted with its strange simplicity. There are some curious anecdotes of the Esquimaux. When they entered London with him, one of them cried, putting up his hand to his head, 'Too much noise—too much people—too much house; oh, for

Labrador!' an interesting fact for the history of the human mind.

"The female Esquimaux, when she stood under the dome of St. Paul's, knowing it to be a temple, was impressed with the strongest awe, and leant upon the gentleman who took her, as though she were sinking. At last she asked, 'Did man make it, or was it put here?' Major Cartwright told me this."

Five Esquimaux accompanied Cartwright to England, four of whom unhappily died of small-pox in returning, the only survivor being Caubvick, a woman. His description of her reception by her friends is most affecting, and the emotions of their hearts, as there depicted, will awaken feelings in the bosom of many a man (who has returned unsuccessful from distant countries and devious wanderings to his own land, and been chilled by a very different welcome), not to the advantage of that misnamed civilisation which may varnish the manners without softening the selfish heart, and which contrasts ignobly with the ever warm and unselfish welcome of the poor and despised dog, as it did here with the unlettered and untutored denizens of the dreary coasts of Labrador.

"1773, *August* 31.—About noon, almost the whole of the three southernmost tribes of Esquimaux, amounting to five-hundred souls, or thereabouts, arrived from Chateau in twenty-two old English and French boats (having heard of my arrival from some boats belonging to that port, which returned from this neighbourhood in the night of Saturday

last), but the wind did not suit then to come hither till this morning.

"I placed myself upon a rock near the water-side, and Caubvick sat down a few paces behind me. We waited for the landing of the Indians with feelings very different from theirs, who were hurrying along with tumultuous joy at the thoughts of immediately meeting their relations and friends again. As the shore would not permit them to land out of their boats, they brought them to their anchors at a distance off, and the men came in their kyacks, each bringing two other persons, lying flat on their faces, one behind and the other before, on the top of the skin covering. On drawing near the shore, and perceiving only Caubvick and myself, their joy abated, and their countenances assumed a different aspect. Being landed, they fixed their eyes on Caubvick and me in profound, gloomy silence. At length, with great perturbation, and in faltering accents, they enquired, separately, what was become of the rest; and were no sooner given to understand, by a silent, sorrowful shake of my head, that they were no more, than they instantly set up such a yell as I had never before heard. Many of them, but particularly the women, snatched up stones, and beat themselves on the head and face till they became shocking spectacles; one pretty young girl (a sister to the late two men) gave herself so severe a blow upon the cheekbone, that she bruised and cut the flesh shockingly, and almost beat an eye out. In short, the violent, frantic expressions of grief were such as far exceeded my imagination, and I could not help participating with them so far as to shed tears most plentifully. They no sooner observed my emotion than, mistaking it for the apprehensions

which I was under for fear of their resentment, they instantly seemed to forget their own feelings, to relieve mine. They pressed round me, clasped my hands, and said and did all in their power to convince me that they did not entertain any suspicion of my conduct towards their departed friends. As soon as the first violent transports of grief began to subside, I related the melancholy tale, and explained to them, as well as I could, the disorder by which they were carried off, and pointed to Caubvick, who bore very strong, as well as recent marks of it. They often looked very attentively at her, but during the whole time they never spoke one word to her, nor she to them. As soon as I had brought the afflicting story to a conclusion, they assured me of their belief of every particular, and renewed their declarations of friendship. Their stay afterwards was but short; they presently re-embarked, weighed their anchors, and ran across the harbour to Raft Tickle, where they landed and encamped. The rest of the afternoon and the whole of the night was spent in horrid yellings, which were considerably augmented by the variety of echoes produced from the multiplicity of hills surrounding the harbour, till the whole rung again with sounds that almost petrified the blood of the brig's crew and my new servants."

"*Sept.* 1.—I then visited the Indians at their camp; they received me very well, but not with that lively joy they were wont, the late melancholy news having spread an universal sorrow throughout the tents. They took great pains to assure me that they still continued their friendship for me, and desired I would not be under any apprehensions on account of what had happened."

Well might the manly Cartwright write of them after this:—

"Thrice happy race! Strong drink nor gold they know;
What in their Hearts they think, their Faces show;
Of manners gentle, in their dealings just,
Their plighted promise safely you may trust.

* * * * * * *

Not a more honest, or more gen'rous race,
Can bless a Sov'reign, or a Nation grace."

CHAPTER VII.

IN the narrative of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, indorsed in Lord Burghley's hand, and which was forwarded from Fotheringay to the Court,[1] it is recorded:—

"Then one of the executioners, pulling off her garters, espied her little dogg which was crept under her clothes, which could not be gotten forth but by force, yet afterwards would not departe from the dead corpse, but came and lay betweene her head and her shoulders, which being imbrued with her bloode, was caryed away and washed, as all things ells were that had any bloode was either burned or clean washed."

This statement is confirmed in 'La Mort de la Royne d'Escosse,' where it is written:—

"Cependant on fait mettre dehors la sale vn chacun, le lieu où estoit tombé le sang, songneusement laué & nettoyé, de peur que quelqu'vn ne trempast quelque linge dedans, à la façon de plusieurs du pais, qui le gardent pour à la moustre d'iceluy, inciter à vengeance ceux qui ont interest à la mort du tué.

"Fut trouuee vne petite chienne dedans sa robbe, qu'il

[1] Ellis's Letters. Second Series. Vol. iii.

l'auoit suiuie en bas, laquelle vne grande Princesse de France a voulut auoir pour l'amour de la deffunte."

She was beheaded by "one Bull, the common hangman of London, and his bloody and unseemly varlett attending on him." Whatever may have been the errors of the life of this beautiful and unhappy woman, she laid it down with the grace of a lady, the dignity of a queen, and the resignation of a Christian. The iron hand of experience, strewed ashes on her lovely tresses and brought them down grey with sorrow to a bloody and untimely grave; a dread warning, that the gifts of Nature, that grace and beauty, wit, sense, and courage cannot confer happiness without moral conduct.

The newspaper extract now inserted is an instance of the dog seeking assistance:—

"*Jan.* 24, 1863.—An inquest was held by Mr. Bird, on the same morning, at the Red Lion, Old Brentford, on the body of Mrs. Mary Ann Hayes (formerly Mrs. Hipson), whose death occurred under the following circumstances:—Elizabeth Pearce stated: I live in Caroline-place, Old Brentford, near Mr. Hayes's, and knew the deceased very well. She was 35 years of age. On Saturday morning last, my daughter, a little girl, was passing the deceased's door, about 9 o'clock, when her little dog ran after her and pulled her frock so much, that thinking it would tear it, she went into Mrs. Hayes to tell her, when she found deceased stooping over the fire-place with a black-lead brush clutched tightly in her hand. The child, finding deceased did not

move, ran for her mother, and witness went in, and immediately sent for Mr. Davis, surgeon.—Mr. Edward Haywood, Mr. Davis's assistant, stated that when he saw the deceased she was quite dead, but barely cold. He had since made a *post-mortem* examination, and found that deceased died from disease of the heart of long standing, the valves being much ossified.—A verdict was returned in accordance with the above facts."

The most powerful mind the world has known during the last two centuries had its emotions raised by, and left its testimony to, the sublime attachment of the dog.

The great Napoleon, when riding over the field of Bassano after the battle, observed a dog guarding the body of his slain master. He turned to his Staff, and pointing to the animal said, "There, gentlemen,—that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity."

Elsewhere, this incident in the life of Napoleon is thus recounted:—

"In the deep silence of a beautiful moonlight night, a dog leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously: he alternately licked his master's face, and again flew at us; thus at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge.

"This man, thought I, perhaps has friends in the camp, or in his company, and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog."

Not a few similar instances are well authenticated of

dogs accompanying their masters in the dangers of battle and guarding their beloved remains when they fell.

After the battle of Talavera, General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, was told of a dog which lay on the grave of a Spanish officer and refused food. He desired the dog to be brought to his quarters, but the servant returned without him, and said the dog would not allow him to come near. General Graham then ordered him to take as many soldiers as were necessary to secure and bring him away. After a time, the dog was sent to Scotland, to his friend Graham of Fintry (the injudicious patron of Burns), by one of whose family he was given to the father of my informant, who resided in Edinburgh. At that house he remained some years—the delight of all. He was a large poodle, marked with brown, and had had part of one of his ears shot off in battle. In those days the guns from the Castle announced many victories, and when they were fired Muchuch got into a state of great excitement; the house-door was opened, and he ran direct to the Castle and straight to the battery among the men. After a while he was regularly expected on such occasions, and welcomed and made much of by the soldiers. Frequently he walked out with the governess and young ladies: one morning, in the King's Park, he was seized with asthma, a soldier kindly assisted them to carry him to a stream of water and then to Holyrood. Having heard his history he asked leave to acquaint the guard at the Palace—the soldiers turned out and paid all respect to the old hero.

His friends had reluctantly to part with him, finding that he had become jealous of the youngest member of the

family, who was a great favourite, and it being feared he might do her some serious injury. Muchuch ended his days peacefully, at Fintry, acting turkey-herd—driving his charge afield in the morning, and bringing the flock home every evening.

American statements do not gain implicit credence, but there may be truth in the story below:—

"A FAITHFUL DOG.—The widow of Lieut. Pfieff, of Illinois, was enabled to find her husband's grave at Pittsburgh Landing by seeing a dog which had accompanied the Lieutenant to the war. The dog approached her with the most intense manifestations of joy, and immediately indicated to her as well as he was able, his desire that she should follow him. She did so, and he led the way to a distant part of the field, and stopped before a single grave. She caused it to be opened, and there found the body of her dead husband. It appears, from the statement of some of the soldiers, that when Lieut. Pfieff fell, his dog was by his side, and thus remained, licking his wounds, until he was taken from the field and buried. The dog then took his station by the grave, and nothing could induce him to abandon it but for a sufficient length of time each day to satisfy his hunger, until by some means he was made aware of the presence of his mistress. Thus had he watched for twelve days by the grave of his slain master."

American Paper.

Here is an original anecdote of a dog bringing help. It is given nearly as received from the narrator:—

"About the dog.—It occurred when Charles lived at home at Stoke; we have been married twenty-five years, so you can guess at the date. It was a most faithful, favourite, black curly-coated Retriever, white down the throat, named Diver, which always accompanied him in his walks and rides. One day Charles was riding his pony, being very poorly at the time, and from weakness fell, when the dear old dog caught the pony by the bridle and held it quite still until he found his master could release his foot from the stirrup, and was sufficiently recovered to return home again. No one was within hearing, so in all probability if he had not been watched by his faithful attendant the pony would have galloped on, dragging the master with his foot caught in the stirrup, and a serious accident must have ensued.

"Charles was recovering from a long and painful illness, and was subject to fainting fits. On two occasions he fell down when out walking, and the dog stood over him and barked till some one came. Of course in such a weak state he did not go far from home."

In Sir Walter Scott's Diary occurs this anecdote of preservation of life by a dog[1]:—

"*24th November*, 1825.—Lord R. Kerr told us he had a letter from Lord Forbes (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), that he was asleep in his house at Castle Forbes, when awakened by a sense of suffocation, which deprived him of the power of stirring a limb, yet left him the consciousness that the

[1] Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.

house was on fire. At this moment, and while his apartment was in flames, his large dog jumped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged him to the staircase, where the fresh air restored his powers of existence and of escape. This is very different from most cases of preservation of life by the canine race, when the animal generally jumps into the water, in which element he has force and skill. That of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind."

In Somer's Tracts, containing 'The Actions of the Lowe Countries,' written by the veteran Sir Roger Williams, Knight, it is narrated how Julian Romero, under the Duke of Alva, in 1572, made a night-attack on the camp of the Prince of Orange:—

"Julian seconded with all resolution, in such sort, that hee forced all the guards that he found in his way into the place of armes before the prince's tent. Here he entered divers tents; amongst the rest his men killed two of the prince's secretaries hard by the prince's tent, and the prince himselfe escaped very narrowly.

"For I heard the prince say often, that he thought, but for a dog he had been taken. The camisado was given with such resolution, that the place of armes tooke no alarme, until their fellowes were running in with the enemies in their tailes; whereupon this dogge hearing a great noyse, fell to scratching and crying, and withall leapt on the prince's face, awaking him being asleepe, before any of his men. And albeit the prince lay in his armes, with a lackey alwaies holding one of his horses ready bridled, yet at the going out of his tent, with much adoe hee recovered his horse before

the enemie arrived. Neverthelesse one of his quiries was slain taking horse presently after him, and divers of his servants were forced to escape amongst the guardes of foote, which could not recover their horses; for troth, ever since, untill the prince's dying day, he kept one of that dog's race; so did many of his friends and followers. The most or all of these dogs were white little hounds, with crooked noses, called camuses."

Motley, in his 'Rise of the Dutch Republic,' quotes Hoofd and Strada for this, and says:—

"But for the little dog's watchfulness, William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying-day, the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber. In the statues of the Prince, a little dog is frequently sculptured at his feet."

The important and unselfish services of this generous animal are not always returned with the sense of gratitude shown by this great Prince. He does not confine his aid to man or his own kind, as this example from the old series of the 'Sporting Magazine,' Vol. 79, demonstrates most remarkably:—

An ill-fated cat fell into the hands of some juvenile ruffians commencing the first stage of cruelty. They alternately stoned their victim, dragged it through a pool of dirty water, beat it and bruised it, and menaced it with drowning. Bipeds passed by unheeding the agonised animal's cries of

distress, but a dog having contemplated for some time this scene of inhumanity, and barked his disapprobation, rushed forward, furiously drove one by one the little wretches from the spot, and rescuing the fainting and bleeding animal from the deep ditch, bore it off to his quarters. He then placed it on the straw, licked it all over, and laid down by it; and after this he brought it provision, and the people of the house, inspired by his example, gave it warm milk. Day after day did the dog tend the sick object of his care till it was recovered; and for many years after they were to be seen at the Talbot Inn, Liverpool.

"What is become of your dog, Sir John?" said a friend to Sir John Danvers. "Gone to heaven," was the answer. "Then, Sir John, he has often followed you, and I hope now you will follow him."[1] There are too many superpious folks, who decry with indignation any such ideas as the above; desirous, apparently, to keep the good things of the next world like those of the present, to themselves. Let them show as much charity as the owner of the above dog.

The ensuing relation appeared in the 'Scotsman,' in December, 1862, and was signed Randolph. It is probably due to a writer known to fame:—

"Many years ago, I got a proof of the unseen and therefore unhelped miseries of the homeless dog. I was walking down Duke Street, when I felt myself gently nipped in the leg. I turned, and there was a ragged little terrier crouching and

[1] Southey's Common Place Book.

abasing himself utterly, as if asking pardon for what he had done. He then stood up on end, and begged as only these coaxing little ruffians can. Being in a hurry, I curtly praised his performance with 'Good dog!' clapped his dirty sides, and, turning round, made down the hill; when presently the same nip, perhaps a little nippier—the same scene, only more intense—the same begging and urgent motioning of his short, shaggy paws. 'There's meaning in this,' said I to myself,' and looked at him keenly and differently. He seemed to twig at once, and, with a shrill cry, was off much faster than I could. He stopped every now and then to see that I followed, and by way of putting off the time and urging me, got up on the aforesaid portion of his body, and, when I came up, was off again. This continued till, after going through sundry streets and by-lanes, we came to a gate, under which my short-legged friend disappeared. Of course I couldn't follow him. This astonished him greatly. He came out to me, and as much as said, 'Why the —— don't you come in?' I tried to open it, but in vain. My friend vanished and was silent. I was leaving in despair and disgust, when I heard his muffled, ecstatic yelp far off round the end of the wall, and there he was, wild with excitement. I followed and came to a place where, with a somewhat burglarious ingenuity, I got myself squeezed into a deserted coachyard, lying all rude and waste. My peremptory small friend went under a shed, and disappeared in a twinkling through the window of an old coach-body, which had long ago parted from its wheels and become sedentary. I remember the arms of the Fife family were on its panel; and, I daresay, this chariot with its C springs had figured in

1822, at the King's visit, when all Scotland was somewhat Fifeish.

"I looked in, and there was a pointer-bitch with a litter of five pups; the mother like a ghost, and wild with maternity and hunger; her raging, yelling brood tearing away at her dry dugs. I never saw a more affecting or more miserable scene than that family inside the coach. The poor bewildered mother, I found, had been lost by some sportsman returning south, and must have slunk away there into that deserted place, where her pangs (for she has her pangs as well as a duchess) came, and there, in that forlorn retreat, had she been with them, rushing out to grab any chance garbage, running back fiercely to them—this going on day after day, night after night. What the relief was when we got her well fed and cared for—and her children filled and silent, all cuddling about her asleep, and she asleep too—awaking up to assure herself that this was all true, and that there they were, all the five, each as plump as a plum—

> "All too happy in the treasure
> Of her own exceeding pleasure,"—

what this is in kind, and all the greater in amount as many outnumber one, may be the relief, the happiness, the charity experienced and exercised in a homely, well-regulated *Dog Home*. *Nipper*—for he was a waif—I took home that night and gave him his name. He lived a merry life with me; showed much pluck and zeal in the killing of rats, and incontinently slew a cat which had—unnatural brute—unlike his friend—deserted her kittens, and was howling offensively inside his kennel. He died, aged sixteen, healthy, lean, and

happy to the last. As for *Perdita* and her pups, they brought large prices, the late Andrew Buchanan, of Coltbridge, an excellent authority and man—the honestest 'dogman' I ever knew—having discovered that their blood and her culture were of the best."

The 'Band of Hope Review' of October, 1863, contains these admirable lines; which we ask leave to insert here:—

FOUL WEATHER.

A SEASIDE SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"The women weep, the children wail,
Scarce knowing why.
And men are watching (fix'd and pale)
A fishing smack, with dripping sail,
Just rolling nigh.

The surf leaps high upon the shore,
In cruel sport:
The wild winds in the caverns roar,
The weary fishers ply the oar
To gain the port.

The breakers crash, the seagulls screech;
No hope! No hope!
How is that fragile boat to reach
Across such surf, the shingly beach?
Oh for a rope?

'Tis vain. The boldest and the best
Turn back in fear:
The strongest swimmer dare not breast
Those breakers with the foamy crest,
For life is dear.

The surf leaps high upon the shore.—
So high! So high!
The boat obeys her helm no more;
The weary crew lay down the oar,
To die! To die!

Nay! man may fail, though wise and strong,
Yet GOD can save.
A brave Dog dashes from the throng,
And throws his shaggy length along
The boiling wave.

The billows suck him in. Ah me!
Not lost! Not lost!
Light as a buoy upriseth he,
And, battling with the greedy sea,
The surf hath cross'd.

No strange caprice, no desperate whim,
No senseless hope!
Round, round the boat they see him swim,
With pleading eye and struggling limb:
'Fling him a rope!'

He grasps the hawser with his teeth;
His suit is won.
Back, back through surf and foamy wreath,
Through 'whelming surge, for life or death,
His task is done.

The rope is strong, the hands are stout;
'Ahoy! Ahoy!'
Like Ocean shell, the trembling boat,
Sore toss'd about, now in, now out,
Is hauled ashore, with cheer and shout,
And breathless joy!

Then women's tears of happiness
With praises blend:
And old men lift their hands and bless,
And strong men fondle and caress
Their shaggy friend."[1]

[1] This dog was a noble fellow of the Newfoundland breed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE following, from a first authority, appears to show presentiment in a dog:—

"We were stationed in the Ghauts, between Bombay and Goa, a magnificent country of forest and mountain, running streams and springs—where the eye was constantly gladdened by new flowers, plants, and trees, strange bright birds, and numerous wild creatures. It was quite a wilderness of a country, high up on the hills, often shrouded in mists for days together in the rains, and which, when the veil lifted, suddenly opened to our view a wide expanse of woods and waters far below us. Wild animals abounded. The cheetahs or hunting leopards were particularly numerous. They carried off our pet deer, though we had, as we thought, made them quite secure by chaining them at night in a shed surrounded by mud walls and reeds. Nevertheless, the cheetahs one night burst in and carried all our little favourites away. We had a large English dog, of the retriever breed, named Watch. He slept in the verandah by the side of the native guard, and though the leopards prowled continually about the bungalow after dark, he was considered to be perfectly safe. One night he was very uneasy on our going to bed, scratched at the door, whined, and was most anxious to come inside. Unfortunately he was

not admitted. That night it thundered and lightened exceedingly, and rained in torrents. Suddenly, about midnight, we heard the dog give a piercing howl, and the watchman fire his gun. We started up in bed—poor Watch was gone! Occasionally between the peals of thunder we heard his howls growing fainter and fainter, and farther off in the jungle: a cheetah had taken him. In the morning we sent natives to track him, and they found his remains, with those of deer and other animals, in a cave."

It is impossible to credit the attendant quotation from Raleigh, Book iv. p, 153, it being so totally inconsistent with, and in opposition to, the whole nature of the dog. The same account is also in Camerarius, and is given here at p. 189:—

"The strangest thing that I have read of in this kind (portents), being certainly true, was, that the night before the battle at Moscow, all the dogs which followed the French army ran from them to the Switzers, leaping and fawning upon them, as if they had been bred and fed by them all their lives; and in the morning following, Trivalzi and Tremouille, Generals for Louis XII., were by these Imperial Switzers utterly broken and put to ruin."

A belief in the supernatural power of the dog to foresee coming death, and also to perceive beings of the spiritual world has existed for ages. Thus in the 'Odyssey,' when Minerva appears to Ulysses alone, and not to Telemachus, the dogs nevertheless are aware of her presence:—

"The dogs intelligent, confess'd the tread
Of pow'r divine, and howling, trembling fled."

In 'Hone's Year Book' it is stated, that "many believe

that the howlings of a dog foretell death, and that dogs can see Death enter the houses of people who are about to die." This superstition is still very common in England.

In the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' vol. i., p. 31, is an account of a ghost, in the form of a dog.

The Mauthe dog of Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man, mentioned in the notes to 'Peveril of the Peak,' will occur to most. Cornelius Agrippa's dog also had a bad name. Bayle says he was not the Devil his servant Wier testifies, but a black dog whom he called Monsieur, and for whom he got a black she-dog, and called her name Mademoiselle.[1] Southey, however, gives instances of dogs who bore a very different reputation. "A dog at Congreve," says the poet, "went regularly every Sunday to Penkridge church, during a whole year that the church was under repair, and if he could get in, passed the proper time in the family pew." And "The Methodist dog regularly attended chapel alone, though pelted by the church boys. His master never went, and when he

[1] "Agrippa kept a Stygian Pug
I' th' Garb and Habit of a Dog,
That was his Tutor, and the Cur
Read to th' occult Philosopher,
And taught him subt'ly to maintain
All other Sciences are vain.
To this, quoth Sidrophel, 'Oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no Conjurer,
Nor Paracelsus, no nor Behmen,
Nor was the Dog a Cacodæmon,
But a true Dog that would show Tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er Sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil:
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
He went the self-same way we go.'"

Hudibras, Canto 6.

was drowned in a fit of intoxication, the dog ceased coming." John Nelson used to say, "The frequent attendance of this dog at the meeting was designed to attract his master's curiosity, and engage him thereby to visit the place, where, hearing the gospel, he might have been enlightened, converted, and eternally saved." But, added he, "the end to be answered being frustrated by his death, the means to secure it were no longer needful." Quære? Wesley.

Some more amusing and original anecdotes of dogs connected with the church, are now given.

"When my father and his family lived at Berry Head he had a large black Newfoundland dog, who rendered himself quite notorious in the neighbourhood from the regularity with which he attended the funerals. No sooner did the procession appear on the road leading to the church than the dog darted off at full speed. Having joined it he composed his demeanour, walked quietly up and took his place as chief mourner immediately after the coffin, and so accompanied it to the place of interment; thence returning quickly home when the ceremony was over."

The next story is still more curious.

"The Rev. Mr. L. had a large bloodhound which had been allowed to acquire the habit of accompanying the household to church, where he always behaved with the greatest decorum, lying at the foot of the pulpit stairs, till one unfortunate day, when a stranger officiated in lieu of his master. The dog seemed to take no notice until the communion service; but when the stranger was within

the altar rails and had just commenced the reading of the first commandment, then the dog uprose, placed his fore paws on the rails, and gave utterance to a fearful bay. The stranger, being of timid temperament, fled to the vestry-room, and the hound was ignominiously expelled, and for some time was kept chained up on Sundays during service. After a while this restraint was discontinued; but the hound did not attempt to re-enter the church, from which he felt himself excommunicated. It then soon began to be observed that he disappeared every Sunday, though no one knew or cared to inquire where, till one day Mrs. H., a married daughter of Mr. L., was stopped in the street at Brixham by an angry looking woman, who poured a flood of abuse on her, the drift of which she could not at first understand, until the woman openly accused her of sending her dog to disturb the devotions of those who attended *Meeting*. Mrs. H., aghast, asked what she meant, and heard to her surprise that for some Sundays the ex-church dog had gone to chapel, and though most respectful and devotional in his demeanour, his presence was a trial to the nerves of the congregation to whose body he had tried to join himself. Mrs. H., being a High Church woman, could only express her regret that her dog should have so far *lapsed* as to let himself down to attend *Meeting*. He was once more placed under strict restraint on Sundays, and thus debarred from attending any religious denominations whatsoever."

A Mrs. D. also relates a story of a lap-dog belonging to her family:—

"There had been a handsome polished steel fender put into

the dining-room in the place of one in which the dog had been free to lie. This habit was now discouraged, and the dog always turned out of his favourite corner, much to his chagrin, till he espied a period when he might enjoy himself without molestation—namely, during *family prayers*—then he immediately ensconced himself in his warm retreat; but well knowing that his peace would be disturbed immediately devotional exercises were over, he anticipated the moment by always leaving the fender the instant the final blessing began to be pronounced."

Dogs are known to form at times singular companionships. For example, Craven, in his 'Recreations in Shooting,' gives some anecdotes of a Newfoundland dog he possessed, in saving life and protecting property, and adds this charming one:—

"The same dog permitted a robin, through a whole winter, to take shelter in his den. It was a most singular spectacle to witness; for so much familiarity, and, as it seemed, affection, grew up between them, that, while robin hopped and chirped about between his shaggy paws, or upon his head and body, our Newfoundland would stand or lie perfectly still, his small, brown eyes winking and blinking, and his well-clothed tail gently wagging to and fro with satisfaction."

An officer of the Bombay Army kindly obliged me with the following facts:—

"Captain Hopkins, Adjutant of the 16th Bombay Native Infantry, had two dogs. One was called Prince and the other Bella. He had also a large white Persian cat, one of the largest I have ever seen. Prince and this cat were very great friends and used to sleep together. I have seen this

cat, when Prince was asleep, run from the window, where it had been sitting, wake up the dog and direct his attention to any strange dog (the place swarmed with parials), that came near the place, when Prince would give chase to the intruder and puss would look on approvingly. This was a common incident, and afforded us much amusement. Prince was also remarkable for his paternal affection, which is very unusual with *dogs.* On one occasion his small family were left with their mother, while he accompanied his master, who was dangerously ill, to the sea-coast, at Maindavie, in Cutch. On the second day's march Prince was missing, and his master, who was much attached to him, wrote to a friend in camp, Captain Corsellis, to ascertain if he had by any chance found his way back. In a few days he received an answer, informing him that Prince had been found in the basket which contained his three puppies—a position which he always assumed in the temporary absences of the mother. The truth of these anecdotes I can vouch for."

Southey mentions also:—"Talford knew a cat and dog, who, when the family removed house, travelled back in company to the old habitation, thirty miles distant,—the cat under convoy."

The power of the dog to find his way home by unknown roads is verified by a multitude of instances, to which the subsequent ones will add additional evidence. The first is from an original source:—

A Scotch shepherd dog was given to a butcher in the town of Ludlow, by Mr. W. G., a gentleman farmer. The butcher in the course of a fortnight sold him to a person of the same

trade, living at Market Harborough. He was taken to his new abode by railway, and travelled all night. When getting him out of the train he contrived to slip away, although there was a collar round his neck, to which was attached a chain two feet long. Two days and three nights after he had been taken off, the inmates of his old home were aroused from their beds by a terrible barking and great distress of a dog at the door. The servant went down stairs and there discovered, to her surprise, the faithful old animal returned. It is supposed that, during the period of his absence, he had taken no food, as he was reduced to a skeleton, and so ill afterwards that it was feared he would have died. However, with difficulty he was tempted to eat a little, but was a long time in recovering, though now quite strong and lively. Previous to his going this journey he was never more than a few miles from home, yet the distance by railway must be about one hundred and twenty miles, and in a direct line on the map at least seventy-five miles.

The dog is still alive, and his master, with proper feeling, says he shall live out his days with him, for that now he would not part with him on any account. Whether the dog found his way back by the route he travelled in going, or by direct roads, does not appear.

"CANINE SAGACITY.—Perhaps there is not on record a more astonishing fact of the instinct and sagacity of a dog than one which occurred at Tolethorpe Hall, a short time since. Lieutenant Henry Harrisson, of the 24th Regiment, now at Aldershot, who had been staying at Tolethorpe a few weeks, took back with him a black and tan terrier. Soon

after his arrival at Aldershot the dog showed symptoms of dissatisfaction at his new quarters, and refused to remain there. As soon as it was missed rewards were offered for its restoration; but no tidings could be heard of the animal, which was considered by its master as lost. The young officer wrote to his mother, Mrs. Harrisson, lamenting the departure of the dog, but she immediately returned an answer to the effect that the sagacious animal had just arrived at Tolethorpe, apparently in good health, though exceedingly thin from the fatigue of so long a journey. The instinct by which it was guided in finding its way back one hundred and eighty miles (having travelled all the way to Aldershot in a railway train), is most surprising. Thirty guineas have been offered by the officers at Aldershot for the dog since the performance of this extraordinary feat."

Stamford Mercury.

"Lord Fitzhardinge's foxhounds have been cub-hunting in the Forest of Dean, and only returned to the kennels at Berkeley last Wednesday. They have had excellent sport, as, with the exception of the first day, which was very boisterous, they have killed every day a cub, and ran one to ground. An instance of the instinct of the canine species is remarkable. A young hound, Prodigal by name, was lost in the forest last Saturday, and on Monday, at an early hour, he was seen by Harry Ayres's (the huntsman) son, wending his way through the town of Berkeley; but he paid little heed to Ayres, and jogged on to the kennel, terribly foot-sore, and lame in one foot. Prodigal, in addition to crossing the Severn, which he probably swam, for, had he

entered the ferry-boat, the owner would have taken charge of him, had at least a journey of twelve miles on the road, and that hitherto unknown to him, for he was conveyed in the van to his destination. Who, after that, will deny the truth of the lines written by the late noble owner of Berkeley Castle upon a favourite dog, who lies buried under its walls, and whose inscription runs as follows:—

LOUIS.

Died Sept. 17, 1854.

'No cold philosophy, nor cynic sneer,
Checks the unbidden and the honest tear.
What little difference, and how short the span,
Betwixt thy instinct and the mind of man!'"

The accompanying extract, for which I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Clowes, is taken from an authenticated letter from South Africa. This dog must at first have followed the tracks of the horses and waggon by sight, for all scent must have been dissipated after a lapse of three days in such a climate as that of South Africa.

"I had a most pathetic letter from Richard yesterday (dated Aug. 30, 1865), written on the loss of a faithful dog. He says his dog was quite a companion and could understand almost anything he told him. The last time he went to Durham, a distance of about a hundred miles, his dog was left at his Farm chained up. After three days the man in charge let him loose because he would not feed, and to Richard's surprise he was awoke by the dog licking his face at Durham while sleeping in his waggon. The dog had never been there before; this poor faithful companion lost his life in the Bush by some animal."

CHAPTER IX.

SOME dogs display great eccentricity of character. My late father, when residing at Moseley, near Birmingham, possessed a thick small spaniel, named Doll, she was of great beauty, red and white, with deep ears drooping to an extraordinary length for a dog of her colour. Her eyes were of a beaming hazel, nose short and well formed, stout but little sturdy legs, almost covered by the silky hair from her stomach. Doll always occupied the rug, and at dinner was called up when there was something for her. Bread she objected to; if she was offered a piece of dry bread she made a horrid face and turned away her head. If offered the dry bread a second time, she would go into a corner and sulk; and if a third time, she took the first opportunity of the door being opened to make off, and started for my grandfather's at West Bromwich, some six or seven miles on the other side of Birmingham, and altogether about ten or twelve miles from her home. When she got there, they would say, "Poor Doll! so they have not treated you well, you shall have some dinner." She would return to Moseley of her own accord when she liked, or when her master, of whom she was very fond, came over. Being so remarkably handsome she must have been adroit to avoid being stolen on her way through so large a town; but she was picked up at last to

the great sorrow of the family. Doll was first-rate in the field; never chased hare; never ten yards from the gun even in a wood; would back pointers almost a quarter of a mile off; and was indefatigable through cover and swamp in pursuit of cock and snipe. If merely out for a walk, she would hunt for frogs, chase small birds, yelp vociferously after them, and play the fool to her heart's content. Let a gun, however, be taken in hand and Doll was a different dog; she was then all for business, and studious to kill. In addition to her sporting acquirements she possessed a drawing-room accomplishment—Doll could sing!

When, wet and weary after a long day, she was reposing on the hearth-rug, and doubtless ruminating in her *doggy* mind over all her exploits in tangled wood, rushy fen, and sedgy brook, if her ear was pinched she would expostulate in a plaintive sound. This having been frequently repeated, and the words "Sing, Doll," used, it was found that if the words alone were uttered, she would, though lying quite still, and as if fast asleep, nevertheless utter the same complaining notes, and even increase them if told to sing louder. A man with a wheelbarrow once run after Doll; from that time, whenever she saw him coming, she would run up stairs and from the sill of an open window bark vehemently at him. When the first child of Doll's master was born, Doll sat down by the lady who was holding it and kept looking up inquiringly at her and into her lap, she also walked round showing uneasiness, and as if wondering what she had got. On the baby being uncovered and shown her, she seemed quite satisfied and laid herself down. Doll gave the following proof of affection for her master:—Hearing a noise outside

his bed-room door he got out of bed and opened it, and there found her presenting him one of her progeny. A servant was called to take her down stairs and make her comfortable. After this she occasionally carried up her puppies by the neck to show them to her master and mistress, and having done so carried them down again. The lapse of more than half a century has not obliterated the fond recollections of this beautiful animal, which still call up the transient smile and sigh for her, and happy days gone by!

Bolt was a large rough Scotch terrier, slate in colour, with long back, very short legs, a stubby tail some three inches in length, and deep, beautiful glowing eyes looking out through long hair. Born in Ireland, near Dublin, at a year old he was left by his owner, who went to Australia, and given to another gentleman. His first exploit was in early life, when being chained with his mother in a stable, they quarrelled, and he after an obstinate combat, choked her. Fond of killing cats—one night his master, in whose room and on whose bed he slept, heard a great noise on the stairs, and on getting up the next morning found him outside the door with a dead strange cat, and the black house-cat, with whom he had never before been on friendly terms, sitting by his side. Much of his leisure time was given to fighting, particularly with dogs above his size, and a quarrel once established he always pertinaciously pursued it until he was acknowledged the better dog. On one occasion, when escorting three ladies, he fell in with a butcher's dog,—a buff dog, the colour of an old gentleman's waistcoat, and perhaps not liking the approach to orange, Bolt fell on him. They were separated after a long fight, but Bolt carried off

in triumph a piece of his antagonist's hide. His mode of fighting was peculiar, his first endeavour being to seize a hind leg. Symptoms, resembling it was thought those of hydrophobia, having at one time been observed in him, he was chained and locked up in a small room. Howls were heard in the night, and the morning revealed his midnight occupation. Some shoes, and the family Bible, were torn to bits; several things within reach were gnawn, including the lower part of the door, and one leg off the table; but a chest he was chained to, and which was his owner's property, was untouched. In the morning he was found sitting on it, looking complacent, and wagging his bit of tail! His master's brother went out to dinner, taking Bolt and a large setter. The dogs were shut in the stable, but after dinner both were gone and a large hole found in the door, believed to be the work of Bolt exclusively, as he was accustomed to extricate himself from confinement in that manner, which was not the habit of his companion. A woman entering the house in a suspicious manner, and stooping to pick up some potatoes, was severely worried by him. For weeks, until she was cured, she was attended by his master, and during her visits, Bolt always sat by her side on the next chair, looking up in her face with commiseration during the dressing of her arm. She at last got fond of him. A dish of rice was one day cooked and put on the table to cool; his owner coming in found Mr. Bolt sitting on the table close to it, but pretending to be absorbed in catching flies to disguise his having been nibbling at the dish round the edges. Among his good deeds was his saving a servant from being burnt; the circumstance was thus related to me:—

"As well as I remember, the girl was staying up much later than usual, baking bread; whilst sitting opposite the fire she fell asleep and her dress ignited, but being a woollen one it did not blaze. The fire was of peat, and in a grate. The girl's dress must have been smouldering for some time before Bolt was able to rouse his master, who was asleep; he always slept at the foot of his master's bed, but as my brother usually kept the door open, he could roam about the house as he wished. He succeeded in waking his master by running up and down the stairs from the kitchen to his room, and jumping on and off his bed, each time he did so pulling at the bed-clothes.

"When my brother awoke he lay quiet for some minutes wondering what could be the matter with the dog, who was then sitting on the ground looking up into his face, and appeared in such a state of excitement that, thinking something must be wrong, he got up. Then Bolt became quite quiet, and sat at the door wagging his tail. When his master went out on the stairs, he, as if to show him the way, ran down to the kitchen before him, and over to the fire where the girl was sitting fast asleep. On my brother entering the kitchen, Bolt was sitting beside her looking towards the door, and seeing his master he ran over to him, and then back again to the fire. I think it very likely that had it not been for Bolt the poor girl would have been burnt to death, or nearly so, for the kitchen was down two flights of stairs, and she was a very heavy sleeper."

"When Bolt's master was reading for his degree at College, it was his daily habit to take Bolt a walk with him. However, one day, when the examination was drawing

nigh, he determined to deny himself his stroll, and continue reading. This alteration did not, it appears, please his quadruped friend. When the hour arrived at which his master usually went out with him, down came Bolt to the room where he was studying, but finding that his master did not stir, he became restless and ran to the door and back to him again several times. My brother observing what the dog was about, wished to see what he would do, and continued reading. Judge his astonishment when in a few moments Bolt came over to the fire where he was sitting, jumped up and snapped the book out of his hand, threw it down, then ran to the door in great delight! Of course he gained his point, for his master could not resist his entreaties, and they had their walk together as usual."

My informant concludes Bolt's doings as follows:—

"About a year and a half ago my mother and sister went to reside in lodgings at Mount Pleasant, in Dublin. Bolt had been staying with them in the lodgings they had just left, so he of course accompanied them to the new house; but the landlady on seeing the dog objected to him.

"My mother then sent him to lodge a few doors off, where my brother, his master, had formerly been staying. There he made himself quite at home, and was so offended with the landlady who had turned him out that he would never after enter her house. My sister went almost every day to take him out for a walk, and on returning she usually brought him to the house she was staying at, thinking he would be glad to go in; however, she found to her astonishment, that nothing she could say or do could induce him to come inside

the door. He would sit on the door-step looking up into her face most piteously, evidently asking her not to go in either. After waiting for some time, and as if giving up all hopes of getting her to go with him, he would get up and walk back to his own lodgings. This went on for great part of a year, and during all that time the dog, who is devoted to my sister, and will never leave her except to go with his master, never once entered that house of his own will. When my mother and sister observed his dislike to go into the house they did everything they could to invite him in, but all of no use, he would not cross the door-step. My sister once or twice carried him in, to see if he would remain, but the moment she put him down he would run and scrape at the door to be let out.

"Another remarkable thing about him was, when they moved from that house to one of my brother's, with whom they are now staying, my sister of course thought Bolt would be delighted to go and be with them, but he was so incensed, and his feelings so much hurt by their desertion, as he thought it, that he would not remain any time with them. Yet he was always glad to see my sister when she went for him, and would go home with her, have his dinner and stay a few hours at a time; but then he would be off to his lodgings again.

"My sister does her best to keep him, but hitherto has not succeeded, though it is now nearly six months since they have left the house he was not admitted into.

"Doubtless you will laugh at this and think it is hardly worth relating, but as you have heard so much about Bolt you may as well hear this also.

"You ask me, where Bolt stayed when he was so indignant? He remained at the lodgings that my mother sent him to when he was not admitted into the others that I told you of; he did not attach himself to any one at his own lodgings; there was no person in the house but the landlady and her servant. Upwards of seven months elapsed after my mother and sister left the house so obnoxious to him before he would consent to live with them at my brother's. However, he is now staying with them."

The remarkable intelligence of a dog of the name of Sharpie having attracted notice, Mr. Ross was communicated with, and he very obligingly at once wrote the accompanying interesting letter, which refers to the extract below from a Scotch newspaper:—

"SAGACITY OF A DOG.—In reference to a case of canine sagacity which appeared in our paper of the 2nd inst., one who has read the 'Courier' for a quarter of a century sends us the following, which deserves a niche in the temple of dog fame. The dog and its owner are both living, and if any one doubts the veracity of 'Sharpie's' wonderful wisdom, he may judge for himself. Mr. Donald Ross, ground-officer to the Earl of Moray, at Braemoray, will be glad to allow the dog to give ocular demonstration of the facts:—'Between Sharpie's residence and mine there runs a rapid mountain rivulet, which is often impassable for man or horse. At such times letters for the opposite side of the burn are left with me, but I have only to go to the water's edge and hold the letters in my hand, when the dog instantly plunges into the stream, takes them in his mouth, and carries them safely to

the other side. I have often had occasion to wade through this burn on stilts—Sharpie invariably accompanying me to bring them back; he is very careful to deposit them in a place high and dry above any flood marks. When the cow-herd is at any distance from the house, Sharpie goes with his lunch tied in a napkin, and if a heavy shower happens to fall, the same faithful messenger will go with his plaid. He will go to the peat-stack and carry in any quantity of peats one by one. If the key of the barn, or of any other house, is left behind, Sharpie has only to be told, and immediately it is fetched. If a turnip is wanted for the broth, Sharpie goes to the turnip-field and brings home one in his mouth. A short time ago a stranger happened to be passing, and Sharpie, as is natural to the best of dogs, came out to give him a passing bark; the traveller took up a stone, but observing the dog's master, he put his hand and the stone into his pocket; the dog noticed this dodge, and springing up to the man, took his hand out of his pocket, when the stone fell out of his sleeve, after which Sharpie magnanimously shook his tail, and left the traveller to pursue his journey.'"

Inverness Courier.

"SIR,— Auchendaun, Edinkillie, 12th Dec., 1863.

"I was favoured with yours of the 9th of November, which I should have answered much sooner but that I was laid up and indisposed for nearly two months (partly before and since I received your letter), with a leg which I got hurt. I now beg in reply to state all that you want to know regarding my dog Sharpie.

"The extract from the 'Inverness Courier' which was

sent to you is authentic, every word of it, although not written by me, but by a neighbour, who knows the dog well. I will now state some further particulars of the sagacity of the dog.

"He will shut the kitchen door in an instant, by whomsoever left open. He will fetch the broom to the Mrs. to sweep the house when bidden. He will come from the barn door for the key, if at any time forgotten, and fetch it cleverly. When I am driving home the peats from the moss, for every load I bring, Sharpie fetches his peat home in his mouth. When digging early potatoes, if the grape is left and required for any other purpose, he will run to the far end of the field for it, and if too fast in the earth to pull it up with his teeth, he will first knock it down with his paws, and then balance it in his mouth, and bring it. Whenever we are at work about the premises at diet time, when bidden, he will run for us, and bark, so that his errand cannot be mistaken.

"For some eighteen months back the Inverness and Perth railway works were going on in our neighbourhood, when we lodged some men, part of whom slept in an out-house about a hundred yards from our dwelling-house, and they wished to be awoke about five o'clock in the morning. The dog went every morning when bidden, and barked at their door, and would not desist until he saw a light struck within. If any of the family is from home, he watches their home coming, and meets them at some distance to welcome them, then runs to the house to tell the inmates, and is never satisfied unless he gets some one out to see the absent one is coming. If anything is lost or dropped purposely within any reasonable

distance, and say to Sharpie, 'I lost something,' he will run immediately on the track till he finds it, and bring it home. And strange, although only a colly, he will fetch any game or water-fowl shot on water out immediately, or dive for anything thrown into the water.

"And I now conclude by saying what must appear to yourself from the foregoing,—that it is impossible, without ocular demonstration, to tell all the proofs of extraordinary sagacity he possesses. But I may here refer you to an eye-witness, a son of mine, whose card I enclose you, who was here for about three months last summer.

"Do not be surprised if I may have here repeated anything about the dog which you may have already read, as I have not a copy of the paper beside me.

"I am, Sir, yours truly,

"DONALD ROSS.

"*Braemoray, Torres.*"

The kindness of a lady has obliged me with the next account, and anecdotes of her favourite. The latter part is of unusual interest, and is one of many things demonstrating to the inquiring mind that there are more things in heaven and earth than are even dreamt of in our philosophy.

"The following precisely truthful account is only, as it were, a page from a biography, which would be well worth while writing more fully. The subject of it is a Newfoundland dog, with a cross in the breed, which may perhaps be the secret of his more than common intelligence and docility. Though the dog is the hero of the story, yet as the human proprietor is the divinity in whom the dog's faith and devotion

centre, it is necessary to premise that from a six weeks' old puppy I had exclusively the control and education of this animal. Being an only daughter, and having few associates, I made the dog, perhaps in an unusual degree, my almost constant companion, and indeed, my friend. I smile to think what a strict disciplinarian I was in those young days, exacting and receiving the most implicit obedience; but as I never deceived, or cheated, or teazed the noble animal, his faith in me was as implicit as his obedience.

"Sometime about the age of eight or nine years, an ill-looking wart formed on the edge of the left eyelid. It grew to a size at once unsightly, and distressing to the eye itself, which it pressed upon, occasioning much discomfort. Our doctor very obligingly offered to take it off, but the dog being by nature savage, he required him to be muzzled, a process which Neptune hated, and against which he had for long so openly rebelled, that it was not safe for any one to attempt it but myself. I accordingly put on the muzzle, and held the dog's head while our good friend cut off the offending part with a disagreeable pair of surgical scissors. All this was very unpleasant to me.

"In the course of another year, the excrescence grew again, and became as troublesome as before, and the animal's comfort required that it should be again taken off. The repetition of the former process, with all its delay and commotion, was very disagreeable to contemplate, and I thought it would cost us all less pain and anxiety if I were to perform the operation myself, for then no muzzling or formal preparation would be required, and I resolved to make the attempt.

"In front of the bay window of our dining-room there stood a comfortable old-fashioned sofa, with a high back. This I chose for the operating chair; caused a basin of hot water, towels, sponge, scissors, and caustic to be put on the table before it, called in the dog, bade him get on the sofa, and lay his head on the high back, so that the light should fall well on the eye, then kneeling by the side, with my arm round him to keep him steady, I proceeded to operate. I had over estimated my resolution, nerve failed me in the horrid movement of cutting through the soft flesh. I did the work badly, gave the dog pain, and only half removed the evil. Consequently, in a very few months more it grew again, and this time larger than before, and was even more troublesome, almost blinding the eye. There was no escaping the conviction that the thing must be done over again, nor was there any escape from the conclusion that I was still the best person to do it, if only I could summon nerve to use a resolute hand, and close the scissors boldly—a simple thing in imagination, but very repulsive to do. However, it was quite necessary that the eye should be relieved, and it was clear that if to be done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly.'

"I well remember the morning when I came to the resolution to hesitate no longer. It was an Ash Wednesday, and the act of penance seemed an appropriate coincidence; so confiding the intention hurriedly to a dear and very old servant and friend, I bade her bring in a basin with warm water, a sponge, and towel, and then send in the dog. He came as usual, bounding joyfully into the room, and I invited him to get on the sofa, which he did readily enough; but that higher elevation revealing to him the ominous preparations,

which recalled to his mind the former affair, a sudden panic overcame him; he jumped hastily down, rushed to the shut door, and asked in his fashion to be let out, by barking most eagerly; and so great was his distress, that he scratched at the door, and tore up the carpet, trying all he could to force his way out. This was a most unexpected and perplexing turn of affairs. I would have given up the attempt instantly if it had been a less necessary case. For a moment I was quite at a loss what to do. I felt I must leave the matter to his free will. I would not coerce him. I could not have borne to drag him to his place of pain. With much concern, and very much in earnest, I went to him, and speaking as I would to a human friend, said, 'Why, Neptune, you know I would not harm you, it shall not be done if you don't like. You shall go if you wish. But don't go. Come, trust to me. Good dog; make up your mind and come.' The countenance with which the trembling animal listened was indescribably expressive and touching. 'Come,' I said once more, and put a finger in the iron ring of his collar, but not to draw or force. No force, indeed, was needed; he turned and walked gravely by my side, got up quietly on to the sofa, and laid his head on the back of it, as on the former occasion. I knelt down beside him as before, with the unconcealed scissors in hand, raised the eyelid, and had just prepared both heart and fingers to give the final cut, when I was interrupted, and all the arrangements were disordered for the moment, by his raising his head up from its right position to lick my face as I leaned over him. Naturally, I returned the salute, but this was only a momentary episode, for the melting mood was ill adapted to the work in hand, and with a very choking

sensation, I told him he must not move again, but put down his head once more, and keep quite steady. I did not fail this time. Surely if the dog could do his part so well I ought not to shrink from mine. The necessary cut was made firmly, the ugly excrescence was off, and the dog, instantly sensible of the relief, bounded down, jumped upon me, and danced about, rejoicing and barking loudly. The commotion he made brought most of the family into the room, and the congratulations and rejoicings were general.

"There still remained more to be done: the bleeding had to be staunched, and the caustic applied; but there was no difficulty in this, though it invoked a return to the sofa, and a little further suffering. The only symptom of resentment the animal showed was rather amusing. After his eye had been bathed with the sponge, he seized upon that innocent agent, shook it angrily, and tore it, which we allowed him to do without any urgent interference in its favour.

"I may as well add, that this last excision was effectual for a long time. It was never repeated, for when the excrescence formed again, it spread so completely over the whole eyelid, that no further remedy was possible.

"I do not dwell very much on the various tricks and accomplishments with which it would be easy to fill a chapter, such as shutting a door or gate, and going back to latch it if not perfectly done; acting the game of 'Seek and find,' with a penny, or anything, hid in the most out-of-the-way place; asking for things, fetching and carrying, joining at the tea table with perfect decorum, answering of questions, and such like, because these things do not imply any peculiar development of what I may call moral intelligence and elevation of

character, which were the especial characteristics that so distinguished this dog from others I have known. Some of these accomplishments I taught to other dogs, his successors, though with much greater pains and difficulty; and there was always this difference, that they required in some measure the word of command; whereas Neptune never needed to be asked in any other than an ordinary tone such as one would use to a docile child.

"Walking on the shore on one occasion with a companion who was quite a stranger to the dog, I happened to say to him, 'You are very wet, suppose you roll on that sand and dry yourself.' My friend was startled when the dog proceeded at once to do so, rolling and shaking himself, and rolling again and again, till comfortably dry. Occasionally, people would remark that there was something uncanny and not natural in his evident comprehension of a conversation that might be going forward while he was lying on the rug or walking by one's side. I remember an anecdote in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' concerning one of the Abbotsford favourites, which had overheard his master tell to a friend an incident to his (the dog's) disadvantage, and immediately slank away ashamed. I have no difficulty at all in believing this, having seen several instances of the like kind, or even more remarkable, in the dog Neptune.

"The animal has been now long dead, but his memory is regarded by all who knew him well with something of the respect we should pay to a human subject. He certainly possessed one peculiar instinct which I have not noticed in any other case. He was given to me, as I have stated, when a little woolly object of six weeks old, sent by a dear and

kind relative from a distance, in a basket, by the carrier. Some years after, the donor, my uncle, came to us, and naturally wished to see the dog, who at once showed very great delight on seeing him; lying down at his feet, and even licking his boots. This we thought remarkable, as the dog was savage, and disliked strangers, but we afterwards found that this recognition extended to all members of my father's family, whom he invariably at once greeted as friends, making them the only exceptions to the rule of receiving with distrust and dislike all strangers who went to him when chained up. We never could account for this peculiarity, but there was no mistake about it, and I can only conclude that it proceeded from an instinctive discrimination. My relatives on the mother's side did not share this distinction."

De Boillieu tells us in his Labrador life:—

"The house dog has a peculiar sagacity. I trained one to keep house in a noiseless manner. If myself or steward was not at home, and a visitor called, the dog would allow him to walk in, sit down, light and smoke his pipe, as if unconscious of his presence; but if the visitor attempted to leave the house, the dog was up in an instant, and placing himself in the doorway, showed a set of teeth of dazzling but appalling whiteness. The frightened fellow again returns and takes his seat, the dog once more lies down, and thus the pair are seen on the return of one of the household. A visitor once served that way takes care to look through the window on his next call to see if any one is at home.

"The dogs sent to England with rough, shaggy coats, are useless on the coast, the true-bred and serviceable dog having

smooth, short hair, very close and compact to the body. I sent a fine specimen of these to England, but unfortunately the vessel which bore it was wrecked on the north coast of Ireland."

That dogs communicate hereditary tendencies is proved by pointer puppies of a few months steadily standing fowls or game. In the 'Monthly Review,' vol. 48, p. 177, it is mentioned that "Philip Thicknesse had a Newfoundland dog, who had been taught a great many tricks on board a man-of-war, and a puppy of hers," he says, "inherited many of them untaught."

Dogs have also their eccentricities. In about the year 1812, there died at Rossana, in the county of Wicklow, apparently of old age, a long and rough-haired brown terrier, who swallowed crooked pins whenever they were given to him. If he received a straight pin, it was observed he would bend it with his teeth before swallowing it. The pins did not appear to have any effect on him, unless it was upon his temper, which was very cross-grained. During dinner he was allowed to lie under the table, but any foot pushed into his domain was *grabbed* instanter; he once startled the Bishop of Ossory in this manner. There ought to have been a post-mortem examination, but there was not. The author is perfectly satisfied of the accuracy of these details, as they were received direct from an unimpeachable authority, who was well acquainted with the dog.

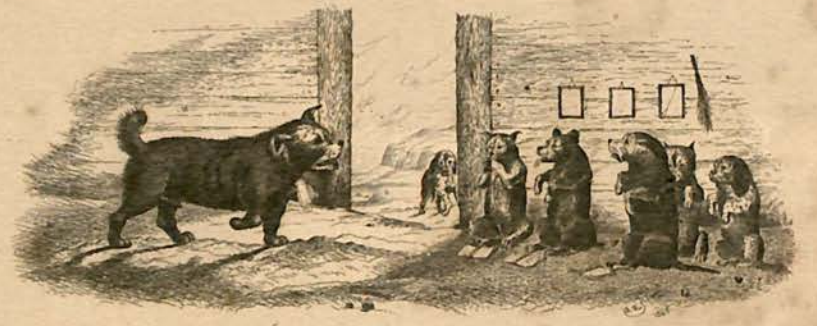
In the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is recorded an instance of a foxhound committing suicide. This, with one exception, is the only statement of a case of that nature the author has

met with. The other, from an original source, is as follows: The landlady of a hotel at Honfleur had a little Havanna dog which suffered from some complaint, and to cure it a seton was passed through its neck. The animal's annoyance and misery were great, it was extremely restless, and escaping at last from the house, rushed frantically to the sea, close at hand, and swimming out a little distance put its head under water and drowned itself. This was said not to be its first attempt at self-destruction. Dogs most undoubtedly know death, and do not see their fellow companions killed without manifesting apprehension of the fate themselves.

CHAPTER X.

THE pliability of the nature of the dog, and the varied uses in the service of man to which he can be applied, are extraordinary. Several cases are given of his catching salmon and other fish; and if his sagacity and powers in that direction were studiously cultivated, he might be made of considerable utility in that pursuit. In one instance a spaniel was found to be more than a match for the cautious carp and swift trout, even in their own element. They are used on the coast of Normandy to take the conger eel. The author of 'Life in Normandy' says:—

"They saw close to them an old woman, followed by a dog. The old woman carried the usual basket on her left shoulder, and on the other a pick-axe, with a very long handle. The dog was white, with long hair and a bushy tail, twisted up with a double turn which he carried on one side of his back; he had a long, sharp, foxy-looking face, with bright black eyes, and his ears stood very erect, and were pointed. The old woman led the way along the outer edge of the rocks, till she came to a place where the sand ran for a considerable distance in to the body of the rocks, which rose rather steeply on either side of this sandy estuary. The sand, however, was not smooth, for in all directions little mounds rose up, breaking the level.



Dog Latin

"'Go and seek, good dog Trompette!' said the old lady when she had entered this creek. The dog started off, hunting in all directions. In a quarter of a minute he stopped at one of the little lumps, and began to scratch and whine like a terrier at a rat-hole. 'See! he has one,' said the woman, as she ran towards the dog, brandishing her pick-axe. When she reached the place, she looked which way the hole ran, and then began tearing up the sand, which rose in lumps at every blow. After eight or ten strokes out tumbled a conger-eel about the same size as those in her basket; the dog and his mistress made a dash at it; the biped got it; the woman flung it with great force on the hard sand, and then quietly put it in her basket with the rest of her load, shouting, 'Seek again, Trompette!' Trompette obeyed, and in this way, within five minutes after entering the creek, the dog found, and the mistress dug up and basketed, three of these eels.

"Being asked if there was much difficulty in breaking these dogs to hunt eels, she replied, 'None at all; we take a young dog out with an old one once or twice, and we let them worry the eel, or perhaps eat one, and then they will hunt quite well; but some of them have finer noses than others, and of course these are the best.'

"'And is this talent confined to the *famille* Trompette, or are there other dogs that do the same?'

"'Other dogs are taught,' said the old lady, 'but my dog's family do it at once;' and then continued her way, followed by her dog."

A dog which, some years ago, was at the White Hart Inn at

Salisbury, took his daily walk round the canal surrounding the Close, in search of minnows, which he seized with wonderful avidity. When few or none were visible he scratched up the gravel for a considerable extent, and then patiently took his station till some unfortunate gudgeon came in sight, on whom he pounced with all the ferocity of a hawk secure of its prey.[1]

In the decoys in the fens of Essex, dogs are always employed to aid in the capture of the wild-fowl. Tame ducks are made use of to entice the wild birds into the tunnel nets. The least noise would scare away those vigilant and wary denizens of the pool and mere, consequently, call, or whistle, are out of question. The decoy birds, being always fed in the dog's company, no sooner perceive him in front of the reed screen, where he comes to attract their notice, than they rise from the pool, and winging their way to him are followed by the others. The dog is most alert for fear of being seen and rousing the suspicions of the wild ducks. He is over the low part of the fence and round to the next opening instantly, giving only a momentary view. Those about Maldon resemble the colly.

'Once a Week,' No. 220, contains a clever paper on Truffle Hunting. It is there stated that the truffle hunters, acute and quick men though they are, could never be successful without their peculiar breed of small well-trained dogs. These scent the hidden truffle even at twenty yards off, and rush to the spot straight as a dart.

The truffle is found in loamy soil, and sought after

[1] Sporting Magazine.

the harvest, in wet and damp weather under the dripping branches, and around the mossy boles and decaying roots of old beeches, oaks, and limes. Trudging through parks, woods, and plantations, beauteous in autumnal tints; along fields and meadows, for long distances; forcing his way among branches and underwood, often wet to the knees, or soaked to his skin with rain, the village-truffle hunter is preceded by his little dogs, who, active and keen, are unwearied in the pursuit. On their busy noses catching scent of the buried prize they fly eagerly to the place and point and scratch till the epicurean dainty is dug up by their pleased master.

It appears the dog tax weighs heavily on the truffle-hunters of Hampshire and its adjoining counties; at least they are said to think so; but perhaps it operates in their favour by preventing competition.

These dogs are descended from Spanish dogs in some instances, but in general from the French Poodle, and are stated to have no scenting powers for anything but the truffle. The latter may be doubted. Though very fond of the truffle, it is never eaten by them any more than by their masters. A bit of bread is their reward. The following is the description given of the truffle-hunter's ally:—

"He whistled as he spoke, and up trotted his dog with a very friendly air, and was introduced to me by the name of 'Nelly.' He assured me she was one of the cleverest of her race, and was never known to fail, and certainly she had an intelligent, clever face, with bright black eyes looking all ways at once, and sharp-pointed ears always on the alert, and never quiet for one moment. The nose was sharp-

pointed, and the whole face reminded me of the expression of a small quick terrier, only far more gentle and clever. I remarked on the clean-made limbs, and the long paws, which seemed made for scratching, and was assured of her strength and unwearied zeal in hunting for this peculiar kind of game. This dog was smooth-coated, white, with liver-coloured spots; but the generality have rather curly hair, a remnant of the poodle, from which these dogs are said to have been bred. We entered a shrubbery, and drew near to trees which my guide declared to be 'friendly' to the truffle. We then left the path, and made our way through bushes and underwood, until we came to a hedge on one side, and the trunks of fine beeches on the other. I was so much occupied in forcing my way through thorny brambles and opposing branches, and also in observing how the brilliant rays of an August sun lighted up the massive boles of the beeches, and then lost themselves in the hazel thickets, or the sombre foliage of the yews, that I was hardly aware that our dog was running before us with her nose to the ground, as keen and eager as a terrier after a rat. Suddenly she completely aroused me from my reverie by appearing to have gone out of her dog's mind; as, merely encouraged by a whistle from her master, or a 'here, Nell! here then!' she rushed through some bushes so quickly that I could hardly keep her in sight, and stopping all at once close to a beech tree, began, without a moment's hesitation, not only to push up the earth with her nose, but to scratch it up with her fore-paws as hard as she could.

"'What is the dog about?' I asked, half-bewildered; but I was answered directly by the man stooping down, and picking up something, whilst he said:—

"'Well done, Nell,' and at the same moment he placed in my hand a real English truffle, smelling strongly, according to its peculiar nature.

"The dog was off again directly, and found four more within ten minutes of the first, and one or two rather deeper down in the soil, so that it required a little help from my companion's stick to get them up. I afterwards found that they carry a little spade with them, which the truffler uses when his dog is unable to scratch up this curious fungus with his paws.

"All the time that the hunt lasted, Nelly was extremely excited and agitated, now smelling them out with unerring instinct, then scratching them up with the greatest delight, which she showed by wagging violently her short tail, and by fetching and carrying them at the bidding of her master. She glided through the thick bushes and underwood in a marvellous manner, and as every truffle dog has his tail docked when a puppy,[1] to prevent any impediment in their hunting through bushes, little Nell was able to agitate hers as violently as she liked, without any fear of being caught by it in the boughs.

"The most wonderful proof of her sagacity was in her scenting out and scratching up two of the red truffles, which were so tiny that, unless she had carried them in her mouth to her master, we should not have remarked them, though the place was pointed out to us by her scratching. Whilst

[1] A senseless practice arising from fashion and whim, soon, it is to be hoped, to be generally condemned in regard to the canine, as it has already been respecting the equine race, who also, a generation back, often had their tails docked and nicked in a barbarous manner.

"God never made his work, for Man to mend."

I was wondering how these dogs could ever be trained to hunt for what appeared so foreign to their nature, and turning over in my hand one of these shapeless fungi, the others being safely placed in my pocket, I felt something cold touch me; and lo and behold! there was mistress Nell standing up on her hind legs in an endeavour to truffle-hunt in my pocket, but soon recalled to her usual good manners by an imperative 'Nell!' from her master.

"'Would she have eaten them?' I said, surprised.

"'Oh dear, yes, dogs likes 'em beyond everything else; it's their food, only we don't let them have any, as it would spoil their training. But that's why they hunt for 'em—they want to eat 'em. A good dog will hunt, however, all day without touching them, but we generally carry a bit of bread with us as a reward to the dog, and to take off his attention from the truffles.' Need I say that it was from my hand that little Nell received her reward that day? which she took as became her, gently and affectionately, after the day's hunt was over.

"Pigs, were trained in France to hunt for truffles, but, said my informant, 'they were such fools that immediately they found they eat 'em.' One can imagine piggy, if he could have understood the remark, giving his tail a complacent whisk and quietly grunting aside—'not *quite* the fool you think!'"

The interesting and valuable Memoir of that original genius and great moralist, the matchless Thomas Bewick, written by himself, contains this anecdote:—

"Whilst I was at Woodhall, I was struck with the sagacity

of a dog belonging to Mr. Smith. The character for sagacity of the shepherd's dog was well known to me, but this instance of it was exemplified before my own eyes. Mr. Smith wished to have a particular ram brought out from amongst the flock, for the purpose of my seeing it. Before we set out, he observed to the shepherd that he thought the old dog (he was grey-headed and almost blind), would do well enough for what he wanted with him.

"Before we reached the down where the flock was feeding, I observed that Mr. Smith was talking to the dog before he ordered him off on his errand; and while we were conversing on some indifferent subject, the dog brought a ram before us. Mr. Smith found a deal of fault with the dog, saying, 'Did I not order you so and so?' and he scolded him for bringing a wrong sheep, and then, after fresh directions, set him off again to bring the one he wished me to see. We then returned home, and, shortly after our arrival there, the dog brought the very ram wanted, along with a few other sheep, into the fold, where I took a drawing of him."

Bewick likewise says, "I have often watched to see the wary, circumspect plan that a strange dog adopts on his being obliged to pass through a village, or through amongst those of his equally ill-behaved brethren, the butcher's dogs in a town. It is curious to see the stranger, upon these occasions, view his danger, and then affect lameness, and go 'hirpling' through amongst them unmolested."

The least honourable traits of the dog are those perhaps which he sometimes exhibits towards his own species; but we have here an example to spare the weak—a virtue

rarely displayed by man to his fellow-man. It is the weak —that is, the poor, the despised, the fallen—who know most of some of the worst chambers of the heart of man. Those, on the contrary, who enjoy the warm sunbeams of prosperity, wealth, influence, station, and power—those, in short, who have means to give—often remain unacquainted with much of the tyranny, insolence, and baseness to which their less fortunate fellow-creatures are too often exposed; though, on the other hand, they see more of sycophancy and servility.

Dogs in England some years ago turned water-wheels at wells, and also spits. At Caerleon, near Newport, Monmouthshire, in the kitchen of the Hanbury Arms Inn, two years since, was a turnspit-wheel worked by a long-backed little dog. Indeed, it probably still exists. The wheel was attached to the ceiling, and the dog worked inside it like a squirrel in its cage, consequently when once in motion he was forced to continue running. In former days, when this mode of turning a spit was common, the wheel was in a line with and attached to the spit, or rather was on it, the spit forming the axle of the wheel; but in the present one a chain passing round the wheel also wound round the spit.

In the beginning of the present century many of the butchers' carts in London were drawn by teams of dogs, often five in number. The carts had high wheels, and in the double shafts in front two large dogs were harnessed; three smaller ones ran underneath. They went at a high speed, and only appeared in the morning and evening in the streets.

Newfoundlands, large bulldogs, great butchers' curs, and others, formed the teams. They generally barked whilst

running, and the noise and excitement created in a race between rivals may be well imagined.

These carts were humanely abolished in and near London by Act of Parliament. When the dog-tax became law, "Dent received some hundred dead dogs packed up as game. The slaughter was so great, and the consequent nuisance, men not thinking themselves bound to bury their dogs, that the magistrates in some places were obliged to interfere. At Cambridge the high-constable buried above 400. About Birmingham more than 1000 were destroyed." A horrid and similar slaughter was perpetrated in Liverpool in 1864.

"1800.—Some years ago, the person who lived at the turnpike about a mile from Stratford-upon-Avon had a dog so well trained to fetch and carry that he used to go with a note round his neck to the town, and return with any bundle of goods suited to his strength. A safer messenger could not have been chosen. One day, however, when he was bringing home tea and sugar from the grocer's, he fell in with a party who were hunting water-rats. The temptation was too great. He joined the terriers, and plunged into the ditches with them."

A dog possessed by a gang of poachers had all the qualities of a terrier, a hound, and a lurcher; he was reckoned by them invaluable. He ran mute; never rended his game; and if by accident caught in a snare, made no noise, but gnawed himself out. When the ground was rotten and slippery after a frost, he caught many hares. A dog is well aware when he is engaged in unlawful pursuits, even if accompanied and encouraged by his owner. This is proved

by anecdotes respecting sheep-stealers who employed dogs to aid them. The author once came suddenly on a black greyhound in a cover where the dog had a lair, and appeared to have lived some time. Instead of acting as a dog generally does, he slunk off at a trot with his tail down, and disappeared immediately among the brushwood.

CHAPTER XI.

"MAJOR WAITE, of the Bombay Army, had a fierce little Scotch terrier, named Pinney, who was a great adept at killing snakes. He seized the reptiles by their tails, and ran off amongst stones, dashing their heads against the same, thus preventing them from turning round by the speed at which he ran." My informant adds, "I saw this done twice."

This very interesting anecdote shows the power of adaptation to circumstances possessed by the dog. This terrier evidently was aware of the venomous nature of snakes, and adopted a mode of attack at variance with usual habits, which in fighting dogs generally is to seize the head or parts adjacent. Instinct alone would not have taught this.

The dog rarely exhibits any traits of the wolf, or any tendency to wild habits. When cases do occur they are most likely due to neglect, misery, and ill treatment. The instances here recited are quoted by Southey, and we believe very few of that nature are to be met with.

"Wooler, June 6, 1799.

"On Wednesday morning next a pack of hounds will be at Hetton, another pack at West Newton, and another at North Middleton, for the purpose of hunting the dog which has lately destroyed so many sheep in this neighbourhood; when it is

expected that all those who may have sheep killed by him on Tuesday (and Monday night) next, will give information at these places, as early as possible, and it is most earnestly requested that a great number of men with guns and horses may then be on the look out for him.

"A reward of twenty guineas will be paid to any person who may kill him (within thirty days from this time) on application to Mr. Nath. Duncan of this place.

"N.B. The dog is a large greyhound, with a very white neck and far fore-leg; some white about his face, breast, and tail end; rather grey on the back, and a jet black on other parts of his body."

An immense concourse of people assembled to hunt this wild greyhound: he was started near Haslery Dean, but eluded his pursuers among the Cheviot Hills, and that very night returned to the place from whence he had been hunted in the morning, and worried a ewe and her lamb.

"A few days ago a dog of a most destructive nature infested the fells of Caldbeck, Carrock, and High Pike, about sixteen miles south of Carlisle. Little doubt remains of it being the same dog which has been so injurious to the farmers in the northern parts of Northumberland, as no less than sixty sheep or upwards have fallen victims to its ferocity. It was thought proper to lose no time in attempting to destroy it, and Tuesday last was fixed upon. Sir H. Fletcher, Bart., of Clea Hall, offered his pack of hounds, and several other dogs, with about fifty horsemen set out from Hesket Newmarket. Several persons with firearms were stationed at different parts. The dog was descried upon an eminence

of Carrock-fell, and on sight of the pursuers set off by way of Hesket Newmarket, Stocklewath, and Barwick-field, then returned by Cowclose, Castle Sowerby, and attempted to gain the fells again, when Mr. Sewell, farmer at Wedlock, lying in ambush at Mossdale, fired and succeeded in shooting him. He appears to be of the Newfoundland breed, of a common size, wire-haired, and extremely lean. During the chase he frequently turned upon the dogs which were headmost, and so wounded several as obliged them to give up the pursuit.

"The joy manifested on this occasion was uncommon, insomuch that on the day following about thirty persons sat down to a dinner provided at Mr. Tomlinson's, Hesket Newmarket. Upon the most moderate computation, excluding the various windings, the chase could not be less than thirty miles, and occupied no less than six hours."

Newcastle Courant, Sept. 21.

"1811.—A dog, having been hunted for three hours, shot about a mile below Ennerdale Bridge, who was supposed to have destroyed sheep upon the Ennerdale Mountains to the amount of 200*l.*" "This one was between mastiff and greyhound."

The next anecdote is a pretty instance of contrition for a hasty act.

Viper was a large white English terrier; a sweet-tempered, bold, brave dog. Whenever game was shot to his raising he would not allow anyone to touch it but his master, and was frequently seen hiding it in a furze bush, thus claiming it as his own. In his old age, he took an especial interest in a Manx kitten; amusing, and being amused by it, till one

morning the kitten (as it probably had done a hundred times before) touched a large bone he was gnawing at. Viper seized the kitten, killed it, and then left the house. On being told this two days after, Viper's mistress proposed to tie the kitten round his neck, to make him ashamed. The answer was, "there is no need of that, he won't come into the house, and refuses to eat anything." So he was forgiven and brought home. Then, for the first time, he permitted liberties from a tortoise-shell cat who had been long in the family. My informant was frequently asked to go down to see Viper stretched out at full length in front of the fire, the cat reposing on his back as on a white sofa, and her kitten nestling within his forepaws.

A wonderful and touching instance of motherly affection and care, exhibited by a greyhound bitch, has been communicated to me on reliable authority. Human reason and feeling could not have done more. The creature not only secured a substitute, but rewarded her services. A perfect interchange of ideas and sentiments must have taken place.

At Airth, in Stirlingshire, a greyhound having a numerous litter of whelps, and deeming herself unable to rear them all, went to the village and *hired* a collie. The collie came regularly to assist, and as regularly received meat and bones which the conscientious mother had saved for her.

The forbearance of man's companion is well known; and the author heard a case of it related by the gentleman to whom it occurred.

A surgeon found a large lost dog wandering in the streets of a great town, and took him home. Sometime after, he wished to beat the dog for some fault, so he took a stick and

laid hold of him. So soon, however, as the stick was uplifted for a blow, the dog got the surgeon's arm in his mouth and pressed it with his teeth, though without biting. On the stick being lowered from its threatening position the dog let go; but the intention of beating him being again entertained, he repeated the significant warning, as much as to say—"Strike, and I bite!" The kind son of Esculapius, however, deemed it wiser and better not to drive forbearance to extremity.

That these creatures measure time has been frequently proved, and it seems that some even know the arrival of the shooting season; though as to the latter they may judge by outward circumstances.

The brother of a friend of mine had a pointer dog which was in the habit when the fields were becoming cleared in August, but at no other time, of scratching early in the morning at his bedroom door, evidently with the desire of persuading him to go out and shoot.

The subjoined shows the dog in a most amiable light—in its fondness for children, and forgiving disposition.

"Mrs. M., of Abberley, had two dogs, a Dane and a Newfoundland; the former, Argus; the latter, Blanco, a magnificent fellow, pure white in colour, brave as a lion, and gentle as a lamb—the Dane, an irritable snappish creature, full of jealousy and envy, because he could not attain to the popularity of Blanco, yet possessing a warm, affectionate nature, especially towards children, to whom alone he was gentle, loving, and kind; over whom he always kept watch, even in the night, lying on the mat at their nursery door, and if he heard a child moan in his sleep, would walk into the room, put his

fore paws upon the bed, look earnestly in the child's face, and then walk back to his mat. Notwithstanding all this love, Blanco was preferred, and a deadly enmity ensued. He was constantly quarrelling with the white favourite, but could not resist accompanying us when the children with Blanco took their walks. One day, we had strolled to Stamford Park, and came to a high paling; the boys and I managed to get over, as we wished to see the house where Mrs. Sherwood was born. To our great surprise Argus was over before us, and poor Blanco, after vainly struggling to accomplish the feat, and falling back as often as he attempted it, at length sat howling in despair. Argus looked at his enemy pitifully, and then began, with a peculiar bark, to run far away; Blanco looked after, distrusting the sound; Argus returned disappointed, made the same sound again, rushed off in the same direction, and again returned. The third time Blanco trusted him, and ran parallel with the fence; we followed: the sagacious creature had found a place which had been broken down, and the great dog got over easily, to the evident joy of his hitherto enemy; whose generous aid he seemed fully to recognise, and for the remainder of the walk they appeared the most affectionate friends."

The dog satisfies himself of the identity of those he knows, far more by scent than by sight. When separated for a time even from his master, on his finding him again he is not always assured of his identity by sight alone, but makes certain beyond a doubt of the fact, by the test of scent, before giving vent to his joy. In this manner also, he may be guided in his estimation of the characters and designs of men, although he is in addition, a keen physiognomist. Every human being

has evidently an odour peculiar to himself, and which the dog never is mistaken in. The extraordinary, indeed in some cases apparently supernatural power, possessed by the creature, may be due to his exquisite olfactory nerves. The emotions of the mind affect the countenance and the circulation; and in the same way the body of a man whose mind is bent on crime may be acted on so as to produce a change which is susceptible by the subtle senses of the dog. Sir Henry Lee's mastiff detected, it may be, the would be assassin of his master in this way. The sheepdog likewise, who knows every sheep in a flock, judges of them no doubt at least as much by scent as by sight; and it is probably in this manner that dogs are so soon made aware of the nature of those persons whom they may regard as friends, also of men having hostile feelings or dishonest intentions towards their owners.

At Arras, in Artois, there were, and perhaps are still, large bleaching grounds, the linen on which was guarded by dogs of a fierce mastiff kind. A young man, the son of the proprietor, went out to bathe, taking with him one of these animals, and gave him his clothes to keep while he was in the water. But on returning to the bank, the dog refused to give up his charge, having, it was supposed, been unable to recognise him from the loss of scent arising from the contraction of the tissues of the skin in bathing; and when the young man persisted in regaining his dress, the dog flew on him with such violence as to cause his death. It may be urged that the unfortunate man being undressed was the cause of the dog not knowing him; but allowing some weight to the objection, it must yet be borne in mind, that a dog, if in doubt, invariably applies the scrutiny of scent, which however, in this exceptional case, failed him.

CHAPTER XII.

SEVERAL of the following miscellaneous anecdotes and quotations are from Southey's collection.

THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND HIS SPANIELS.

"Our Marlborough and King James's spaniels are unrivalled in beauty. The latter breed, that are black and tan, with hair almost approaching to silk in fineness (such as Vandyke loved to introduce into his portraits), were solely in the possession of the late Duke of Norfolk. He never travelled without two of his favourites in the carriage. When at Worksop he used to feed his eagles with the pups; and a stranger to his exclusive pride in the race, seeing him one day employed in thus destroying a whole litter, told his Grace how much he should be delighted to possess one of them. The Duke's reply was a characteristic one: 'Pray, sir, which of my estates should you like to have?'"

LE SIEUR BLAVET.

"Il avoit montré à jouer de la flûte à un grand Prince, mais très mediocre en cet art, au point que toutes les fois qu'il jouoit, un chien qu'il aimoit, aboyoit et faisoit des hurlemens effroyables. A peine Blavet embouchoit-il son instrument,

l'animal se calmoit, entroit insensiblement dans une agitation voluptueuse, et venoit lécher les pieds du nouvel Orphée.

This they call " le plus grand éloge qu'on puisse faire de son talent."

Bachaumont, Mem. Sec., vol. iv. p. 165.

" Vous qui aimez et qui chantez les chiens, vous ai-je dit qu'il y en avoit un ici, dont le Maître est mort, et qui depuis ce moment passe sa vie sur la fosse du defunt, et quand on force la pauvre Bête a rentrer dans la maison elle va chercher quelque vieille harde de son Maître pour se coucher dessus. Vous me battrez si je vous dis, que l'attachement des chiens ne me touche pas du tout.

" Ils ont l'air condamné à nous aimer—ce sont des machines à fidélité, et vous savez mon horreur pour les machines. Elles m'inspirent une inimitié personnelle.—Vive les Chats! Tout paradoxe à part je les préfère aux chiens. Ils sont plus libres, plus indépendans, plus naturels.

" La civilisation humaine n'est pas devenue pour eux une seconde nature. Ils sont plus primitifs que les chiens—plus gracieux. Ils ne prennent de la société que ce qui leur convient, et ils ont toujours une gouttière tout près du salon, pour y redevenir ce que Dieu les a fait, et se moquer de leurs tyrans. Quand par hasard ils aiment ce tyran, ce n'est pas en esclave dégradé, comme vos villains chiens qui lèchent la main qui les bat, et ne sont fidèles que parcequ'ils n'ont pas l'esprit d'être inconstans. Il y a du choix, du parti pris, dans l'attachement des chats—je ne vois que de la stupidité dans celui des chiens. Si de tout tems on a donné la préférence à ceux-ci, leur réputation est l'œuvre de l'orgueil humain. Le

chien est la créature de l'homme. Ce sot animal n'est plus ce que Dieu l'a fait; il est le produit de la société. C'est une de ces plantes à fleurs doubles, qui n'existent qu'à force de culture, et que les amateurs apprécient d'autant plus qu'elle est leur ouvrage.—Mais adieu! car sur ce chapitre je parlerois jusqu'à demain—d'autant que je pense que mes réflections vous taquinnent—détestez moi—mais dites-le moi souvent."

Madame de Custine.

Sully once found Henry, then King of Navarre, in his cabinet. "L'espée au costé, une cappe[1] sur les espaules, son petit toquet[2] en teste, et un pannier pendu en escharpe au col, comme ces vendeurs de fromages, dans lequel il y avoit deux ou trois petites chiens pas plus gros que poing."

Sully, vol. i., p. 79.

ROUSSEAU.—Speaking of Rousseau, Hume said, "She (Thérèse) governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her absence, his dog has acquired that ascendant. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception."

Private Correspondence, p. 143.

"He shall be hanged in flitches, the dogs shall eat him in Lent."

Beaumont and Fletcher. Maid in the Mill.—Act III. sc. 2.

"And so, like Cole's dog, the untutored mome
Must neither go to church, nor bide at home."

Taylor the Water Poet.

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[1] A short cloak.

[2] A small bonnet, or cap.

A Doggerel Writer.

The pride of Old Cole's dog, who took the wall of a dung-cart, and got his guts squeezed out.

As lazy as Ludlam's dog, who leaned his head against a wall to bark.

"The tail of a black long-coated cur, such as they commonly make muffs of."

Cotton, Complete Angler, p. 317.

1718. A speaking dog exhibited, who was even said to articulate distinctly sentences in German, French, and English.

"The Kamtshadales account for earthquakes by the driving of an infernal deity beneath the earth. The earth is shaken, they say, when the dog that draws the sledge of this infernal deity scratches his fleas or shakes off the snow from his hide."

Steller, p. 267.

Origin of the title of Doge at Venice.

Bouchet, Séries, vol. i. p. 233.

The Ptamphaoniens had a dog for their king and their barometer.

Ibid, p. 230.

Dogs who have thrown themselves upon the funeral pile of their masters.

Ibid, p. 229.

Orion. "Heaven's circumference
Is not enough for him to hunt and range,
But with those venom-breathed curs he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds.
Each one of those foul-mouthed mangey dogs
Governs a day, (no dog but hath his day),
And all the days by them so governed,
The dog days light."

Nash, Summer's Last Will. Old Plays.—Vol. 9. p. 37.

"Like the red star, that from his flaming hair,
Shakes down diseases, pestilence and war."

Iliad, B. xix.

"Orion's dog, (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death."

Iliad, B. xxii.

DOG-DAYS.—The Romans sacrificed dogs to the dog-star.

See *Pensées sur la Comète*, vol. i. p. 171.

WONDERFUL DOGS.

"In a procession before the Grand Signor, which Evlia describes, the shepherds lead along in double or triple chains large dogs of the size of asses, fierce as lions from Africa's shores, the names of which are Palo, Mautslike, Alabaush, Saulbaush, Tooramaun, Karamaun, Komraun, Sarkaun, Aun, Zerke, Wedjaun, Yartaun, Waurdiha, Yeldiha, Karabash, Alabirish, Bora. These dogs are covered with rich cloth,

silver collars, and neck-rings, and a circle of iron points round the neck. Some of them are all clad in armour. They assail not only the wolves which enter the stables and folds, but would also dragons, and go into the fire. The shepherds watch with great care over the purity of the breed; they give for the springing of such a dog one sheep, and five hundred for a Samsoon or shepherd's dog of true race. These dogs descend from the shepherd's dog which entered the cave of the Seven Sleepers in their company. They chase the eagle in the air, the crocodile in the river, and are an excellent breed of well-dressed dogs. They are some of the dogs called Teftek Getshissi Kopek, which have been sold at the price of five or six hundred piastres. The shepherds look on these dogs as their companions and brethren, and they have no objection of eating with them out of the same dish; but these dogs perform also everything which they are told to perform: they will, if bid to do so, bring down a man from horseback, however stout a fellow he may be."

Evlia Effendi.

How the Tartars were driven out of the Country by Men in the Shape of Dogs.

The Tartars, after their wonderful defeat by Presbiter John; "came into a certaine countrey (wherin, as it was reported unto us in the Emperour's court by certaine clergie men of Russia, and others who were long time among them, and that by strong and stedfast affirmation), they found certaine monsters resembling women, who, being asked by many interpreters where the men of that land were, they answered, that whatsoever women were borne there, were induced with the

shape of mankinde, but the males were like-unto dogges. And delaying the time, in that countrey, they met with the said dogges on the other side of the river. And in the midst of sharpe winter they cast themselves into the water. Afterwards they wallowed in the dust upon the maine land, and so the dust being mingled with water, was frozen to their backes, and having often times so done, the ice being strongly frozen upon them, with great fury they came to fight against the Tartars. And when the Tartars threwe their dartes, or shot their arrowes among them, they rebounded backe againe, as if they had lighted upon stones, and the rest of their weapons could by no meanes hurt them. Howbeit, the dogges made an assault upon the Tartars, and wounding some of them with their teeth, and slaying others, at length they drove them out of their countries."

Johannes de Plano Carpini.

ARABIAN BITCH THAT DESERTED HER WHELPS.

"On the fifteenth day we came to some horrible precipices and steep mountains. There was running by us a bitch with whelps, that belonged to one of the Arabians, who happened to bring forth her litter there, and seeing us leave her, was horribly afraid to be left there alone with her whelps. For a long time she seemed to be deliberating, at last fell a howling most mournfully, and chose rather to save herself by following us than stay behind and perish with her puppies."

Baumgarten's Travels.

How little the above says for the humanity of her owner and his companions!

"The dogs became dangerous, having preyed upon the slain,—so that men dared not travel singly, nor unarmed."

Marle and Houille, A.D. 1213? *Martene et Durand.*

"The Finlanders used to supply their want of numbers against the Moscovites by the help of war-dogs."

Campanella de Monarchiâ Hispanica, p. 169.

Diogenes.

"D'autres monumens représentent ce fameux philosophe dans son tonneau, d'où sa tête sort comme celle d'une tortue sort de sa coquille. Dans l'une des images il tient d'une main son bâton de philosophe, et de l'autre une besace ; il est à côté du frontispice d'un temple ; son chien est vis-à-vis de lui : en effet Diogène habitoit dans la portique du Temple de Jupiter, et disoit que les Atheniens en faisant ce superbe portique lui avoient bâti un beau palais. Le tonneau étoit de terre cuite, comme l'étoient ordinairement les autres tonneaux à conserver le vin et les liqueurs. De là vient que Juvenal dit qu'Alexandre apperçut Diogène dans son tonneau de terre cuite. Dans l'autre image, le chien est sur le tonneau."

Montfaucon, L'Antiquité Expliquée, 1719. Tom. iii., Par. i., p. 2.

The dog represented in the first instance is a smooth, large kind of greyhound ; in the second a smaller species of the

same breed. The ears in both are small, erect, and pointed. The tail in the first long and tapering, but that of the other, though long, has a small tuft at the end. Neither Sabbathier nor Smith mention the dog, and the "tub" appears very doubtful.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN P. Camerarius 'Living Librarie or Historicall Meditations,' printed 1625, is to be found the following:—

OF THE INDUSTRIE AND FIDELITIE OF DOGS: THEIR ELOGIE, OR MEMORABLE PRAISE.

"There bee found many discourses almost incredible in Histories, concerning the industrie and fidelitie of dogs. Dio reporteth notable things of the fidelitie of Sabinus his dog.[1] Pierius recounteth out of auntient authors, that Minerva Iliada had a temple in Daulis, wherein certaine dogs were kept which never showed themselves gentle to any, and to be played withall, but to the Greekes; for against the Barbarians they would ever be barking and still troubling and biting them. Plinie[2] sayth the like of Diomedes his birds, which were never seene anywhere else but in a certain isle upon the coast of Apulia, famous for the sepulchre of Diomedes, and for a chappell dedicated unto him. These birds, by reason of their cryings and croakings, bred great annoyance to the Barbarians that landed there; but they fluttered and rejoyced at the Grecians. The same Pierius[3] reporteth auntient authours to have written, that neere to Mount-Gibell,

[1] In the Hist. of Tiberius, sect. 8, lib. v. of the Hieroglyphicks.
[2] Lib. x. c. 44. [3] Lib. vi. of the Topography of Old Rome, cap. 8.

in Cicilia, there was a temple builded to Vulcan, the groave whereof was guarded by dogs (as M. Marlianus also reporteth, that in old Rome, before Vulcan's chappell, in the Flaminian Cirque, were certain dogs that would never barke but against church-robbers), which would run with great fawning to meet the good and devout Pilgrims; but if any that were villanous and dishonest came thither, they were miserably torne in pieces by those dogs. Thomas Fazel writeth, that the Pagans held these actions for so many miracles; but we make account (saith he) they were deceits of Sathan. The same sayth,[1] that at this day there is not seen any trace or token of this temple, and a man cannot say in what part of the mountaine it was. Cœlius Rhodiginus[2] and Alexander of Alexandria[3] write hereof at large:—

"The faithfulnesse of a dog hath been the cause that many have chosen to trust their lives with that beast, and to commit themselves to the good of him rather than of reasonable men. As we read of King Massinissa, who by the barking of dogs freed himself many times from the ambuscadoes that were laid for him, discovered afar off the coming of his enemies, stood upon his guard, and, by the helpe of dogs, sometimes carryed away the victorie. Plinie[4] reporteth to this purpose, that the Colophonians tooke great care to traine their dogs and make them fit for warre, insomuch as they made squadrons of them, which fought in the first rankes with a wonderful boldnesse, and would never give back: above all, they did good service in the night. We read also that

[1] In the end of his second Book, and first Decad. [2] Lib. xxiii. cap 29.
[3] Lib. i. cap. 3. [4] Lib. viii. cap. 40.

the King of the Garamantes, driven by sedition out of his realme, was re-establisht againe by the helpe of two hundred hunting dogs.[1] It may bee that Henry the VIII., King of England (according to the purport of a letter which his Ambassadour sent from Spire to the King of Polonia, An. 1544, by the report of Olaus Magnus) had an eye to this prompt fidelitie of dogs, when in the armie which he sent to the Emperour Charles the Fifth against the French King, there were foure hundred souldiers that had the charge of the like number of dogs, all of them garnished with good yron collers after the fashion of that countrey: no man being able to say, whither they were appointed to be sentinels in the night, or to serve for some stratagem for obtaining the victorie. Strabo saith, that the like was practised in old time, and that the English dogs went to warre with the Gaules: and there is mention of a Procurator or Commissarie that had charge of the dogs of Britanie, in the Emperour's behalfe. And at this day there be some of them found, which Camden[2] calleth Agase-hounds, and named Agasæi by Oppian. Andrew Thenet, speaking of the King of Cephala, writeth, That when he will give battell to his enemies, he commonly mingleth many troupes of dogs among the squadrons of his souldiers. We will hereafter make mention of a dog so couragious in the warre, that the Indians were more afraid of his teeth, than of any other Spanish weapons, and that the owner received extraordinary pay every moneth for the services that were done by that dog.

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[1] Lib. xvii. cap. 5.

[2] Camdenus, in the Hist of England, in his Cosmograph.

"We must not forget what Michael Vosmer[1] writeth of the goodnesse and fidelitie of dogs. It is a strange thing (saith he) that is found written in the Annals touching the dogs of Florent the fifth Earle of Holland and Zeeland, who being once at a hunting wounded in twentie places of his body, his dogs never forsooke him, but went with him to the Castle of Mude, from whence being taken away, as he thought to save himselfe, he was slain outright by certain traitors and cut-throats; but the dogs never left the dead body. At the last when his servants had taken up the body to carrie it by water to the Citie of Alcmar, the dogs got into the boat without eating or drinking anything all this while. The body being carried into the church, they went and lay them al by it, without ever going away, but there languishing untill at last they were driven from thence by force. The Lord de la Scale[2] reciteth such another example of a certaine hound belonging to one of Corsica, whose bodie being dead by reason of the cold snowes, the dog would never part from the same, nor suffer any to come neere it: so that they were fayne first to shoote the dog to death with arrowes, that so afterwards they might take and beare away their master's body. The said Lord addeth, Certainly I should rather erect a tombe with an epitaph to this dog than to the Sultan Solyman."

"The Lord de la Scale,"[3] Camerarius goes on to say, "has another story." It is, doubtless, though no names are given,

[1] In the Lives of the Earles of Holland and Zealand.
[2] In his Disput. against Cardā. exercit., 202, sect. 6.
[3] Lib. xvii. cap. 32.

the so often quoted one of Macaire, and is consequently omitted.

"Let us insert here that which Nicephorus writeth of a blind dog who wrought wonders, giving againe to every one readily that which was his owne, and by signes discovering secrets. The translator addeth this: That he pointed at the women with child, the whore-masters, the adulterers, the covetous, and the valiant: Therefore men thought he was possessed with some wicked spirit. Hee belonged to one Andrew, an Italian Mountabanke. But I thinke it is done by the teaching of those Players of Legerdemaine; for they accustome beasts to understand the twinckling of their eyes, their voyces, the gesticulations of their feet and hands: as I have observed in a little horse, whose signes (yet) for the most part were false. There hath been seen a sea-fish taught to doe very strange things by a certain fellow yet living, but it was killed by an envious fellow. And of late dayes a Scottish-man's horse gave occasion of great sifting and wonderment to many persons that saw him at Paris and other places. Neither must we forget that which Jovian Pontanus, an Authour worthy of credit, writeth of his dogs, which could never be brought to line the bitch that had whelped and brought them up. Besides all this, We must confesse that there is in this beast I know not what particular sence and advice more than men know, as appeareth by a memorable example[1] that hapned in our time at Novara, in Lombardie. The Swissers and the Frenchmen being upon

[1] P. Jovius, P. Justinian in the Hist. of Venice, and others, make mention hereof.

the poynt of giving a battaile, a great number of dogs that had followed their masters to the warre, suddenly left the campe of the French and ran (as they had been beaten away) to the Swissers, and being come to them they began to licke their feet, to fawne on them with their tailes, and to lie downe before them, as presaging that they should carrie away the victory, and taking them already for their masters. Which thing did the more encourage the Swissers to fight, from whence they returned victorious, with a very memorable successe.

"As I have not undertaken to write the whole Historie of Dogs: so neither must I forget, that there be some of them sometimes so generous that their courage increaseth according as the beasts with whom they fight are strong and fierce. We have hereof a notable example in that which befell Alexander the Great, as Plinie[1] writeth. This prince being on his voiage towards the Indies, received for a present a very great dog, which the King of the Albanians sent unto him, with advice, That he should not set his dog against wolves, beares, boares, and other such beasts of meane force; but against lions or elephants. Alexander desiring to see some sport, made a lion to be brought, whom the dog overcame, and with a trice tare in pieces. Then he commanded to set an elephant upon him, longing to see the issue of that fight. The dog seeing his adversarie, begins to bustle himselfe, and to bristle his haire all his body over, and casting out a furious bawling, maketh the elephant turne taile, and proceedeth on so courageously that he groundeth

[1] Pliny, lib. viii. cap. 40.

his adversarie, to the great applause and astonishment of all that beheld it. Solinus[1] recounteth the same storie, but a little differengly, for thus he saith: The dogs of Albania bring under all other beasts, throttle bulls, kill lions, stay all that is thrown against them; and therefore are very famous in histories. We read that Alexander, going to the Indies, received two of them, which the King of Albania presented him with: one of the which seeing wild boares and beares brought against him, would not so much as looke upon them, or offer to rise from the ground; insomuch as Alexander thinking that this disdaine grew of cowardise and feare, made him bee kild: But they that knew the qualitie of such dogs, and had procured them to be sent, caused a lion to be presented to the other, which he suddenly dispatched: and afterwards perceiving an elephant, first being very cheerefull, he tugd and trownst his adversarie, and after cast him to the ground, to the great wonder of the beholders. These dogs grow very high, and barke with a stronger voice than the roaring of lions. Perhaps Andronicus his dog, Emperor of Constantinople, was of this race. This prince[2] much hated because of his villanies and mischiefs, made himselfe to be guarded, not only with companies of strange souldiers, but also with a very great dogge, who made no bones to fight with lions, and could turne over a man all armed off his horse. The guard kept watch in the night a prettie way from his chamber, and at his chamber doore this dog was tied, who at the least noise that was, made terrible barking. Quintus Curtius[3] writeth such a storie of the valour of dogs

[1] Cap. 20. [2] Nicetus in his Annals. [3] Lib. 9.

in the East Indies, four of which in a moment defeated a very great lion, in the presence of Alexander. It is thought they are engendered of a dog and a tigresse, and are as couragious and strong as possibly may be.

"To returne to our purpose, If that which we said at the beginning of the dogs of Daulis, and of the Sybarites, seeme too stale, and scarce likely, let us heare what Sabellicus,[1] a moderne historian, writeth of this beast. The Rhodians (saith he) held a very strong and well fortified citie, called the Castle of S. Peter, in a place of the firme land, over against the Isle Coos, being the only retrait for the Christians of Asia, that saved themselves from being slaves to the Turkes. The enemy was master of all without and about this place, in so much as the citisens could not safely fetch wood or other fuell for their use. Some bodie had told the Venetians strange things of the sence and service of the dogs that were within the Citie, to the number of fiftie, all which the Inhabitants put forth every night (as it were) for Sentinels. If during the night, these watchers met with any Christian, they would receive him, and with fawning and joy conduct him into the Citie: contrariwise, if they discovered a Turke, they would first keepe a great barking, and then falling upon him, pull him down and then teare him in pieces. These are the words of Sabellicus. At Renes in Brittaine, at Saint Malo, and at Saint Michaels, they keepe a great many dogs, that watch and ward both night and day, as I have heard reported by many. Plutarch showeth that it is an antient custome; for he saith, That the

[1] Decad. 3, lib. ix.

enterprise of Aratus,[1] which he undertooke for the freeing of his countrey, had like to have bin mar'd, by the watchfulnesse of a dog. By this it appeareth, what moved Socrates to sweare commonly by the dog, as Plato noteth; who thereby would point out an unmatchable faithfulnesse, such as is seene in those creatures. For which cause the same Philosopher esteemeth the franke and readie nature of a dogge worthy admiration in this, that he is angrie with one he knoweth not, and that never did him hurt before, and fawns upon one he knoweth, though he never received any good from him.

"If I could not by strange examples, it were easie for me to confirme this by that of mine owne dog, which hath faithfully served me in my journey into Italy, as well going as comming back againe; his speciall direction (next to the merciful providence of God) hath made me sometimes escape great dangers, both alone and in company: this I noted for a rare thing in him, that he would never in my presence fawne upon any Italian, or Jew; but (contrariwise) would barke at them, or bite them. He hated the bitches of Italy, like serpents: And for all he was sound and yong, being at Ferrara, I could not possibly make him come neere one, though she were in heat.

"The markes of a goode dog,[2] and of a gentle kind, are these that follow. He must be fleshie, great, of large forehead, and full of appearing veines, eyes blacke and flaming, eares thin and long, the necke long, the breast bearing out, the shoulders broad, the thighs high, the flanks set forward,

[1] In the Life of Aratus. [2] Richard Dinoth in his Memor. of Beasts.

the legs equally distant, the haire small and thicke, the colour mingled.

"Belisarius duke of Nerito[1] discourseth amply hereof, to content the curious Reader. And Suidas, in his Recuels, representeth all sorts of dogs: Some are good for the hunting of little beasts, to sent and discover them, others to set upon great beasts, others to guard houses and parkes: others are cushin-dogs, and for pleasure.

"Paulus Jovius[2] writeth touching Amidas the King of Tunis, that he was wont not only to cause dead bodies to be cast to the dogs to feed them, but also to let loose hungrie dogges upon live bodies, to tear them the more furiously.

"If the Pagans and Turkes have been taxed (and that worthily) because of such crueltie; who can say, that they, who wil be thought Christians are not infamous, execrable, and altogither unexcusable for having followed such examples? And (indeed) who can read without astonishment, that which Sabellicus[3] writeth, how it was reported, That Francis Carrera, prince of Padua, kept great Mastives by which he caused his subjects to be strangled and devowred.

"The said Paul Jovius[4] witnesseth, that John Maria duke of Milan was possessed with this beastly furie. This cruell prince (saith he) after he had caused a number of the friends of his deceased father to be beheaded, devised a new punishment, the cruellest that could be invented. One called Gyran kept (by his commandement) certaine great curs

[1] In his Booke of Hunting. [2] Lib. xliv.
[3] Lib. viii. Decad. 2, of the Hist. of Venice.
[4] Lib. ii. of Famous Men.

exceeding ravenous, the which at first devoured offenders, but at last this Gyran threw to them those whom the duke hated, that they might throttle, and teare in peeces, and afterwards eat them, to the incredible horror and pittifull waymenting of the people, amased to see such sights."

CHAPTER XIV.

HYDROPHOBIA.

AS Hydrophobia is considered by some authorities not to be spontaneous, but to be always communicated, an instance of the former on board a man-of-war, for which I am indebted to a naval officer who witnessed the facts, will be of interest. The dog was a Newfoundland puppy, and about six weeks old when brought on board the ship at Portsmouth in the month of September, 1859. In November the ship sailed from England, and the dog grew and continued in perfect health while the vessel remained at Ascension; but at Sierra Leone, in the month of February, 1860, he showed signs of being unwell, suffering much from the heat. After moping some days, in the middle of February he became, in the opinion of the surgeon and all on board, raving mad; ran about the decks foaming at the mouth, and snapping right and left at every person and thing; scattering the men—they climbing the rigging and running anywhere to avoid him. He, after a little time, exhausted himself, and went into the chains and lay down, when a Krooman who volunteered the service took an opportunity to push him overboard.

The poor animal then swam to one of the boats which was at the boom; the man who was in it hauled him in, and he died almost as soon as he was got into it. The dog had never

left the ship from the time he came on board, and could not have been in contact with any other dog, and it was believed the very great heat at Sierra Leone affected him.

"A man, about fifty years of age, lately died in the hospital of Arras of spontaneous hydrophobia, a disease of the rarest occurrence."—*Times*, July 3, 1835.

Hydrophobia is said to be unknown in Greenland; in South America; in Lisbon; and the Cape of Good Hope; almost so in Constantinople and Syria; and is so, all but entirely, in Egypt. A gentleman of great experience and knowledge of the latter country writes me, "In regard to hydrophobia, I remember that, for a long time after my arrival in Egypt, it was considered an established fact that no such disease was known in the land. I must, however, have afterwards heard of two or three cases, all in Lower Egypt. Mr. Chasseaud, Vice-Consul at Alexandria, lost a son by hydrophobia, consequent on the bite of a dog. I am under the impression that the disease, if not of foreign importation, attacked European dogs only." In India hydrophobia attacks both the native and European dogs, and death has been the consequence to several English officers known to my informant. Whether the malady was introduced from Europe, ancient writings will prove. Relative to this complaint in the Polar Circle, Kane says,[1] "October 5. A circumstance that happened to-day is of serious concern to us. Yesterday the mother of a pair of fine white pups showed peculiar symptoms. We recalled the fact that for days past she had avoided water, or had drunk

[1] Narrative of Arctic Explorations in 1853, 4, 5.

with spasm and evident aversion; but hydrophobia, which is unknown north of 70°, never occurred to us. The animal was noticed this morning walking up and down the deck with a staggering gait, her head depressed, and her mouth frothing and tumid. Finally she snapped at Petersen, and fell foaming and biting at his feet. He reluctantly pronounced it hydrophobia, and advised me to shoot her. The advice was well timed: I had hardly cleared the deck before she snapped at Hans, the Esquimaux, and recommenced her walking trot. It was quite an anxious moment to me; for my Newfoundlanders were around the housing, and the hatches open. We shot her, of course."

But he appears to have been in error in supposing it was hydrophobia, for in the Appendix he states, "A strong tendency to tonic spasm, probably induced by the lengthened cold and darkness, was the chief trial of our party. This anomalous form of spasmodic disease was encountered with difficulty. It extended to our dogs, assuming the aspect of tetanus. In spite of every effort, no less than fifty-seven perished, many of them with symptoms not unlike those of hydrophobia."

Petersen, however, had great experience of Greenland and the dogs of the country, consequently was likely to be well acquainted with the prevailing diseases.

Some of the popular delusions of England respecting hydrophobia exist also in Norway. Kind as the Norwegians are to their dogs, yet, when one bites a human being, the death of the dog can be legally enforced, probably because of the

absurd idea that, if the animal afterwards goes mad, the person bitten must also do the same.

The Registers state that, in 1842, four people died of this disease in London out of a population of nearly two millions; and during 1861 only four persons died of hydrophobia throughout England. As an example of the length of time occasionally elapsing after the bite before the disease breaks out,—Monsieur Dupuy of Lyon mentioned before the Society of Medical Science the case of a young lady of that city, sixteen years of age, who died in a few days after the appearance of the symptoms, of the bite of the dog received eleven months before.[1] So many remedies, so-called, have been confidently published as certain cures for this complaint, but on investigation proved entirely useless, that anything of the kind must be regarded with distrust. The last novelty of the kind is a French one, copied from 'Galignani':—

"CANINE MADNESS.—Dr. Buisson has addressed the following communication to the 'Abeille Médicale;' we give it verbatim:—'A single vapour-bath is sufficient to prevent hydrophobia by eliminating the virus; nevertheless, for the sake of greater security, I caused seven to be taken in as many days, at a temperature of from 42° to 48° Réaumur (127° to 140° Fahrenheit). Care should be taken to press the wound well while in the bath, in order to promote the expulsion. Immediately after the bite has been inflicted, wash the wound with a piece of linen dipped into liquid ammonia, and leave it on in a moist state for at least an hour to neutralize the virus. Treat the inflammation by cataplasms of

[1] Lancet, 15th August, 1863.

linseed, renewed every three hours, lest they should turn sour, and dress the wound with cold cream (*Ceratum Galeni*). I cause the patient to lie between two feather-beds, and make him drink three or four litres of a warm infusion of borage per day. I prescribe much exercise, and let him eat what he likes. Above all, I forbid his attendants to allude to the accident, lest his imagination should be affected. My treatment does not prevent cauterization—a very uncertain process, since all those labouring under the disease whom I have treated had been cauterized. If the disorder has declared itself, I only prescribe a single bath, and leave the patient in till the cure is effected, taking care to raise the temperature gradually. Hydrophobia may last three days; experience has proved to me that the cure is certain on the first day of the outbreak; on the second day it is uncertain, and on the third impossible, from the difficulty and danger there would be in conveying the patient into the bath, and keeping him in. Who would wait for the third day, knowing my treatment? Nor should one wait for the outbreak; it ought always to be prevented. Hydrophobia never breaks out before the seventh day, so that there is time enough to perform a long journey to obtain what is called a Russian vapour-bath.' "—

Galignani's Messenger. *Times*, October 16, 1863.

Charles IX., in his 'Chasse Royale' says, that Saint Louis brought a pack of staghounds from Tartary; these were called "gris," and it was said that madness never attacked them.

The number of persons who are seized by hydrophobia is very few in comparison with the number bitten by dogs in

that state. It is perhaps owing to this fact, that many so-called remedies have had a temporary reputation. Immediate washing, and the prompt and thorough application of lunar caustic, is the best treatment. The cruel practice of "worming" is utterly ridiculous and useless, being no preventive whatever. Let us hope that this, as well as the perverted taste of mutilating dogs by cropping their ears and tails, may soon be abandoned altogether. It not merely impairs their usefulness, but renders them more subject to disease. The rare, but dreadful, disease of hydrophobia appears to arise principally from the selfishness and cruelty of mankind. Dogs bred and kept for fighting are most liable to it, and the most dangerous when attacked by the delirium. The unnatural slavery of chaining up these creatures, so passionately fond of liberty, (coercing them as we did the human maniac ere the age of the illustrious Pinel), may also have a great deal to do with the creation of the direful disease.

There are numerous gross errors prevalent in regard to the signs of madness in the dog. It is generally believed that a mad dog has a dread of water; but, on the contrary, the truth is that he suffers horribly from an insatiable and devouring thirst. Neither does it appear that heat or the season of the year has any effect in creating the disease. Fits, distemper, and costiveness, give rise to symptoms which are often mistaken for rabies.

Aristotle thought that man was not liable to hydrophobia; that dogs could communicate it to all other animals. Plutarch says that it was never known in a human subject till two centuries after Aristotle.

St. Hubert's Stole.[1] It suspends the effect of the bite, and allows time for a pilgrimage, which is to prevent the disease.

His descendants have the privilege royal, as well as hereditary, of curing it by imposition of hands.

Spontaneous hydrophobia in the human subject distinguished here from *la rage*.

Sufferers bled to death or smothered. A man during the Revolution murdered his brother under this pretext.

Salgues, Des Erreurs et des Préjugés, pp. 183 to 200.

[1] See Albert Durer's Engraving, and Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art, vol. ii. p. 364.

CHAPTER XV.

CICERO says of the dog, "Such fidelity of dogs in protecting what is committed to their charge, such affectionate attachment to their masters, such jealousy of strangers, such incredible acuteness of nose in following a track, such keenness in hunting,—what else do they evince but that these animals were created for the use of man."

Cicero, De Natura Deorum.

"Sense and fidelity are wonderful recommendations; and when one meets with them, and can be confident that one is not imposed upon, I cannot think that the two additional legs are any drawback. At least I know that I have had friends who would never have vexed or betrayed me, if they had walked on all fours."

H. Walpole, vol. iv. p. 344.

"Love me, love my dog."

"Opens in his sleep, on th' eager chase
E'en then intent."

Æschylus.

Puppies under six months old also dream.

Dogs are winning in their ways; fond of children, rarely losing temper at the plaguing they endure from them. They are also fond of ladies, probably because they are treated by

them with gentleness. Ever desirous to please, and eagerly attentive to man's wishes. It is stated, that dogs will rarely bite children, or men in a state of intoxication; also, that submission appeases them. Thus in the 'Odyssey':—

"Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastives flew:
Down sat the sage; and cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand."

"Socrate, avait coutume de jurer par le chien; et sa raison était que cet animal est le symbole de la franchise et de la fidelité."

Fréville, Chiens Célèbres.

The great philosopher was one able to appreciate the goodness, and have sympathy for the generous character of the dog. Nevertheless, one cannot subscribe to the statement of Fréville; for though, "By the dog!" was, according to Plato, a common oath in the mouth of the virtuous Athenian, he also swore by the Gods, by Jupiter, and by Juno;[1] and Mitchell[2] says, by the dog, the goose, and the plane-tree.

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol, king of Scotland, came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his Castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In

[1] Xenophon, Œconomicus: the Banquet. [2] The Clouds of Aristophanes.

memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:—

'Hercules killed Hart a greese,
And Hart a greese killed Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of the Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by the growth of the tree, and another pair was put up in their place."

Nicholson and Burns's History of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

Wordsworth said—"The tree has now disappeared, but I well remember its imposing appearance as it stood, in a decayed state, by the side of the high road leading from Penrith to Appleby." This was in Inglewood Forest.

See *Notes to Wordsworth's Poems*, vol. iv.

"This summer (1658), by some mischievous people, secretly in the night, was there broke off and taken down from the tree near the pales of Whinfield Park (which for that cause was called the Hart-horn Tree) one of those hart's-horns which were set up in the year 1333, at a general hunting, when Edward Balliol, then King of Scots, came into England, by permission of King Edward III., and lay for awhile in Robert Lord Clifford's castles in Westmoreland; where the said King hunted a great stag, which was killed near the said oak-tree, in memory whereof the horns were nailed up in it, growing, as it were, naturally in the tree, and remained there ever since, till that in the year 1648 one of these horns were broken down by some of the army; and the other was broken

down, as aforesaid, this year; so now there is no part thereof remaining, the tree itself being so decayed, and the bark of it so peeled off that it cannot last long; whereby we may see time brings to forgetfulness many memorable things in this world, be they ever so carefully preserved; for this tree, with the hart's-horns in it, was a thing of much note in these parts."

Lives of the Veteriponts and Cliffords, and of Anna Countess of Pembroke and Dorset. MS. Eccl. c. iii.

This tale is very differently told by Bewick; but he does not give his authority. The distance run by the stag, he estimates at one hundred and twenty miles.

"The last wild wolf was killed in Scotland in 1682."

Surtees, vol. ii. p. 172.

"The last presentment for killing wolves made in the County of Cork, about 1710." *Bewick.*

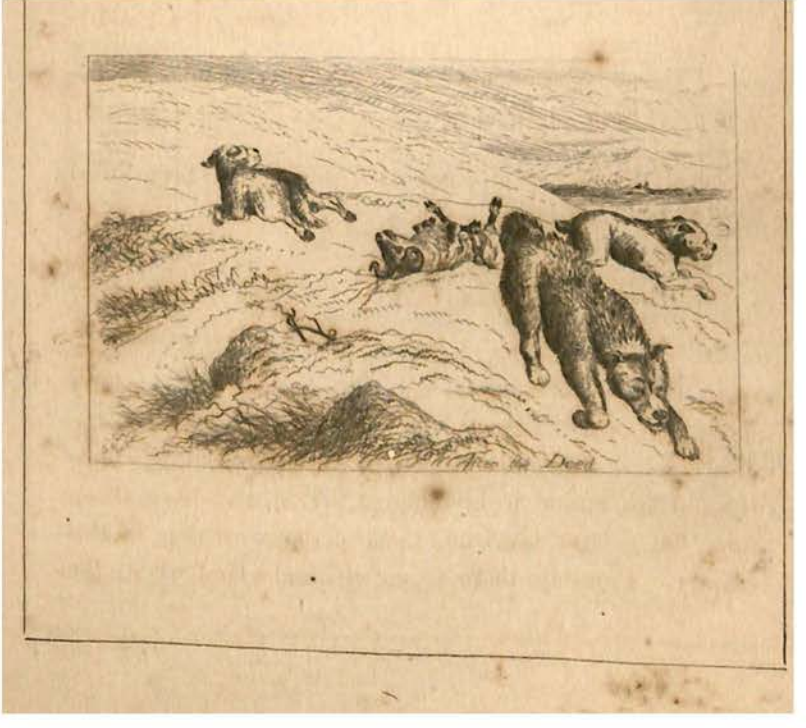
The last wild wolf in England is said to have been killed near Pytchley, Northamptonshire.

"South-sea dogs learn to bark."

Philosophical Transactions, vol. xvi. p. 271.

In England, a man was not, till very recently, legally liable for injury done by his dog, unless aware that the creature had dangerous or mischievous propensities. Continental law is said to be different. This may have arisen from the greater love for them perhaps existing in this country. Probably there is no civilized land where the

canine race is more the companion of man than in Great Britain, or any nation which has so many valuable varieties of it. Trials are not uncommon in Wales in consequence of the destruction of sheep on the mountains by dogs. In these cases it appears that dogs combine. They rendezvous at a certain spot, and after committing the deed of blood, disperse in different directions, and are never seen returning in a direct line from the place of murder to their respective homes, but invariably do so by a circuitous route, evidently with a view of preventing detection. Sheep-dogs in Radnorshire, a county in which there is much unenclosed land, can, the farmers say, recognise every sheep in their flock.



CHAPTER XVI.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DOG IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

THE presence of the dog throughout the world is nearly as extensive as that of man, and reaches from the polar regions to the tropics and the southern ocean. He is an inhabitant of every continent, and also of the islands of the Pacific, and it is only in the Andamans, and perhaps some small insulated spots, that he has not been found accompanying the human race. No animal has so wide a range, or varies so widely in appearance. Columbus when he discovered America, found dogs resembling mastiffs and small hounds, but they did not bark. He also discovered what might now be thought an equal curiosity on the northern part of that continent, to wit, a people who "loved their neighbour as themselves." In every land, either savage or civilized, the dog displays the same fondness and inviolable faith towards man; he voluntarily attaches himself to him and will defend him even against animals of his own species. In no part of the world in modern times has his noble character been so fully developed as among the nations of Europe, and particularly of Great Britain—

> "In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty,
> Is found the perfect hound——"

Fossil remains would appear to indicate that the existence

of the canine race on the earth is more ancient than that of the human; to the establishment of which in its necessities and struggles with wild animals it may have largely contributed.

In those remote ages when the aboriginal races, rude hunters and fishers of the Baltic coasts and Western Ocean shores, ignorant of agriculture, lived by the chase alone, using hatchets of flint and instruments of bone, being as yet unacquainted with iron—when the wild bull and beaver, the red deer and roe, the lynx, wolf, and wild swan, tenanted those regions — the dog appears to have been the only domesticated animal, and friend and ally of man. The remains of the dog are found with the bones of wild animals in the shell mounds or refuse heaps of Denmark, where they have been embedded for thousands of years. They were of a smaller race than those which succeeded in the so-called age of bronze, as they also were inferior in size and strength to those of the age of iron, when the horse, ox, and sheep were also domesticated by man, and he likewise had increased in stature and in intellect. These Lapland-like men of puny stature ventured far from land in canoes hollowed from a single fir, to pursue the deep-sea fisheries for the cod and herring, and were doubtless welcomed on their return by their faithful companions. The dogs lived, partially at least, on the bones of quadrupeds, and those of birds, and probably on the offals of fish.

Amongst the ancient Swiss the dog was also domesticated with other animals employed in the service of man. Their bones are discovered around the sites of the ancient lake dwellings of those extinct races of men. A middle-sized race

of dogs, says Lyell, continued unaltered throughout the whole of the stone period, but in the bronze age a larger dog was introduced, or may have been created by breeding. Remains of the animal are likewise found in the Crannoges or lake dwellings of Ireland; his bones also are stated to have been met with sixty feet below the obelisk of Heliopolis. Beyond doubt man in his early state must have been largely indebted to these creatures for the supply of his wants, for defence from other animals, and even perhaps for the maintenance of his existence.

THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

What the horse is to us, and the camel to the Arab, such, and even more, is the dog to the children of the ice deserts of the forlorn and frozen regions of the north. His strength, speed, and endurance alone enable that lonely race to traverse those trackless wastes shrouded in nature's pall of eternal snows, where a gale is as much dreaded by the Esquimaux as the simoom by the Bedouins in the sandy deserts of Arabia. By his acute senses he discovers for his master the wary walrus blowing in the cracks of the iceberg; the seal; and the winter cavern beneath the inclement drift, of the formidable bear. By his superior swiftness he brings the latter redoubtable beast to bay, and harasses him until he falls by the spear of the hunter. His skin is highly valued as clothing, and the flesh of the young as dainty food. The bitch litters in the hot, stifling, and filthy cabins of the Esquimaux, built of stones and moss, and the bones of the whale, narwhal, and other animals; and he is fed on the hide of the walrus (often frozen like iron and obliged to be chipped or sawn to pieces),

the refuse from seals, and such like offal. By these hardy creatures the cheery savage of the Polar ocean is whirled impetuously in his ivory and bone made sledge over the undulating snow-drifts and glistening plains with wild and reckless speed, exultingly—"nor want, nor cold his course delay." But these useful and faithful dogs undergo many cruel sufferings for and from their masters, and in some of the hazardous expeditions of the intrepid seal-hunters are forced to succumb to the pangs of famine when floated from the mainland on a pack of ice.

The dog is the only domestic animal of these people, whom he aids both in draught and in the chase; but he nevertheless receives very hard treatment from his owners. Martin says: "The Esquimaux dog is surly and obstinate, because his treatment is such as not to develop the nobler parts of his moral nature: he is a slave, ever toiling, and hardly used; subjected to want and blows, to cold and extreme fatigue; seldom, except perhaps by way of excitement in the chase, does he receive a kind word of thankful encouragement; unless indeed from the women, by whom he is uniformly better treated than by the men: it is from the women that this poor animal receives care and attention when sick or helpless, and the consequence is that the women have the complete ascendancy over his affection, and their words can prevail when the blows and threatenings of the men only excite obstinate disobedience; but let the voice of a female issue the orders, and obedience is promptly and willingly rendered."[1] Woman's heart is everywhere the same!

[1] W. C. L. Martin's History of the Dog. 1845.

The Esquimaux men, though possessing many good qualities, do not number consideration for their canine slave among them, and in this some Europeans are not behind them. "Poor dogs!" says M'Clintock, with a sympathy honourable to his feelings; "they have a hard life of it in these regions. Even Petersen, who is generally kind and humane, seems to fancy they must have little or no feeling: one of his theories is, that you may knock an Esquimaux dog about the head with any article, however heavy, with perfect impunity to the brutes. One of us upbraided him the other day because he broke his whip-handle over the head of a dog. '*That was nothing at all*,' he assured us: some friend of his in Greenland found he could beat his dogs over the head with a heavy hammer,—it stunned them certainly,—but by laying them with their mouths open to the wind, they soon revived, got up, and ran about '*all right*.'" These statements are fully paralleled by Hooper, who, in his 'Tents of the Tuski,' gives a horrible picture of the grievous cruelty these unfortunate serfs suffer. "Sometimes they turn very sulky and obstinate, and stop short in a most determined manner, either offended with their fellows, the road, or the driver, and scarcely any amount of punishment, in the regular way, will induce them to budge. If the whip is applied, they throw themselves down in the snow, howl vigorously at first, their cries gradually subsiding into a short moan at each blow; occasionally a good whipping has the desired effect, and the dog resumes its labour, but the struggle for supremacy between master and beast is often protracted and severe. I have seen men," remarks Hooper, "who knew the character of the dog they were about to punish, deliberately dispose themselves to the task, place one

foot upon their sledge, and throwing back their arms to clear their dress, rain down blow after blow upon the wretched creature, sometimes for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour continuously; it is seldom this treatment fails of success, and the beast, if subdued, becomes tractable enough for a long time: but on one occasion, Antin, a man of a particularly cold-blooded and savage nature, being displeased with the conduct of one of his dogs, quietly drew his knife, stabbed the animal in two places, unharnessed it, wiped the blade of his weapon on its coat, and proceeded on his visit to the ship without the least concern.

"When ordinary modes of chastisement have failed, the proceedings then instituted are very curious indeed. The driver gets off his sledge, seizes the dog which has misconducted itself, and makes a nice little hole in the snow, in which he arranges the unfortunate wretch's nose with the greatest care and attention to its suitable position; having thus made due preparation, he pounds away at the snout of his victim with the but-end of his whip, which is generally a piece of heavy flat ivory, in the most remorseless manner. I used, particularly on first viewing this novel punishment, to be under great fears that the noses of the poor beasts must inevitably be broken or crushed, but no such consequences ensued, nor had our remonstrances any effect; punishment had been determined on, and it was certainly administered without wavering. If the snow was too soft for the purpose, the man's foot was often placed as a support for the victim's nose. The punishment must be dreadful; the dogs know perfectly well what is coming the instant their masters touch them, and tremble in every limb: they do not attempt to

howl loudly, and when released only make an occasional short yell as they run; the most stubborn tempers are subdued in this way; no more trouble will be given in the day's drive one may be quite assured; it is a most summary way of inducing submission." This is a harrowing exposure of man's abuse of power towards his slave; it is fervently to be hoped such scenes are the exception not the rule—

"The Earth is wronged by Man's oppression."

The Indians on the Mackenzie river contrast strongly with the Tuski, and, unlike the Esquimaux, will not eat the dog. Hooper mentions four men, two of whom were white, and two Indians, who had been twenty-six days on a journey and exhausted their provisions. They were obliged to kill one of their dogs, but the Indians, although starving, would not touch its flesh, their superstition holding that the dog was their brother. Perhaps religion might be a truer word to apply to such a sentiment.

Cruel oppression like the above renders even the dog ferocious: a vivid scene in proof thereof occurs in the pages of 'Hayes' Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854;' a striking narrative of want and hardship, and which contains many notices of the dogs of Baffin's Bay, by whom he and his companions were saved from death. Speaking of two hunters who discovered them in their forlorn hut, he says, "The Esquimaux were stirring early, and anxious to be off"—"it was snowing violently, and still blowing strongly."—"Since they intended to loose their dogs, every line or piece of skin, or article of food, must be out of reach. The dogs were fastened by their long traces; each team being tied to a

separate stake. They were howling piteously. Having been exposed to all the fury of the storm, with no ability to run about, they had grown cold; and, as their masters told us, having had nothing to eat during thirty-six hours, they must have been savagely hungry. One of them had already (!) eaten his trace; but we came out, fortunately, at the proper moment to prevent an attack upon the sledges.

"Leaving the hunters to look after their teams, I returned to the hut. The blinding snow, which battered my face, made me insensible to everything except the idea of getting out of it; and, thinking of no danger, I was in the habit of stooping to enter the doorway, when a sudden noise behind me caused me to look around, and there, close at my heels, was the whole pack of thirteen hungry dogs, snarling, snapping, and showing their sharp teeth like a drove of ravenous wolves. It was fortunate that I had not got down upon my knees, or they would have been upon my back. In fact, so impetuous was their attack, that one of them had already sprung when I faced round. I caught him on my arm and kicked him down the hill. The others were for the moment intimidated by the suddenness of my movement, and at seeing the summary manner in which their leader had been dealt with; and they were in the act of sneaking away, when they perceived that I was powerless to do them any harm, having nothing in my hand. Again they assumed the offensive; they were all around me; an instant more and I should be torn to pieces. I had faced death in several shapes before, but never had I felt as then; my blood fairly curdled in my viens. Death down the red throats of a pack of wolfish dogs had something about it peculiarly unpleasant.

Conscious of my weakness, they were preparing for a spring; I had not even time to halloo for help—to run would be the readiest means of bringing the wretches upon me. My eye swept round the group and caught something lying half-buried in the snow about ten feet distant. Quick as a flash I sprang, as I never sprang before or since, over the back of a huge fellow who stood before me; and the next instant I was whirling about me the lash of a long whip, cutting to right and left. The dogs retreated before my blows and the fury of my onset, and then sullenly skulked behind the rocks. The whip had clearly saved my life; there was nothing else within my reach, and it had been dropped there quite accidentally by Kalutunah as he went down to the sledges.

"My principal object in mentioning this little incident is to show the savage propensity of these dogs, which are to the Esquimaux more than the horse to us or the camel to the Arab.

"Savage they are, however, only when hungry. The night without food had developed all their latent wolfish qualities. Reclaimed wolves they doubtless are; and, as shown by the boldness of their attack when my back was turned and when I had nothing in my hand, and their timidity when I had possession of a slender whip, they have all the wolf's cowardice. Their masters keep them in subjection only by intimidation; they will do nothing for a man they do not fear; and even the hunter who has been accustomed to them for years, and has fed them and driven them, has to watch them closely when they are hungry. His whip is then his constant companion. They are capable of no attachment to their master, be he never so kind, except in rare cases;

and they will follow the man who last fed them. A little child or a disabled person is never safe amongst them in times of scarcity.

"A story was once told me at Proven, of a little boy, grandson of the governor, who started to walk from one house to another separated from it by about twenty yards, and who, falling midway, was immediately pounced upon by more than a hundred dogs, torn to pieces, and devoured in an instant, under the eye of his mother, who had scarcely time even to scream. I was also told of an old woman who met with a similar fate." Hayes's assertion that this breed is insensible to kindness is quite unfounded; the quotation from Martin, and the evidence of several travellers well acquainted with its nature, prove the contrary. The same author proceeds:—"The hunters remained with us during the night; and next morning, after having received a few trifling presents, they started off to hunt. I asked them to take Mr. Bonsall and myself to aid them with our guns, but they refused us. They were going in pursuit of the bear, and must have their sledges as light as possible.

"I went down with them to the beach when they started, and I thus obtained a better opportunity than I had hitherto enjoyed of examining the travelling gear and hunting equipment of this singular people.

"First, were the dogs. These were picketed, each team separately, on a level space between the pile of rocks below our tent and the shore; and as we approached them from above, they sprang up from the knotted heap in which they had been lying through the night, and greeted us with a wild, savage yell, which died away into a low whine and

impatient snarl. They evidently wanted their breakfast, and it seemed to be their masters' intention to gratify them; for, going to their sledges, each one brought up a flat piece of something which looked more like plate-iron than anything else, but which, upon examination, I found to be walrus hide. It was three-quarters of an inch thick, and was frozen intensely hard. Throwing it upon the snow a few feet in advance of their respective teams, they drew their knives from their boots and attempted to cut the skin into pieces; but the frost had been more severe than they had counted on, and the dogs seemed likely to come off badly, when, discovering the dilemma, I ran up for our hatchet and saw. With the aid of these instruments they reduced the skin to fragments, which were scattered among the teams, to be scrambled for with a greedy ferocity quite characteristic of an Esquimaux dog.

"During the ten minutes occupied with this operation, the animals had become almost frantic. They tried hard to break loose; pulling on their traces, running back and springing forward, straining and choking themselves until their eyes glared and the foam flew from their mouths. I remembered my experience with two such teams four weeks before, and once more congratulated myself upon having escaped their wolfish fangs. The sight of food had loosened their wild passions, and they seemed to be ready to eat each other. Not a moment passed that two or more of them were not flying at each others' throats, and, clinched together, rolling, tossing, and tumbling over the snow. The masters seemed quite unconcerned, except when one of them would appear to be in danger of being injured, when an angry, nasal

'Ay! Ay!' would for a moment restore discipline. A more fierce exhibition of animal passion I think I never saw. When at length the food was thrown to them, they uttered a greedy scream, which was followed by an instant of silence while the pieces were falling, then by a scuffle, and the hard stony chunks were gone. How they were swallowed or digested was to me inexplicable. The animals now became gentle enough, and lay quietly down."

The Esquimaux dog is of medium size, squarely built; and, as was observed in a former chapter, is a reclaimed wolf, and exhibits the variety of colour, which, after a few generations, generally characterises tame animals. Grey is often seen, and it was probably once the prevailing colour. Some of the dogs are black, with white breasts; some are entirely white, others are reddish or yellowish; and indeed, there may be seen among them almost every shade. Their skin is covered with coarse, compact fur, and is greatly prized by the natives for clothing. There is much variety in form, but the general type has a pointed nose, short ears, a cowardly, treacherous eye, and a hanging tail. To this there are some exceptions; and most striking among those that I have seen, was a specimen brought home by Dr. Kane.

"This dog, named by the sailors 'Toodlamik,' shortened into 'Toodla,' was taken from Upernavik, and survived all the disasters of the cruise, to fall, at last, a victim to a Philadelphia summer. His skin, stuffed and set up with lifelike expression, now graces the gallery of the excellent museum of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. He differed from his kind in having a more compact head, a less pointed nose, an eye denoting affection and reliance, and an erect,

bold, fearless carriage. I must express a doubt, however, as to his purity of blood. From the beginning to the end of the cruise he was master of all the dogs that were brought to the ship. In this connection it is worthy of remark, that, in every pack, there is one who is master of the whole,—a sort of Major-General; and in each team, one who is master of his comrades,—a General of Brigade. Once master, always master; but the post of honour is gained at the expence of many a lame leg and ghastly wound, and is only held by daily doing battle with rivals. These could easily gain the ascendency in every case but for their own petty jealousies, which often prevent their union for such a purpose. If a combination does take place, and the leader is hopelessly beaten, he is never worth anything afterward; his spirit is gone for ever, and the poor fellow pines away, and finally dies of a broken heart.

"Toodla was a character in his way. He was a tyrant of no mean pretension. He seemed to consider it his duty to trounce every dog, great or small, that was added to our pack,—if the animal was a large one, in order, probably, that he might at once be made aware that he had a master; if a small one, in order that the others might hold him in the greater awe. It was sometimes quite amusing to see him leave the ship's side, in pursuit of a strange dog, his head erect, his tail gracefully curled over his back, going slowly and deliberately at his mark, with the confident, defiant air of one who feels his power and the importance of his office. There were often combinations against him, no doubt induced by the very desperate nature of the circumstances: but he always succeeded in breaking the cabal; not, however, I am bound to

say, always without assistance; for the sailors, who were very fond of him, sometimes took his part, when he was unusually hard pressed. A brave dog was Toodla!"

Here follows, in the original, an admirable description of the sledge, and dog harness of bearskin.

Hayes thus graphically describes the departure of a native hunter from their solitary hovel, where the former and his shipmates were immured almost hopeless of escape. "The dogs (seven), were cold and eager to be off. They were hitched to the sledge in a moment; the hunter with his right hand threw out the coils of his long whiplash, with his left he seized an upstander, and pushing the sledge forward a few paces, he at the same moment shrilly sounded the familiar starting cry 'Ka! Ka!'—'Ka! Ka!' which sent the dogs bounding to their places, and dashing down over the rough ice-foot. The hunter guided his sledge among the hummocks, restraining the impetuosity of his team with the nasal 'Ay! Ay!' which they well understand. Having reached the smooth ice, he dropped upon the sledge, let fall his whiplash upon the snow to trail after him, shouted 'Ka! Ka!'—'Ka! Ka!' to his wolfish team, and was off at a wild gallop.

"I watched the sledges from the rocks below the hut until I grew cold. They moved gracefully over the heavy drifts, and wound skilfully among the hummocks. Sometimes they were lost to view for a moment in a valley or behind a wall of broken ice. At length they appeared only as dark specks upon the white horizon. Even when they were almost lost to sight, a cheerful voice reached me through the clear air;

and as I turned away, 'Ka; Ka!'—'Ka! Ka!' rung in my ears.—Happy, care-defying creatures!

"I dropped through the door of our wretched hut; crawled through the dark passage, and rolled myself up in my blankets to get warm; half wishing, all the while, that I were a savage; and thinking for the moment how happy I would be to exchange places with the men whom I had just watched. They were going out into the desert, laughing at and defying cold, wind, and storm; caring for nothing, lamenting nothing, fearing nothing; in their own minds, creatures of a predetermined fate."

That the dog of the Arctic Circle is not the untameable, ferocious creature described by the foregoing author, when he meets with humane and just treatment, the next two instances will prove. In the British Museum is a lithograph of "Daddy, Esquimaux dog, belonging to Her Majesty's Ship 'Enterprise,' who having done his duty for three years, in the search for Sir John Franklin, died at Boldon, February 25th, 1856, greatly regretted." With the lithograph is the subjoined letter.

"MY DEAR BARROW, Boldon, Gateshead, March 21st, 1856.

"I send you a proof of my dear old dog, whose career renders him well worthy of a corner in your collection. We got him from the 'Plover' in July 1851; he took a part in all our sledging parties and has travelled 2000 miles with me. He won all hearts by his winning manner both afloat and ashore, and is grieved for as an old friend and companion ought to be.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"R. COLLINSON."

Etah

At the Grand National Exhibition of dogs at Chelsea in 1863, the first prize for dogs of his race was worthily carried off by Etah, an Esquimaux dog, the sole survivor brought home by Dr. Kane, and believed to be fourteen years old. He was a very fine specimen, being a noble, handsome, powerful, and well proportioned animal; compact, with remarkably good legs, and standing very erect. His tail was full, round, and not unlike the brush of a fine fox; carried high and forward over the back somewhat in the style of a foxhound. In height he about equalled that dog, but his colour was white, with his head a pale yellow; and having two blackish spots, one on his side and the other at the root of his tail. To the skulking wolf his commanding presence was totally opposed. No one but a very superficial observer would have imagined any similarity between them, except the sharp muzzle and pointed ears. His head bore the scars of combat, and was nearly smooth; but his body bore a thick coat of long, spiky looking hairs, standing out erect from the skin, particularly about the neck and shoulders. When first brought to America, Etah was much petted and caressed by the ladies of New York; but he afterwards fell into the hands of Barnum, by whom he was exhibited in that city, and after some time presented to Lieutenant Hugh Stewart, R. N., who carried him to England (together with the rifle and furs worn by Dr. Kane), and gave him to Mr. E. W. Nunn, of Ryde. The dog was very savage when he first came into the possession of that gentleman, and would eat nothing but raw meat; but in time he became quite quiet, and even playful with his children, the youngest of whom was not a year old. One could not but regard this creature with considerable

attention, and reflect on the toils, privations, and adventures he had gone through and partaken with his gallant master and comrades in their search for Franklin, and in which his services had so much contributed to carry them safely.

It was with regret that one saw this veteran exposed for sale, after having well earned a pension from the English nation.

Kane, in his first Arctic Voyage, remarks, that "the training of these animals by the natives is of the most ungracious sort. I never heard a kind accent from the Esquimaux to his dog. The driver's whip of walrus hide, some twenty feet long; a stone, or a lump of ice skilfully directed; an imprecation loud and sharp, made emphatic by the fist or foot; and a grudged ration of seal's meat, make up the winter's entertainment of an Esquimaux team. In the summer the dogs run at large and cater for themselves.

"I remarked that there were comparatively few of them at Holsteinberg, and was told a melancholy story to account for it. It seems that the governor, and priest, and fishermen keep goats; veritable goats, housed in a fire-warmed apartment in winter, and allowed the rest of the year to crop the grasses of the snow valleys. Now the half-tutored, unfed Esquimaux dog would eat a goat, bones, skin, and, for aught I know, horns. The diet was too expensive. It became a grave question, therefore, how to reconcile the incompatibilities of dog and goat. The matter was settled very summarily. When the green season of sunshine and plenty came, the dogs were sent to a rocky islet, a sort of St. Helena establishment, about a mile from the main, with permission to live by their wits; and the goats remained to browse and

grow fat at large. The results were tragical. The dogs were afflicted with sore famine. Great life battles began; the strong keeping themselves alive by eating the weak.

"By this terrible process of gradual reduction, the colony was resolved into some four or five scarred veterans, whose nightly combats disturbed even the milk drinkers at the settlement, until the remnant at last took to the water in desperation, and succeeded in reaching the shore. From these came the 'parvum pecus' that we saw."

> 'O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
> Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage?'

"At Pröven and Upernavik the dogs are exceedingly numerous, and large numbers throng the outskirts like their Pariah brethern of Constantinople and the Nile. They do not bark, but howl. And they have not the intelligent movement of the tail, which, like the fan of a Spanish señorita, I hold to be the most expressive and graceful of all the substitutes for voice." This was not the case with Etah, who, on the contrary, acknowledged any little kindness by a wave of his fine tail.

Dr. Kane's second narrative gives many descriptions of the native dog, to which in some instances, his medical acquirements add additional value:—"We have," says he, "more than fifty dogs on board, the majority of whom might be characterised as 'ravening wolves.' To feed this family, upon whose strength our success depends, is a difficult matter. Corn-meal or beans, which Penny's dogs fed on, they disdain to touch, and salt junk would kill them." It appears they sometimes relapse into a wild state, for there is an island near

Holsteinberg fiords where they hunt the reindeer in packs, and are habitually shot by the natives. Nevertheless, they evince a marked attachment to man, "For," he says, "we have made a comfortable dog-house on Butter Island, but though within scent of our cheeses there, they cannot be persuaded to sleep away from the vessel. They prefer the bare snow, where they can couch within the sound of our voices, to a warm kennel upon the rocks. Strange that this dog-distinguishing trait of affection for man should show itself in an animal so imperfectly reclaimed from a savage state that he can hardly be caught when wanted! With a chain of provision-dépôts along the coast of Greenland, I could readily extend my travel by dogs. These noble animals form the basis of my future plans. My dogs were both Esquimaux and Newfoundland. The former were reserved for the great tug of the actual journeys of search. They were now in the semi-savage condition which marks their close approach to the wolf. A hard experience had not then opened my eyes to the inestimable value of these dogs: I had yet to learn their power and speed, their patient enduring fortitude, their sagacity in tracking these icy morasses, among which they had been born and bred. On one occasion darkness came on us rapidly, and the snow began to drift before a heavy north-wind. While driving the dogs rapidly, we took a wrong direction, and travelled out toward the floating ice. There was no guide to the points of the compass; our Esquimaux were completely at fault, and the alarm of the dogs, which became every moment more manifest, extended itself to our party. The instinct of a sledge-dog makes him perfectly aware of unsafe ice, and I know nothing more subduing to a man than the

warnings of an unseen peril conveyed by the instinctive fears of the lower animals. The gale blew around us so fiercely that we could scarcely hold down the sledge. On a sudden I heard the sound of waves. I had hardly time for the hurried order, 'turn the dogs,' before a wreath of wet frost-smoke swept over us, and the sea showed itself, with a great fringe of foam, close ahead. The ice was breaking up before the storm. We could feel it undulating under our feet. Very soon it began to give way. We toiled over the crushed fragments, and at last reached shore with shouts of joy."

Speaking of another sledge-journey, he says,—

"The spring-tides had broken up the ice, and the passage of the sledge was interrupted by fissures. The dogs (four Newfoundlands), began to flag; but we had to press them; we were only two men, and in the event of the animals failing to leap any of the rapidly-multiplying fissures, we could hardly expect to extricate our laden sledge. Three times in less than three hours my shaft or hinder dogs went in, and John and myself, who had been trotting alongside the sledge for sixteen miles, were nearly as tired as they were. The dogs failed in leaping a chasm that was somewhat wider than the others, and the whole concern came down in the water. I cut the lines instantly, and, with the aid of my companion, hauled the poor animals out. We owed the preservation of the sledge to their admirable docility and perseverance. After many fruitless struggles, they carried it forward at last upon the ice, and we gained the ice-belt under the cliffs. The dogs slept in the tent with us, giving it warmth as well as fragrance. What

perfumes of nature are lost at home upon our ungrateful senses! How we relished the companionship!"

The long dreary Arctic night had its influence on the dogs as well as the men:—

"This long intense darkness was most depressing. Even our dogs, although the greater part of them were natives of the Arctic Circle, were unable to withstand it. Most of them died from an anomalous form of disease, to which the absence of light contributed as much as the extreme cold. This morning, January 20, at five o'clock, I went on deck. It was absolutely dark; not a glimmer came to me through the ice-crusted window-panes of the cabin. While I was feeling my way, half puzzled as to the best method of steering clear of whatever might be before me, two of my Newfoundland dogs put their cold noses against my hand, and immediately commenced the most exuberant antics of satisfaction. It then occurred to me how very dreary and forlorn must these poor animals be, at atmospheres at + 10 degrees in-doors and − 50 without,—living in darkness, howling at an accidental light, as if it reminded them of the moon,—and with nothing, either of instinct or sensation, to tell them of the passing hours, or to explain the long-lost daylight. They shall see the lanterns more frequently." . . . "The subject of the influence which our long winter night exerted on the health of these much-valued animals has some interesting bearings.

"*January* 25.—The mouse-coloured dogs, the leaders of my Newfoundland team, have for the past fortnight been nursed like babies: no one can tell how anxious I watch them. They are kept below, tended, fed, cleansed, caressed, and

doctored, to the infinite discomfort of all hands. To-day I give up the last hope of saving them. The disease is as clearly mental as in the case of any human being. The more material functions of the poor brutes go on without interruption: they eat voraciously, retain their strength, and sleep well. But all the indications beyond this go to prove that the original epilepsy, which was the first manifestation of brain disease among them, has been followed by a true lunacy. They bark frenziedly at nothing, and walk in straight and curved lines with anxious and unwearying perseverance.

"They fawn on you, but without seeming to appreciate the notice you give them in return, pushing their heads against your person, or oscillating with a strange pantomime of fear. Their most intelligent actions seem automatic: sometimes they claw you, as if trying to burrow into your seal-skins; sometimes they remain for hours in moody silence, and then start off howling, as if pursued, and run up and down for hours.

"So it was with poor Flora, our 'wise dog.' She was seized with endemic spasms, and, after a few wild violent paroxysms, lapsed into a lethargic condition, eating voraciously, but gaining no strength. This passing off, the same crazy wildness took possession of her, and she died of brain disease (arachnoidal effusion) in about six weeks. Generally, they perish with symptoms resembling locked-jaw in less than thirty-six hours after the first attack."

Kane says afterwards:—

"*September* 14.—Tiger, our best remaining dog, the partner of poor Bruiser, was seized with a fit, ominously resembling the last winter's curse. In the delirium which followed his

seizure, he ran into the water and drowned himself, like a sailor with the horrors.

"*March.*—My dogs, that I counted on so largely, the nine splendid Newfoundlands and thirty-five Esquimaux, of six months before, had perished; there were only six survivors of the whole pack, and one of these was unfit for draught. Still they formed my principal reliance, and I busied myself from the very beginning of the month in training them to run together.

"*March* 31.—I was within an ace to-day of losing my dogs —every one of them. When I reached the ice-foot, they balked;—who would not? The tide was low, the ice rampant, and a jump of four feet necessary to reach the crest. The howling of the wind and the whirl of the snow-drift confused the poor creatures; but it was valuable training for them, and I strove to force them over. Of course I was on foot, and they had a light load behind them. 'Now, Stumpy!' 'Now, Whitey!' 'Good dogs!' 'Tu-lee-cē-cē!' 'Tuh!' They went at it like good staunch brutes, and the next minute the whole team was rolling in a lump, some sixteen feet below me, in the chasm of the ice-foot. The drift was such that at first I could not see them. The roaring of the tide and the subdued wail of the dogs, made me fear for the worst. I had to walk through the broken ice, which rose in toppling spires above my head, for nearly fifty yards, before I found an opening to the ice-face by which I was able to climb down to them. A few cuts of a sheath-knife released them, although the caresses of the dear brutes had like to have been fatal to me, for I had to straddle with one foot on the fast ice and the other on loose piled rubbish. But I got

a line attached to the cross-pieces of the sledge-runners, flung it up on the ice-foot, and then piloted my dogs out of their slough. In about ten minutes we were sweating along at eight miles an hour.

"*May* 22.—The dogs were in excellent condition—no longer foot-sore, but well rested and completely broken, including the four lately obtained from the Esquimaux, animals of great power and size. Two of these, the stylish leaders of the team, a span of thoroughly wolfish iron-greys, have the most powerful and wild-beast-like bound that I have seen in animals of their kind. All attention was bestowed on these indispensable essentials of Arctic search. Dr. Hayes told me that in many places 'they could not have advanced a step but for the dogs;' and they are again mentioned as 'the indispensable reliance of the party.'"

Recounting a severe journey, it is said,—"Our effort to escape would indeed have resulted in miserable failure, had we been without our little Esquimaux dog-team to move the sick and forward the intended lading of the boats, and keep up supplies along the line of march.

"I find by my notes that these six dogs, well worn by previous travel, carried me with a fully-burdened sledge between seven and eight hundred miles during the first fortnight after leaving the brig—a mean travel of fifty-seven miles a day."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN, whilst drawing a sledge, the dogs come on weak, rotten, and unsafe ice, they tremble, lie down, and refuse to go farther. Dr. Kane was once nearly lost in seal-hunting on bad ice.

"I started," says he, "with Hans the Esquimaux, and five dogs, all we could muster from our disabled pack, and reached the 'Pinnacled Berg' in a single hour's run. But where was the water? where were the seal? The floes had closed, and the crushed ice was all that told of our intended hunting-ground.

"Ascending a berg, however, we could see to the north and west the dark cloud-stratus which betokens water.

"In a couple of hours we emerged upon a plain unlimited to the eye and smooth as a billiard-table. Feathers of young frosting gave a plush-like nap to its surface, and towards the horizon dark columns of frost-smoke pointed clearly to the open water. This ice was firm enough; our experience satisfied us that it was not a very recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation, cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals. We passed a second ice-growth; it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but still safe for a party like ours. On we went at a brisker gallop, may be for another mile, when Hans

sang out, at the top of his voice, 'Pusey! puseymut! seal, seal!' At the same instant the dogs bounded forward, and, as I looked up, I saw crowds of grey netsik, the rough or hispid seal of the whalers, disporting in an open sea of water.

"I had hardly welcomed the spectacle when I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right and left and front was one great expanse of snow-flowered ice. The nearest solid floe was a mere lump, which stood like an island in the white level. To turn was impossible; we had to keep up our gait. We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather below the sledge-runners; it was more than a mile to the lump of solid ice. Fear gave to the poor beasts their utmost speed, and our voices were soon hushed in silence.

The suspense, unrelieved by action or effort, was intolerable; we knew that there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that everything depended on our dogs, and our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern into the rapid tideway; no presence of mind or resource, bodily or mental, could avail us. The seals—for we were now near enough to see their expressive faces—were looking at us with that strange curiosity which seems to be their characteristic expression: we must have passed some fifty of them, breast-high out of water, mocking us by their self-complacency.

"This desperate race against fate could not last: the rolling of the tough salt-water ice terrified our dogs, and when within fifty paces from the floe, they paused. The left-hand runner went through; our leader 'Toodlamick' fol-

lowed, and in one second the entire left of the sledge was submerged. My first thought was to liberate the dogs. I leaned forward to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next minute was swimming in a little circle of frosty ice and water alongside him. Hans, dear good fellow! drew near to help me, uttering piteous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and to make for the island by cogging himself forward with his jack-knife. In the mean time—a mere instant—I was floundering about with sledge, dogs, and lines, in confused puddle around me.

"I succeeded in cutting poor Tood's lines and letting him scramble to the ice, for the poor fellow was drowning me with his piteous caresses, and made my way for the sledge; but I found that it would not buoy me, and that I had no resource but to try the circumference of the hole. Around this I paddled faithfully, the miserable ice always yielding when my hopes of a lodgment were the greatest. During this process I enlarged my circle of operations to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort. Hans meanwhile had reached the firm ice, and was on his knees, like a good Moravian, praying incoherently in English and Esquimaux; at every fresh crushing-in of the ice he would ejaculate 'God!' and when I recommenced my paddling he recommenced his prayers.

"I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs, and a spare one which I carried in my trowsers'-pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins that I could not reach it.

"I owed my extrication at last to a newly-broken team-

dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and in struggling carried one of the runners chock against the edge of the circle. All my previous attempts to use the sledge as a bridge had failed, for it broke through, to the much greater injury of the ice. I felt that it was a last chance. I threw myself on my back, so as to lessen as much as possible my weight, and placed the nape of my neck against the rim or edge of the ice; then with caution slowly bent my leg, and, placing the ball of my mocassined foot against the sledge, I pressed steadily against the runner, listening to the half-yielding crunch of the ice beneath.

"Presently I felt that my head was pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur jumper was sliding up the surface. Next came my shoulders; they were fairly on. One more decided push, and I was launched upon the ice and safe. I reached the ice-floe, and was frictioned by Hans with frightful zeal. We saved all the dogs; but the sledge, kayack, tent, gun, snow-shoes, and everything besides, were left behind. It is with real gratitude that I look back upon my escape."

The Polar bear is a redoubtable beast; his activity is far beyond what his apparently unwieldy form indicates, and his strength is gigantic. In size he frequently much surpasses those exhibited in this country. Wrangell tells of one which was nine feet long, estimated to weigh 1260 pounds, and took twelve good dogs to draw him along: Parry, another which was 8 feet 7½ inches long, and weighed 1627 pounds. Yet, with the aid of his brave dogs, the Esquimaux does not hesitate to assail him single-handed with his lance.

The gallant American who generously risked his life in the hope of assisting Franklin and his companions, thus informs us of the method of killing them:—

"Our whole journey had been an almost unbroken and scarcely varied series of bear-hunts. They had lost for me the attractions of novelty; but, like the contests with the walrus, they were always interesting, because characteristic of this rude people.

"The dogs are carefully trained not to engage in contest with the bear, but to retard its flight. While one engrosses his attention ahead, a second attacks him in the rear; and, always alert, and each protecting the other, it rarely happens that they are seriously injured, or that they fail to delay the animal until the hunter come up.

"Let us suppose a bear scented out at the base of an iceberg. The Esquimaux examines the track with sagacious care, to determine its age and direction, and the speed with which the animal was moving when he passed along. The dogs are set upon the trail, and the hunter courses over the ice at their side in silence. As he turns the angle of the berg his game is in view before him, stalking probably along with quiet march, sometimes snuffing the air suspiciously, but making, nevertheless, for a nest of broken hummocks. The dogs spring forward, opening in a wild wolfish yell, the driver shrieking 'Nannook! nannook!' and all straining every nerve in pursuit.

"The bear rises on his haunches, inspects his pursuers, and starts off at full speed. The hunter, as he runs, leaning over his sledge, seizes the traces of a couple of his dogs and liberates them from their burthen. It is the work

of a minute; for the motion is not checked, and the remaining dogs rush on with apparent ease.

"Now, pressed more severely, the bear makes for an iceberg and stands at bay, while his two foremost pursuers halt at a short distance and quietly await the arrival of the hunter. At this moment the whole pack are liberated; the hunter grasps his lance, and tumbling through the snow and ice, prepares for the encounter.

"If there be two hunters the bear is killed easily; for one makes a feint of thrusting a spear at the right side, and, as the animal turns with his arms towards the threatened attack, the left is unprotected and receives the death-wound.

"But if there be only one hunter, he does not hesitate. Grasping the lance firmly in his hands, he provokes the animal to pursue him by moving rapidly across its path, and then running as if to escape. But hardly is its long, unwieldy body extended for the solicited chase, before, with a rapid jump, the hunter doubles on his track and runs back toward his first position. The bear is in the act of turning after him again, when the lance is plunged into the left side, below the shoulder. So dexterously has this thrust to be made, that an unpractised hunter has often to leave his spear in the side of his prey and run for his life. But even then, if well aided by the dogs, a cool, skilful man seldom fails to kill his adversary.

"The tracks of bears were becoming more and more numerous as we rounded one iceberg after another; and we could see the beds they had worn in the snow while watching for seal. These swayed the dogs from their course, and they suddenly encountered a large male bear in the act of devour-

ing a seal. The impulse was irresistible: I lost all control over both dogs and drivers. They seemed dead to everything except the passion of pursuit. Off they sped with incredible swiftness, the Esquimaux clinging to their sledges, and cheering their dogs with loud cries of 'Nannook!' A mad, wild chase, wilder than German legend—the dogs wolves, the drivers devils. After a furious run the animal was brought to bay, the lance and rifle did their work, and we halted for a general feed. The dogs gorged themselves, the drivers did as much, and we buried the remainder of the carcass in the snow."

In recounting another bear-hunt, Kane remarks—"This time she would really have escaped but for the admirable tactics of our new recruits from the Esquimaux. The dogs of Smith's Sound are educated more thoroughly than any of their more southern brethren. Unlike the dogs we had brought with us from Baffin's Bay, these were trained, not to attack, but to embarrass. They ran in circles round the bear, and when pursued would keep ahead with regulated gait, their comrades effecting a diversion at the critical moment by a nip at her hinder-quarters. This was done so systematically and with so little seeming excitement as to strike every one on board. I have seen bear-dogs elsewhere that had been drilled to relieve each other in the mêlée and avoid the direct assault; but here, two dogs, without even a demonstration of attack, would put themselves before the path of the animal, and, retreating right and left, lead him into a profitless pursuit that checked his advance completely." "This beast weighed when killed, though but of medium size

and very lean, 650 lbs." The Esquimaux describe the Pleiades, as a pack of dogs in pursuit of a bear.

The chase of the walrus in the darker, colder, and more tempestuous season of the year, is fearfully hazardous, and catastrophes often occur. Sometimes he rises by the side of an iceberg, where the currents have worn away the floe, or through a tide-crack, and, enjoying the sunshine too long, finds his retreat cut off by the freezing up of the opening. When thus caught, the Esquimaux scent him out by their dogs, and spear him.

In relation to the outward resemblance between these dogs and wolves, Kane remarks, that a wolf being reported at the meat-house he went out in haste to shoot it.

"I got a somewhat rapid shot. I hit—one of our dogs, a truant from Morton's team; luckily a flesh-wound only, for he is too good a beast to lose. I could have sworn he was a wolf."

"There is so much of identical character between our Arctic dogs and wolves, that I am inclined to agree with Mr. Broderip, who, in the 'Zoological Recreations,' assigns to them a family origin. The oblique position of a wolf's eye is not uncommon among the dogs of my team. I have a slut, one of the tamest and most affectionate of the whole of them, who has the long legs and compact body, and drooping tail, and wild, scared expression of the eye, which some naturalists have supposed to characterise the wolf alone. When domesticated early—and it is easy to domesticate him—the wolf follows and loves you like a dog. That they are fond of a loose foot proves nothing: many of our pack will run away for weeks into the wilderness of ice; yet they cannot be per-

suaded when they come back to inhabit the kennel we have built for them only a hundred yards off. They crouch around for the companionship of man. Both animals howl in unison alike: the bell at the settlements of South Greenland always starts them. Their footprint is the same, at least in Smith's Sound. Dr. Richardson's remark to the contrary made me observe the fact that our northern dogs leave the same 'spread track' of the toes when running, though not perhaps as well marked as the wolf's.

The old proverb, and the circumstance of the wolf having sometimes carried off an Esquimaux dog, has been alluded to by the editors of the 'Diffusion of Knowledge Library.' But this, too, is inconclusive, for the proverb is false. It is not quite a month ago since I found five of our dogs gluttonizing on the carcasses of their dead companions who had been thrown out on a rubbish-heap, and I have seen pups only two months old risk an indigestion by over-feeding on their twin brethren who had preceded them in a like imprudence.

"Nor is there anything in the supposed difference of strength. The Esquimaux dog of Smith's Sound encounters the wolf fearlessly and with success. The wolves of Northern America never venture near the huts; but it is well known that when they have been chasing the deer or the moose, the dogs have come up as rivals in the hunt, beaten them off, and appropriated the prey to themselves."

"*Dec.*—I have ahead of me a journey of a hundred miles, to say nothing of the return. My misgivings are mostly on account of the dogs. We have been feeding them on

salt meat, for we have had nothing else to give them, and they are out of health; and there are hardly enough of them at best to carry our lightest load. If one of these tetanoids should attack them on the road, it may be *game up* for all of us.

"*Dec.* 28.—I have fed the dogs the last two days on their dead brethren. Spite of all proverbs, *dog will eat dog*, if properly cooked. I have been saving up some who died of fits, intending to use their skins, and these have come in very opportunely. I boil them into a sort of bloody soup, and deal them out twice a day in chunks and solid jelly; for of course they are frozen like quartz rock. These salt meats are absolutely poisonous to the northern Esquimaux dog. We have now lost fifty odd, and one died yesterday in the very act of eating his reformed diet."

The poor famished creatures broke down on this adventure, and Kane and his companion Petersen were obliged to return to the ship with them.

"*Jan.* 13.—I am feeding up my few remaining dogs very carefully; but I have no meat for them except the carcasses of their late companions. These have to be boiled; for in their frozen state they act as caustics, and, to dogs famishing as ours have been, frozen-food often proves fatal, abrading the stomach, and œsophagus. One of these poor creatures had been a child's pet among the Esquimaux.

"Last night I found her in nearly a dying state at the mouth of our *tossut*,[1] wistfully eyeing the crevices of the door

[1] The underground entrance to the hut of the Esquimaux is so called.

as they emitted their forbidden treasures of light and heat. She could not move, but, completely subdued, licked my hand—the first time I ever had such a civilised greeting from an Esquimaux dog.[1] I carried her in among the glories of the moderate paradise she aspired to, and cooked her a dead puppy soup. She is now slowly gaining strength, but can barely stand.

"I want all my scanty dog-force for another attempt to communicate with the bay settlements. Counting my greatest possible number of dogs, we have but five at all to be depended on, and these far from being in condition for the journey. Toodla, Jenny—at this moment officiating as wet nurse—and Rhina, are all the relics of my South Greenland teams; little Whitey is the solitary Newfoundlander; one big yellow and one feeble little black, all that are left of the powerful recruits we obtained from our Esquimaux brethren.

"It is a fearful thing to attempt a dog-trot of near one hundred miles, where your dogs may drop at any moment, and leave you without protection from 50° below zero. As to riding I do not look to it; we must run alongside of the sledge, as we do on shorter journeys. Our dogs cannot move more than our scanty provisions, our sleeping bags, and guns.

"At home one would fear to encounter such hoopspined, spitting, snarling beasts, as the Esquimaux dogs of Peabody Bay. But, wolves as they are, they are far from dangerous: the slightest appearance of a missile or cudgel subdues them at once. Indispensable to the very life of their masters, they

[1] Here was a proof of the effect of humane treatment on this social creature: *this* dog had been a child's pet, and consequently caressed by the child and its mother.

are treated, of course, with studied care and kindness;[1] but they are taught from the earliest days of puppy-life a savoury fear that makes them altogether safe companions even for the children. But they are absolutely ravenous of everything below the human grade. Old Yellow, who goes about with arched back, gliding through the darkness more like a hyena than a dog, made a pounce the other day as I was feeding Jenny, and, almost before I could turn, had gobbled down one of her pups. As none of the litter will ever be of sledging use, I have taken the hint, and refreshed Old Yellow with a daily morning puppy. The two last of the family, who will then, I hope, be tolerably milk-fed, I shall reserve for my own eating." So much for Doctor Kane's opinion of "Old Yellow." One would much like to know what "Old Yellow's" opinion of the Doctor might be under the circumstances recorded!

The next extract demonstrates, how indispensable the dog is to this race of people, and that in the direst necessity he is even devoured by those whom his services maintained.

"Hans reached Etah Bay and was hailed with joyous welcome. But a new phase of Esquimaux life had come upon its indolent, happy, blubber-fed denizens.

"Instead of plump, greasy children, and round-cheeked matrons, Hans saw around him lean figures of misery: the men looked hard and bony, and the children shrivelled in the hoods which cradled them at their mothers' backs. Famine had been among them; and the skin of a young

[1] This statement is, in respect to the kindness said to be shown by the Esquimaux to their dogs, utterly inconsistent with Kane's previous one at p. 224.

sea-unicorn, lately caught, was all that remained to them of food. It was the old story of improvidence and its miserable train. They had even eaten their reserve of blubber, and were seated in darkness and cold, waiting gloomily for the sun. "Even their dogs, their main reliance for the hunt and for an escape to some more favoured camping-ground, had fallen a sacrifice to hunger. Only four had remained out of thirty: the rest had been eaten."

"It seems that the poor wretches suffered terribly—the last resource pressed itself upon them. They killed their dogs. Fearful as it sounds, when we think how indispensable the services of these animals are to their daily existence, they cannot now number more than twenty in the entire ownership of the tribe. What can they hope for without them?"

Kane and his party (at least the remaining numbers of it), on their last journey, in endeavouring to regain the nearest Danish settlement, suffered greatly from famine. When much reduced they happily killed a large seal. "This," says he, "was our last experience of the disagreeable effects of hunger. In the words of George Stephenson, 'the charm was broken, and the dogs were safe.' The dogs I have said little about, for none of us liked to think of them. The poor creatures, Toodla and Whitey, had been taken with us as last resources against starvation. They were, as McGary worded it, 'meat on the hoof,' and 'able to carry their own fat over the floes.' Once, near Weary Man's Rest, I had been on the point of killing them; but they had been the leaders of our winter's team, and we could not bear the sacrifice."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WRANGELL'S Expedition to the Polar Sea contains much information on the dogs of Northern Siberia and their relations with the human race in those vast countries.[1] Countries on the limit of the animated world, in whose icy deserts and dreary regions, endless snows and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon, and life lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter. Where existence has a continual conflict with privation in the grave of nature, a charnel-house, which contains the fossil bones of an earlier world.

"Of all the animals that live in these high north latitudes, none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates, from the islands of the South Sea where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea where his food is fish, he here plays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favoured regions. Necessity has taught the inhabitants of the northern countries to employ these comparatively weak animals in draught.

"On all the coasts of the Polar Sea, from the Obi to Behring's Straits, in Greenland, Kamtschatka, and in the Kurile Islands, the dogs are made to draw sledges loaded with persons and with goods, and for considerable journeys.

[1] Wrangell's Expedition to the Polar Sea, 2nd edition. Edited by General Sabine, R.A., P.R.S.

"The dogs have much resemblance to the wolf. They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail; some have smooth and some have curly hair; their colour is various—black, brown, reddish-brown, white, and spotted. They vary also in size; but it is considered that a good sledge-dog should not be less than two feet seven and a half inches in height, and three feet three quarters of an inch in length.

"Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air; in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to avoid the musquitos:[1] in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up, with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The female puppies are drowned, except enough to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their training the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and guiding them. The best trained dogs are used as leaders, and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education; so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game.

"This last is a point of great difficulty: sometimes the whole team, in such cases, will start off, and no endeavours

[1] Dogs also lie in the Nile, in Egypt, in the hot weather.

on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit; if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round, and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. In travelling across the wide *tundra*,[1] in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in stormy or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the sheltering *powarna*, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader; if the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the powarna, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hut lies deeply buried in the snow; when arrived at it he will suddenly stop, and indicate, significantly, the spot where his master must dig.

"Nor are the dogs without their use in summer; they tow the boats up the rivers, and it is curious to observe how instantly they obey their master's voice, either in halting or in changing the bank of the river. On hearing his call they plunge into the water, draw the towing-line after them, and swim after the boat to the opposite shore; and, on reaching it, replace themselves in order, and wait the command to go on. Sometimes even, those who have no horses will use the dogs in fowling excursions, to draw their light boats from one lake or river to another. In short, the dog is fully as useful and indispensable a domestic animal to the settled inhabitant of this country, as the tame rein-deer is to the nomade tribes.

[1] Moss steppes.

They regard it as such. We saw a remarkable instance of this during the terrible sickness, which, in the year 1821, carried off the greater part of these useful animals.

"An unfortunate Juhakir family had only two dogs left out of twenty, and these were just born, and indeed still blind. The mother being dead, the wife of the Juhakir determined on nursing the two puppies with her own child, rather than lose the last remains of their former wealth. She did so, and was rewarded for it, for her two nurselings lived, and became the parents of a new and vigorous race of dogs.

"In the year 1822, when most of the inhabitants had lost their dogs by the sickness, they were in a most melancholy condition; they had to draw home their own fuel; and both time and strength failed them in bringing home the fish which had been caught in distant places; moreover, whilst thus occupied, the season passed for fowling and fur-hunting; and a general and severe famine, in which numbers perished, was the consequence. Horses cannot be made a substitute: the severity of the climate, and the shortness of the summer, make it impossible to provide sufficient fodder; the light dog can also move quickly over the deep snow, in which the heavy horse would sink."

"Having thus described the out-of-door life and employments of the people of this district, let us accompany an individual" into his flat-roofed, earth-covered "habitation (twelve to eighteen feet square and nine high, made of the scarce driftwood collected at the spring floods), at the close of summer, when he and his family rest from all these laborious efforts, and enjoy life after their manner. The walls are caulked afresh with moss; new plastered with clay" (or

lime?) "and a solid mound of earth is heaped up on the outside as high as the windows," which are small, always face the south, and are covered in summer with fish membranes, and in winter with plates of ice. This is accomplished before December, when the long winter nights assemble the members of the family around the hearth. The light of the fire, and that of one or more train-oil lamps, is seen through the ice-windows; and from the low chimneys rise high columns of red smoke, with magnificent jets of sparks, occasioned by the resinous nature of the wood. "A low door, over which hangs the thick skin of a white bear, or of a rein-deer, leads into the dwelling room." There the father and his sons are seen making nets of horse-hair, and preparing bows, arrows, spears, &c. The women are sitting on the benches, or the ground, making the skins which the men have brought home, into different garments, in doing which they use rein-deer sinews instead of thread.

"Two large iron kettles are hanging over the fire, in which are boiling fish for the dogs. One of the women prepares the frugal dinner or supper, which usually consists of either fish or rein-deer meat, boiled or fried in train oil.". . . . "If a travelling guest arrives, all that is best in the larder is produced, smoked rein-deer tongues, melted rein-deer fat, frozen Jakut butter, &c. The table is covered, instead of a table cloth, with several folds of an old fishing net, and instead of napkins, thin rolled up shavings of wood are used. Salt seldom appears, and at any rate is only for the guest: the natives never use it, and even dislike it, as also do the Tchuktches, a strong and powerful race. Bread is everywhere rare. If the fisheries and huntings have been productive, and they are

safe from hunger, and if tea and brandy are not wanting, they are content, and to a certain degree happy. They are a vigorous race, usually above the middle height, and well looking.". . . . " Near the house, and on the roof, are scaffolds for drying fish: and there is a small out-house for sheltering the dogs in extreme cold weather; but they are more generally tethered outside, and bury themselves in the snow." From time to time their howling interrupts the general silence; it is so loud as to be heard at great distances, and is repeated at intervals, usually of six or eight hours, except when the moon shines, when it is much more frequent.

It was once unwisely proposed to forbid the keeping of dogs on account of the quantity of fish required for their support, which is thus withdrawn from the food of the inhabitants. Each sledge, of twelve dogs, requires daily from fifty to seventy herrings, or if dried, eight or ten for each dog. But if this measure had been adopted, so far from increasing the quantity of food at the command of the inhabitants, it would have deprived them of one of their chief means of procuring subsistence, as was most clearly proved at the time of the great mortality amongst the dogs in 1821 and 1823. This highly injudicious proposal was happily rejected by the government.

" In 1821, to the want of provisions was added a new misfortune, hitherto almost unknown in the Nijnei Kolymsk district, namely, a wide-spreading malady amongst the dogs. This disease had shown itself during the summer on the banks of the Lena, the Jana, and the Indigirka. Very soon after the beginning of winter it reached the banks of the Kolyma. As our intended journey over the ice depended on

our having the ninety-six dogs required for eight sledges, I sought anxiously to adopt such precautions as might secure those we obtained, from infection. Orders were given to procure as quickly as possible at least a hundred healthy dogs, and to take them immediately to the greater and lesser Tchukotski rivers, to be kept there at the expense of the expedition, cutting of all communication with the neighbouring district. Part of our provisions had also to be conveyed to the store-house, which had been built near the Baranicha River. But whilst we were endeavouring to execute these plans, the malady spread so rapidly that we had the utmost difficulty in obtaining thirty-six dogs, instead of the required ninety-six; and though they were instantly sent away, they almost all died. The mortality increased daily with the increasing intensity of the cold, and it soon extended to all the villages and settlements in the Kolymsk district. The inhabitants felt the loss of these valuable and almost indispensable servants more acutely than they did the scarcity, to occasional returns of which they are in great measure accustomed and resigned. Such was the unhappy state of things at the opening of a new year (1822). As the time of our departure was near, I gave up all hopes of procuring more dogs in our own district, and sent one of the most trustworthy of the Cossacks to the Indigirka, where the sickness did not prevail, with a commission to purchase sixty, and to keep them in readiness until further orders near the greater Tchukotski River, feeding them well. On the 5th of March I received information from him that he had found it impossible to collect more than forty-five good dogs, with which he awaited me at the appointed place.

"As the intensity of the cold diminished, the sickness gradually abated, until it at last entirely subsided; but not until the inhabitants had lost four-fifths of their dogs. Most of those which survived were the property of the Cossacks, who, with some of the citizens, most generously volunteered to fit out twenty sledges with twelve dogs each.

"On the Lower Kolyma District, the disease, which in 1821 attacked the dogs throughout Northern Siberia, did not make its appearance at Kolymsk till a year later than on the rivers to the west."

CHAPTER XIX.

TERRIBLE misery oppresses at intervals the hyperborean races: it would almost appear, judging from some facts, as if a cause was slowly but surely bringing about the ultimate extirpation of these tenants of the icy zone. Their dogs, of course, endure at least an equal amount of suffering.

"Spring is the severest season. Tunguses and Jukahirs come to the Russian villages to escape starvation. Like wandering phantoms, pale, without strength, scarcely able to walk, they throw themselves greedily on any remains of bones, skin, or aught else which may in any way alleviate the pangs of hunger; but there is little comfort for them in the villages, where want reigns likewise—the inhabitants are obliged to have recourse to the small remains of the provisions designed for their dogs, many of which are often starved in consequence. "I have," says Wrangell, "lived here through three such dreadful springs. I cannot even now look back without shuddering to the scenes of misery which I have witnessed, but which I may not venture to describe."

During the summer the dogs subsist to a certain extent on field-mice, which they make a practice of catching. The very thin fish taken are usually put aside for them, cleaned, cut open, laid flat, and dried in the air.

"The dogs are often too much exhausted by the winter

work and insufficient food to be fit for chasing the rein-deer and elk over the *Nast* in the spring. When the warmth of the sun thaws the surface of the snow, it freezes again at night and forms a thin crust of ice, which is just strong enough to bear a light sledge, with its team of dogs. This is called nast. The hunters then pursue the elks and rein-deer by night, and as the weight of these animals causes them to break through, they fall an easy prey.

"Not only the elk and rein-deer, but the wild sheep, foxes, sables, and squirrels, are pursued by their traces on the fresh-fallen snow by trained dogs in sledges. When the rein-deer are in motion in large troops in the summer, some hunters go in boats and others on horseback to the large lakes. The deer are driven into the water by trained dogs, and are then killed with spears as they are swimming. In the moulting season, when the wild swans, geese, and ducks are unable to fly, the fishermen leave the rivers and go to the breeding places of the wildfowl on the lakes. They employ dogs, instructed for the purpose, to pursue them, and kill great numbers with guns, arrows, and sticks."

The wisdom of the government in permitting such massacres, or "battues," at that period of helplessness of the birds, is perhaps open to question. Some of the distress of the people may be due to this conduct.

The Tchuktches inhabit the north-east of Asia to Behring's Straits: they harness four or five dogs abreast, while on the Kolyma dogs are driven two abreast. Tchuktche dogs are smaller than those employed for draught in other parts of Siberia, and inferior both in strength and swiftness. It is

remarkable that in 1821 the Tchuktches lost great numbers of their dogs by the same malady as that which made such ravages among those of the Kolyma, the Indigirka, the Jana, and the Lena. Salt, (as has already been stated), is never eaten by these people. They use only animal food; boiled rein-deers' flesh, with seals'-blubber, is a frequent dish. They are particularly fond of the flesh of white bears and of the skin of the whale, with a layer of meat adhering to it, eaten raw. Fish are not much esteemed. Every article of food is taken cold, and they usually conclude their meals with a lump of snow.

These dogs have a remarkable aversion to bears' flesh as long as it is warm, and will not touch it even when pressed by hunger; but when it is cold they eat it with avidity.

The custom of using dogs as draught animals came, no doubt, originally from the Kamtschatdales, (who are said to castrate them), from whom the Russians adopted it. All the nations of North-eastern Siberia were previously in the habit of employing rein-deer exclusively. The rein-deer is useful to his master in many more ways than the dog, but, on the other hand, is more difficult to maintain.

The narti, or sledges, of Northern Siberia are about 5 feet 10 inches in length, breadth 1 foot 9 inches, height 10¼ inches. The best material is seasoned birchwood, free from knots. The upper surface, on which the load is placed, is formed of woven shoots of the sand-willow. No iron is used—all the parts are fastened by thongs. Water is poured every evening over the runners to produce a thin crust of ice, which glides with incredible ease over the snow. Under favourable circumstances 1260 lbs. may be placed on a sledge, but in intense

cold 360 lbs. is sometimes a heavy load for the dogs. Whalebone is placed under the runners in spring. The best time for sledging is in March and April. When the cold equals — 25 degrees the draught is much more heavy, and when it is — 40 degrees the friction is greatly increased from the granular state of the snow.

Good thongs to be used in the construction of sledges may be made of elk, ox, or walrus-skin: the first are very good but scarce, and the preparation of ox-leather is ill-understood; walrus-skin is most frequently used, and is very durable. The whole of the lading of a sledge should be wrapped in a covering of soft rein-deer skin, and bound so strongly to the sledge with thongs as to be quite secure from displacement in the overturns which frequently occur. A complete sledge of large size, and drawn by twelve or thirteen dogs, requires, including the harness and the binding of the lading, 760 feet of thongs of various breadths.

For a long journey the choice of dogs is a most material point. A team ought always to be well accustomed to draw together; the dogs appear to learn how best to aid each other, by which they are saved much fatigue and their driver much trouble. The dogs of the Jana and Indigirka are preferable to those of the Kolyma on this account, and also because they are used to much longer journeys, both over the ice to New Siberia and over the tundras.[1] A well-loaded sledge requires twelve dogs, but the foremost sledge should have one more, which should be trained as a leader with great and peculiar care, that he may be neither liable to be tempted from the

[1] Moss steppes.

route by the scent of game, nor turned aside by any difficulty, but may swim across open places when necessary. The importance of a good leader, even for a single team and in ordinary sledging, has been spoken of.

Dogs that are to be used for a distant journey ought to be treated with great care for a long time beforehand, and to be allowed good food and rest: when this has been done, they usually show the good condition they are in by changing the whole of their coat in summer, which is only partially the case with weak and ill-kept dogs. When winter has set in and the time for travelling approaches, they should be carefully prepared for it. For a fortnight previous to their first journey they must be put on a smaller allowance of hard food, to convert their superfluous fat into firmer flesh. They are at the same time to be exercised, by being driven from ten to at the outside thirty *wersts*,[1] halting and resting regularly every four or five wersts. After such a preparation they may be driven as much as one hundred and fifty wersts a-day (or about one hundred miles), without being injured by it, providing the journey is not of very long continuance and the cold is not very great; in such cases the day's journey must be proportionably shortened.

"In order to be more sure," wisely remarks the Russian explorer, "that none of the necessary precautions were omitted, we attended to them ourselves; and previous to our long ice-journeys we had the dogs collected at a proper place, about a fortnight before starting, and saw all the rules of diet and

[1] A werst is nearly two-thirds of an English mile.

exercise observed. The drivers at such times gave them their food raw and cooked on alternate days.

"In winter journeys it is advisable, as far as possible, to allow the dogs fresh frozen fish, thawed and cut into pieces, instead of dried fish; but the latter does perfectly well in spring, when the weather is milder. Ten good frozen herrings are a proper daily allowance for each dog. Dried fish are lighter for transport.

"On first starting, we used to drive about forty wersts a-day along the coast, when the path was good; in returning, we often drove at the rate of sixty wersts, and during the last twenty days, sometimes at that of one hundred wersts a-day. When the weather is very severe the dogs ought to be allowed a day's rest after every two or three; but in milder weather once a-week is sufficient. Sometimes, towards the end of the journey, we travelled several days together, without the dogs being injured by it. Generally speaking, the quantity of rest allowed ought to be in proportion to the strength of the dogs and to the length of time during which they have still to travel. It is most essential to spare them during the early part of the journey; towards its conclusion they may be worked harder, and may even, if necessary, be given less food. When they are in good travelling condition they may very well run for an hour or an hour and a-half in very cold weather, and for three hours in mild weather, without stopping, making a halt of ten or twenty minutes at the expiration of these intervals. The general rule after a day's journey is not to feed them until they have had two or three hours' rest; but if they are very much exhausted, warm food should be given as soon after their arrival as it can be prepared. A small

piece of fish is sometimes given to them during their short halts. On long journeys they are liable to become footsore; and as this will sometimes render them unserviceable for a full month, the greatest care should be taken to avoid it. As soon as any blood is seen on the paws, they should be frequently washed in strong brandy, and if the weather is mild, bathed in sea-water; fur-boots are used at such times with advantage."

When a dog is overworked, it is customary to bleed him in the tail or ears. When on the track of a deer or bear, the dogs will run fifteen wersts, and even more, in an hour; but this must not be regarded as a travelling pace.

"Our dogs were very much exhausted by their long journey, and their feet were so injured by the sharp ice, which had now lost its covering of snow, that their track was marked by spots of blood, and some of them were so lame that we were obliged to put them into sledges to bring them along. The provisions both for them and for ourselves were quite consumed, and nothing could be done except to follow the practice of the country, which is, when dogs are in a very bad condition, to drive them on without stopping, till they reach a place where they can have good food and can rest for some time. We did so, and with much difficulty succeeded in reaching the *balagan* at the mouth of the Baranika, where we found sufficient provisions to admit of allowing our poor dogs two days' rest."

When the surface of the hard-frozen snow was even the dogs went seven or eight miles an hour. The load of each sledge was about 1000 lbs., besides the driver and one tra-

veller. The driver sits sideways on the inside of the sledge with his feet on the runners, ready at any instant to spring off, and holds on by a thong stretched lengthways. He carries a large stick with iron at one end, and bells at the other, for guiding and driving the dogs, and supporting himself.

To guard the dogs from being frozen, the drivers were obliged to put clothing on their bodies, and a kind of boots on their feet, which greatly impeded their running. The intense frost had rendered the snow loose and granular, so that the sledge-runners no longer glided smoothly over its surface.

Wrangell and his companions travelled with dog-sledges about seven hundred and forty-eight miles in twenty-two days, or thirty-four miles per day, and during which time they went several days without food—the stone-foxes and wolverines having destroyed their provision dépôts.

Wrangell speaks frequently of the barking of his dogs at bears, reindeer, wolves, &c. On halts, the dogs were tethered outside to guard against a surprise by bears, and on one occasion an officer, who suddenly and unarmed came on a bear devouring a seal, had his life saved by his dog springing forward and barking loudly. The dogs also towed Wrangell on the rivers; in one place he says, "our boat was towed up the stream by four dogs;" in another, "our boat, which was drawn by twelve dogs, ascended the stream rapidly." During one of their journeys they were all but lost; they came to some weak ice. "Our first care was to examine the possibility of further advance: this, however, could only be done by trusting to the thin ice of the channel, and opinions were divided as to the possibility of its bearing us. I determined to try, and the adventure succeeded better than could have

been hoped for, owing to the incredibly swift running of the dogs, to which, doubtless, we owed our safety. The leading sledge actually broke through in several places; but the dogs, warned, no doubt, of the danger, by their natural instinct, and animated by the incessant cries of encouragement of the driver, flew so rapidly across the yielding ice, that we reached the other side without absolutely sinking through. The other three sledges followed with similar rapidity, each across such part as appeared to them most promising; and we were now all assembled in safety on the north side of the fissure. It was necessary to halt for a time, to allow the dogs to recover a little from their extraordinary exertions."

The party afterwards was cut off from the land by the ice breaking up under a storm, and got on to a large fragment:—

"Our little party remained fast on our ice-island, which was tossed to and fro by the waves; we gazed in most painful inactivity on the wild conflict of the elements, expecting every moment to be swallowed up. We had been three long hours in this position, and still the mass of ice beneath us held together, when suddenly it was caught by the storm, and hurled against a large field of ice: the crash was terrific, and the mass beneath us was shattered into fragments. At that dreadful moment, when escape seemed impossible, the impulse of self-preservation saved us. Instinctively we all sprang at once on the sledges, and urged the dogs to their full speed; they flew across the yielding fragments to the field on which we had been stranded, and safely reached a part of it of a firmer character, on which were several hummocks, and where

the dogs immediately ceased running, conscious, apparently, that the danger was past. We were saved; we joyfully embraced each other, and united in thanks to God for our preservation from such imminent peril."

Hooper states that the sledge-dogs of the Tuski, before mentioned, whose country is on the Arctic Circle at Behring's Straits, are generally small, long-haired, and wiry, with pointed ears and bushy tails: they have many points resembling both the wolf and the fox, the bark especially being a very melancholy whine, or yell; and when a number join in chorus, the wail, particularly at night, is startling, and almost unearthly.

A favoured few of the Tuski possess a tall strong mongrel breed—probably by communication with the Russians—with short hair, and something of the pointer look. One team of dogs seen resembled the stag-hound, and were capable of immense speed and endurance of fatigue; but the native dogs will outlive cold and hunger which the foreign breed would early succumb to, the feet of the strangers being especially tender. According to Hooper, from two to ten dogs are attached to a sledge, and as far as eight they run abreast. They sleep and feed in the entrance chamber of the circular huts made of whale-ribs, and covered with the semilucent skin of the walrus—the faithful creatures ever seeking to lie close to their masters at the edge of the inner rooms, and even thrusting their noses into the heated atmosphere. Their food is walrus flesh. In cases of necessity they can go three or four days without food. But then, if on a journey, they, after burying themselves in the snow, gnaw away at their seal-

hide harness. Like their masters, they are covered with vermin.

In the spring the dogs' feet suffer much from the minute crystals on the hard crust of the snow: they become very sore, and sometimes bleed. The natives have, in consequence, little socks of leather which they tie on the paws, and are a great protection. The Tuski use the rein-deer for draught, as well as the dog, and are clothed principally in the skins of the latter, of seals, and deer.

ASSAM.

CHAPTER XX.

M'CLINTOCK'S "Voyage of the 'Fox' in the Arctic Seas to discover the fate of Franklin," possesses several interesting notices of the dog; and without the aid of these animals that fate might never have been known. The 'Fox' had at first thirty Esquimaux sledge-dogs on board, and a native to manage them. They were obtained at Disco, Proven, and Upernivik. Twenty-nine of them devoured their two days' allowance of seals' flesh (60 or 65 lbs.) in forty-two seconds! It was cut up into small pieces and spread out upon the snow before they were permitted to rush to dinner. In this way the weak enjoyed a fair chance, and there was no time for fighting. They were not allowed on board. A full meal of salted fish or provision will kill an Esquimaux dog, which thrives on almost anything, even the skins of sea-birds with the feathers. But they are not suffered to eat the skin or head of the shark, because of the extreme roughness of the former, and the giddiness and sickness caused them by the latter. At times they were only fed three times a-week, and some absented themselves from the ship all night, hunting on their own account, though what they could find was a mystery. The bears, scenting or hearing them, kept aloof. One, however, came near one night and was attacked by them, some showing no symptom of fear, plunging or falling into the

water with bruin, whilst others ran off in evident fright. So hungry were they, that after his death the stillness of night was broken by some of them returning to the battle-field to gnaw into the blood-stained ice. At night most especially they made occasional inroads into the ship for food.

Whenever the deck-light happened to go out, they scaled the steep snow banking and rushed round the deck like wolves. "Why, bless you Sir, the very moment that there light goes out, and the quartermaster turns his back, they makes a regular sort*ee*, and in they all comes." "But *where do* they come in, Harvey?" "Where, Sir? why everywheres; they makes no more to do, but in they comes, clean over all!"

"It is said," writes M'Clintock, "that Esquimaux dogs will eat everything except fox and raven. There are exceptions, however; one of ours, old 'Harness Jack,' devoured a raven with much gusto some days ago. All the other dogs allowed their harness to be taken off when they were brought on board; but old Jack will not permit himself to be unrobed: when attempted, he very plainly threatens to use his teeth. This canine oddity suddenly became immensely popular by constituting himself protecting head of the establishment when one of his tribe littered: he took up a most uncomfortable position on top of the family cask (our *impromptu* kennel), and prevented the approach of all the other dogs; but for his timely interference on behalf of the poor little puppies, I verily believe they would all have been stolen and devoured! Dogs may do even worse than eat raven." How justly, he became "immensely popular" for protecting the defenceless! "Man praises man;" but too often the

heroic and generous actions of the "lower animal"—the despised dog—are regarded as matters of course, or depreciated by the arrogance of the *higher animal*, who probably does not possess one tithe of his virtues:—

> 'But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
> To quadruped instructors, many a good
> And useful quality, and virtue too,
> Rarely exemplified among ourselves."

The following anecdote is not of so amiable and heroic a nature as the foregoing:—

"Hobson's favourite dog 'Chummie' has returned, after an absence of six days, decidedly hungry; but he can hardly have been without food all that time—some fox may have lured him off. He evinced great delight at getting back, devoted his first attentions to a hearty meal, then rubbed himself up against his own particular associates, after which he sought out and attacked the weakest of his enemies, and, soothed by their howlings, coiled himself up for a long sleep."

The dogs were fed every second day, when 2 lbs. of seals' flesh—previously thawed when possible—was given to each; the weaker ones got additional food, and they all picked up whatever scraps were thrown out, enough to sustain but not to satisfy them, so they were continually on the look-out for anything eatable. "Hobson made one very happy without intending it; he meant only to give him a kick; but his slipper being down at heel, flew off, and away went the lucky dog in triumph with the prize, which, of course, was no more seen." The Greenland Esquimaux think young dog amongst

the most delicious food, and it was compared by Petersen, the Dane, as "just like the beef of sheep." "A Danish captain," he said, "who had acquired the taste, provided some for his guests, and they praised his *mutton!* After dinner he sent for the skin of the animal, which was no other than a large red dog! This occurred in Greenland, where his Danish guests had resided for many years, far removed from European *mutton.* Baked puppy is a real delicacy all over Polynesia." "At the Sandwich Islands I was once," says Sir F. M'Clintock, "invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as I could when told that puppy was so extremely scarce it could not be procured in time, and therefore sucking-pig was substituted!"

In the face of a snow-bank alongside the 'Fox,' some twenty-five holes were excavated for the dogs, and in them they spent most of their time. Under the lee of the ship they could, when their fur was thick, lie out on the snow without apparent inconvenience, though the temperature was — 40°, and the mists gave a raw and keen edge to the chilling blasts. But these poor animals suffered great hardships, being, though they occasionally obtained whales' flesh or bears,' very badly fed, and often were howling or moaning, half-drowned amidst pelting sleet and rain. Some tried to better their fortune and left the ship. Mr. Hobson, on an expedition, "one night muzzled a dog because she was in the habit of gnawing her harness: in this defenceless state, unable even to bark and arouse the men, her *amiable* sisterhood attacked her so fiercely that she died next day!"

Sir F. M'Clintock thought no dogs could overtake a reindeer in that rough country; but the natives prize these

animals very highly. At Cape Victoria, near the Magnetic Pole, Sir F. M'Clintock could not tempt a whole village of forty-five souls to part with more than one of their fine dogs. Dogs driven hard over sea-ice, formed at low temperatures in calm weather, which soon cuts their feet, suffer intense pain from the brine expressed in freezing, and often fall down in fits. They will not drag a sledge unless it runs freely, but lie down, oblige their masters to unload it, and carry the packages on their own backs over the obstacle. In three days' sleighing most of those belonging to the 'Fox' went lame with sore feet—some repeatedly falling down in fits, the intense cold having hardened the surface-snow beyond what their feet could endure. For many months they never tasted unfrozen flesh. This last experience of M'Clintock seems at variance with that of Kane, given at page 241. The former adds:—

"I shall not easily forget the trial my patience underwent during the six weeks that I drove that dog-sledge. The leader of my team, named 'Omar Pasha,' was very willing, but very lame; little 'Rose' was coquettish, but fonder of being caressed than whipped. From some cause or other she ceased growing when only a few months old; she was, therefore, far too small for heavy work. 'Darky' and 'Missy' were mere pups; and, last of all, came the two wretched starvelings, reared in the winter, 'Foxy' and 'Dolly.' Each dog had its own harness, formed of strips of canvas, and was attached to the sledge by a simple trace, twelve feet long. None of them had ever been yoked before, and the amount of cunning and perversity they displayed to avoid both the whip and the work was quite astonishing. They bit through their traces

and hid away under the sledge, or leaped over one another's backs, so as to get into the middle of the team out of the way of my whip, until the traces became plaited up and the dogs were almost knotted together; the consequence was I had to halt every few minutes, pull off my mitts, and, at the risk of frozen fingers, disentangle the lines. I persevered, however, and without breaking any of their bones, succeeded in getting a surprising amount of work out of them. Directly a dog-sledge is stopped by a hummock, or sticks fast in deep snow, the dogs, instead of exerting themselves, lie down, looking perfectly delighted at the circumstance, and the driver has to extricate the sledge with a hearty one, two, three, haul! and apply a little gentle persuasion to set his canine team in motion again." Each of the five starveling puppies had to drag 100 lbs., while the men dragged 200 lbs. each.

In spite of the hardships and misery gone through by these creatures (without whose help the discovery of the lot of Franklin and his companions might never have been completely ascertained), their attachment was such, that when on the return homewards of the expedition they were put on shore at Godhavn, the Commander records:—"Even our poor dogs seemed to think the ship their natural abode: although landed at the settlement, they soon ran round the harbour to the point nearest to the ship, and there, upon the rocks, spent the whole period of our stay."

We trust some care was taken for their welfare ere the departure for England of those to whose success they had so largely contributed, and in whose dangers and privations they had borne, at least, an equal share.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ardent, amiable, hardy, and indomitable traveller, Ledyard; a man of unbounded enterprize, says of the Siberian dogs about Yakutsk. "Dogs are here esteemed nearly in the same degree that horses are in England; for besides answering the same purpose in travelling, they aid the people in the chase, and, after toiling for them the whole day, become their safeguard at night. Indeed they command the greatest attention. There are *dog-farriers* to attend them in sickness, who are no despicable rivals in art, at least in pretension, to the horse-doctors of civilized Europe. Dogs also command a high price. What they call a leading dog of prime character will sell for three or four hundred roubles."[1] He also remarks, that so jealous are the Russians that an ordinary one will be displeased if a man even endeavours to gain the good will of his dog; and he highly affronted the commandant of the town by permitting his dog to walk with him one afternoon. A young Russian officer flew at his dog, a pretty little puppy, in the utmost rage, and gave him a blow which broke his leg, because it jumped on Ledyard's knee and he patted his head and gave him some bread.

It is impossible to mention the high-minded Ledyard

[1] A rouble equalled 3*s*. 8*d*.

without quoting his well known beautiful and tender tribute to the character of women. A testimony to their most endearing attributes which must live for ever, and is of the greater worth from his wide experience of many lands, various nations, tribes and ranks of the human race; as also from the vicissitudes of his fortune, his disappointments, and his hardships. Moreover, it is, says his biographer, "the simple effusion of a grateful heart, recorded in his private journal, not intended for the public eye."

"I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed

in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

The foregoing was amply confirmed by the gallant and unfortunate Mungo Park, who has left a pathetic episode of the kindness of woman's heart, as shewn in the depths of Africa to the foreigner, and poor, neglected, houseless wanderer.—See W. and R. Chambers's Ed., 1860, page 164. Does civilization do more?

Fleming, in his 'Travels in Mantchu Tartary,' thus records his observations on the dogs:—

"Only a troop of the common dogs of the country—outcast wanderers that they are—gave us a parting salute of savage barkings before the last houses in the outskirts had been passed, and then tore away into the lanes and fields when a whip was shaken at them."

It is somewhat curious to find this breed of the *Canis familiaris* so widely diffused over the world, and abounding in every corner in China that one chances to put foot in. Closely allied to the Pariah Dog of India, the savage pests of Cairo and Egypt generally, those of Syria, and those snarling droves which we have been so often obliged to pelt off with stones by moonlight, in the narrow streets of Stamboul,—the Pariah dog of North China is like them, allowed to breed and to infest the towns and villages free from disturbance, to congregate on the plains or in the fields during the day, or to kennel in the graveyards: while at night they prowl about the streets like our scavengers at home, sweeping off the quantities of filth and trash that strew the thoroughfares.

Though the Chinese have no religious scruples with regard to the dog, like the Hindoos and Mohammedans, yet the animal is neglected by them, and neither made a companion of, nor yet employed in any capacity, unless as a watch-dog, or in a very mild kind of sport which I may speak of hereafter.

"It is slightly different from the southern Chinese nomad, which White in his 'Natural History of Selborne,' describes very accurately; bearing an outward likeness to the Highland sheep-dog of Scotland, and to those painted on the tomb of Roti at Beni Hassan twenty-three centuries before the Christian era.' It is surprising that the breed should so long retain its characteristic form and peculiarities amid the vicissitudes of climate and neglect, and the introduction of other varieties, to which at Tien-tsin and Peking a free intermixture of other races had given birth. Uncared for by the Chinese, hunted by Europeans, to whom it proves an endless source of annoyance by its nocturnal howlings, barkings, and noisy fights, and covered with mange and sores, the service it renders is yet great; for without it and the pig, as sanitary agents, heaven only knows what the Central Flowery Land would become in a short time. Its mission is a most disgusting one, and we would rather see this faithful and devoted friend of man cared for by the family, than find it the devourer of their filth, and the object of their disregard.

"The work is gone through in a systematic manner, every dog having his allotment in a certain district of a town, from which it must not intrude upon that of others, without the penalty of being half worried. Their tastes as may be

inferred, are not over nice, for they hesitate at no kind of diet. Can any one who has seen these canine vultures in the deserted villages in the neighbourhood of Peking a few days after an engagement, forget the sensation of horror he experienced, when he inadvertently startled a swarm of them feasting on the body of a dead Chinaman in some lonely spot?

"The streets and the houses contain mongrels as innumerable as those of any English town. We have seen dogs lodged and fed with some care, probably in consequence of their scarcity, and value as pets. Among these the turnspit, the pugheaded lap-dog, and the delicate toyish Japanese poodle have been recognized; but more interesting than all, is the Shantung terrier from the province of that name, and which, for affection, tender sagacity, and purity of breed, is equal to the finest Skye terrier, to which it bears a very striking, if not complete resemblance.

"These latter are very scarce and dear, and when obtained an European has great difficulty in gaining their friendship. From the long soft bluish-white hair that conceals their bodies and almost obscures their eyes, the Chinese call them the 'silken-haired dogs.' There is another variety brought from Mantchuria for hunting purposes—a sort of hybrid hound as tall as our greyhound, and in some points resembling it, but so deficient in the sense of smell, and so slow-paced, as to be almost useless to Europeans."

The sport alluded to, is the following:—

"It was but last winter that we saw the Tien-tsin salt merchant, as the wealthy magnifico of our garrison town

was styled, hunting poor puss on the dead flat beyond the town walls, with a pair of slow-running 'noseless' Tartar hounds, from which the hare could easily have escaped had it not been also pursued by a couple of hawks—carried to the ground on the wrist of the shaven-headed falconers, who managed them with the tact of sportsmen, and had them confined, wings and legs, with very British-looking brails and jesses, and hoods with scarlet plumes quite after the fashion of two centuries ago. The hunt was a short one, for the prey had no sooner evaded the dogs and was getting into its steady stride for a good run, than swoop went the falcons, and if they did not strike they drove back the poor animal on the dogs, which it could barely circumvent, until another swoop sent it into their very jaws, and the game was over."

This statement, that the hounds do not possess the faculty of scent; and which Fortune corroborates; is a most extraordinary anomaly.

Mrs. Atkinson, describes a dog of Tartary, near Omsk, in these words. "As I looked at her I thought I never saw anything more beautiful; she was a steppe dog; her coat was jet black, ears long and pendent, her tail long and bushy; indeed, it was a princely animal." The Kirghis appear fond and careful of their canine assistants. "Do fancy," says this adventurous lady, who travelled as far as Lake Baikal, "for a moment, what a position a woman fills. A dog is even considered her superior. When a favourite one is going to have pups, carpets and cushions are given her to lie upon; she is stroked, caressed, and fed upon the best of everything."

The dogs are very vigilant on the Steppes, and bark loudly; oft times a sound sweeter than the sweetest music to the ears of wearied and benighted travellers.

The Usbeks also prize their dogs highly. "To ask an Usbek to sell his wife would be no affront, but to ask him to sell his dog, an unpardonable insult. Suggeeferosh, or dog-seller, being the most offensive epithet that one Uzbek can apply to another."[1]

Robert Fortune, when exploring the tea districts of China with the object of introducing the cultivation of the plant into India, was obliged, in order to escape the jealous eye of the Chinese, to disguise himself in their costume, and adopt their manners. He says, "With the first dawn of morning I was dressed with very great care by my Chinese servant in the Chinese Costume; my head was shaved, and I had a splendid wig and tail of which some Chinamen in former days had doubtless been extremely vain. When I left the boat I confess I felt rather nervous as to the trial I was about to make. Although I had passed very well as a Chinaman in the country districts, I knew that the inhabitants of large towns, and particularly those in a town like this, (Soo-chow,) the Chinamen's earthly Paradise, were more difficult to deceive. My old friends, or I shall rather say my enemies, the dogs, who are as acute as any Chinaman, evidently did not disown me as a countryman, and this at once gave me confidence. These animals manifest very great hatred to foreigners, barking at them wherever they see them, and hanging on their skirts until they are fairly out of sight of

[1] Dictionary of the Bible.

the house or village where their masters reside."[1] "The Chinese house-dog has a great antipathy to foreigners, and will scarcely make friends with them."

The same author says of the sporting dogs. "I had never seen Chinese dogs hunting before, and was highly amused with their performance. They seem to have little or no scent, but they have a quick eye and a swift foot, and a wounded animal rarely gets away from them. They are clever beaters, when taught as these dogs were, and at all events make noise enough. They are not, however, to be compared for a moment with our English dogs." From the illustration in the book, these dogs appear to resemble the Esquimaux dogs. Davis says, they closely resemble the breed represented in the plates to the Arctic Voyages, and which seem to extend along the whole of Northern Asia and America. Davis likewise asserts, that Chinese dogs have a particular aversion to butchers, in consequence, no doubt, of the violation of those personal exemptions and privileges which the canine race are allowed to enjoy almost everywhere else.

The dog of Japan appears to resemble that of China: Fortune in describing the civility of the people,—"A people industrious, but unoppressed with toil, and apparently happy and contented"—and the charming country, ever changing and ever beautiful, around Yedo, says, "The dogs were the only animals which showed their enmity to us, and this they did in a manner not to be mistaken. They rushed out of the houses, and barked at us in the most furious manner; but

[1] Fortune's Tea Countries. 1853.

they are cowardly withal, and generally keep at a prudent distance. These dogs appear to be of the same breed as the common Chinese dog, and both have probably sprung originally from the same stock. It is curious that they should have the same antipathy to foreigners as their masters. For, however civil and even kind the natives of Japan and China appear to be, yet there is no doubt that nine-tenths of them hate and despise us. Apparently such feelings are born with them, and they really cannot help themselves. That we are allowed to live and travel and trade in these countries is only because one class makes money out of us, and another and a larger one is afraid of our power. I fear we must come to the conclusion, however unwillingly, that these are the motives which keep Orientals on their good behaviour, and force them to tolerate us amongst them. The poor dogs have the same feelings implanted in their nature, but they have not the same hypocrisy, and therefore their hate is visible. As watch-dogs they are admirable, and that is almost the only use to which they are applied. Old Dutch writers inform us that these street dogs belong to no particular individual, but that they are denizens of particular streets—public property, as it were—and that they are regarded with a kind of superstitious feeling by the natives. They are 'the only idlers in the country.' I think these statements may be received as doubtful, or only partially true. Although some of these dogs may have neither home nor master, yet by far the greater portion have both; and if the inhabitants look upon them as sacred animals, and have any superstitious feelings regarding them, they certainly show these feelings of reverence in a peculiarly

irreverent manner. On a warm summer afternoon these animals may be seen lying at full length in the public highway, apparently sound asleep; and it was not unusual for our attendants to kick and whip them out of our road in a most unceremonious way. On many of them the marks of the sharp swords of the yakoneens were plainly visible; and everything tended to show, that, if the dogs are regarded as sacred by some, the feeling fails to secure them from being cruelly ill-treated by the common people. It was not unusual to meet with wretched specimens in a half-starved condition, and covered with a loathsome disease. The fact that such animals were tolerated in the public streets almost leads one to believe that they must be regarded with superstitious feelings.

"The lap-dogs of the country are highly prized both by natives and by foreigners. They are small—some of them not more than nine or ten inches in length. They are remarkable for snub-noses and sunken eyes, and are certainly more curious than beautiful. They are carefully bred; they command high prices even amongst the Japanese; and are dwarfed, it is said, by the use of saki—a spirit to which their owners are particularly partial. Like those of the larger breed already noticed, they are remarkable for the intense hatred they bear to foreigners."

The author expresses some surprise that the dogs share the antipathies of their masters. Does he not know that the animal is not only the most sincere, but the staunchest of friends? None can say of him, "out on this half-faced fellowship!" for our friends, are his friends; our enemies, his enemies.

Another authority also tells us that the Japanese dogs, at least those of the streets, do not meet with the uniformly kind treatment which former writers believed.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, describing the ruffian part of the population, remarks, "The Samourai or Yaconin moves on in a very ungainly fashion, the hilts of his two swords at least a foot in advance of his person, very handy, to all appearance, for an enemy's grasp. One is a heavy two-handed weapon, pointed and sharp as a razor; the other short, like a Roman sword, and religiously kept in the same serviceable state. In the use of these he is no mean adept. He seldom requires a second thrust with the shorter weapon, but strikes home at a single thrust, as was fatally proved at a later period; while with the longer weapon he severs a limb at a blow. Such a fellow is a man to whom all peace-loving subjects and prudent people habitually give as wide a berth as they can! Often drunk, and always insolent, he is to be met with in the quarters of the town where the tea-houses most abound; or returning about dusk, from his day's debauch, with a red and bloated face, and not over steady on his legs, the terror of all the unarmed population and street dogs. Happy for the former when he is content with trying the edge of a new sword on the quadrupeds; and many a poor crippled animal is to be seen limping about slashed over the back, or with more hideous evidences of brutality. But at other times it is some coolie or inoffensive shopkeeper, who, coming unadvisedly 'betwixt the wind and his nobility,' is just as mercilessly cut down at a blow. This does not quite accord with Kœmpfer's or Thunberg's account of the perfect order and respect for the

law maintained throughout Japan, nor with the first impressions of later writers as to the universal respect for the canine race."

Sir Rutherford thus describes some of the "fancy" dogs in Japan:—"And first, I am to find a pair of well-bred Japanese dogs, 'with eyes like saucers, no nose, the tongue hanging out at the side, too large for the mouth, and white and tan if possible, and two years old.' My dogs are chosen, a species of Charles the Second spaniel intensified;—and, by the bye, there is so much genuine likeness that I think it probable the merry monarch was indebted to his marriage with a Portuguese princess for the original race of spaniels, as well as her dower of Bombay."

The succeeding anecdote speaks very strongly in favour of the kindly feelings of the Japanese. With all our oft-boasted civilization it is less than probable that any countryman of the far East would experience equal sympathy with similar emotions in our own land, and find—

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

"And here I set up my flag, determined to try the sanitary effects of rest, sea-air, and the mineral springs of Atami.

"The life we led in this secluded watering-place was one of little variety—the arrival of a courier, and the death of a favourite Scotch terrier, my constant and faithful companion, were the only events. One must have led the isolated life of a Foreign Minister in Japan to realise the blank which the loss even of an attached dog creates.

"So much of disinterested affection and trust had passed out of the world,—and more of companionship than those

who have never been much alone can well understand perhaps. Some of the best traits of the Japanese character came out very favourably on this occasion; 'Toby' had many good friends among my servants. My head betto, as soon as he heard of the death, came himself to put him in his basket-shroud and under the sod.

"I asked the proprietor's leave to bury him in his pretty garden under the shade of a tree, and he instantly came himself and helped to dig the grave. A group of assistants of all ranks gathered round with mournful faces, as though one of their own kind had passed away. He was folded up in a mat, some of the beans he was so fond of were put in the grave with him, and a branch of evergreens inserted at the head, which was scrupulously laid to the north. The priest of the temple brought water and incense sticks to burn, and then a rough tombstone to mark the spot was laid on his grave. They are really a kindly people when not perverted by their rulers and *prompted* to hostility. When I proposed to send a tablet, my host was equally ready, and assured me it should be carefully placed over the head. I had begun to forget I was in Japan, so much good-will was shown, and so few difficulties made even to the gratification of a whim. But, in one sense, I reckoned without my true hosts—the Government officials. I cannot stop to tell how much trouble the luckless tablet entailed upon me before it actually reached its destination. Well might I write on his tombstone 'Poor Toby!' for it had been hard work to preserve him, where he died, from total oblivion."

Dogs abound in Japan. The earthquakes, so frequent,

appear to cause them much alarm, they tremble violently during the shocks; but it does not seem that they quit a town previous to the convulsion, as the dogs did at Concepcion in South America in 1835.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT is asserted that the Andaman Islanders have no dogs, or any religion or idea of a God. Be this as it may, it does not hold good with their neighbours of the Nicobar Islands. Colonel Walter Campbell, in his recent and interesting work, 'My Indian Journal,' thus writes:—"We saw several dogs in the village, and a goodly stock of domestic poultry; all these animals, as well as the pigs, appear to feed almost exclusively upon cocoa-nuts, which the natives cut in two and leave about for their use. The dogs are of a reddish-brown colour, with a smooth skin and upright ears, not unlike the common pariah dog of India, but rather smaller: they appear to be very gentle, good-tempered animals. It was amusing to watch the neat and ingenious manner in which they managed to scoop out the contents of a cocoa-nut with the teeth of the lower jaw, cleaning out the shell as effectually as if it had been done with a spoon. They also display considerable dexterity in ascending and descending the ladders leading to the upper part of the huts, running up and down with as much ease as if they had been flights of steps."

India in ancient times was famous for its dogs. Many mastiffs are ably sculptured on the Nineveh bas-reliefs. Herodotus says of the Governor of Babylon, "He kept, too, such a number of Indian dogs, that four considerable towns in the

plain were exempted from all other taxes, and appointed to find food for the dogs."

Xenophon recommends them for the chase of fawns, stags, and wild-boars: he describes them as swift, strong, large, enduring, and not deficient in courage.

Curtius also tells of an Indian prince who showed a combat between four dogs and a fine lion to Alexander the Great, and how one of the dogs suffered himself to be cut to pieces without relinquishing his hold. This breed, he states, were great enemies to lions, and left off barking on seeing a wild beast.

One of the most reliable and meritorious books yet written concerning the Field Sports of India,[1] thus describes the wild dogs:—"The wild dog, or Dhole, as he is called, is not common. I have only twice found them, and both times in the Chandah District of Nagpore. Once, after I had been shooting wild duck at a large tank, in a very dense jungle, I left for the purpose of waiting for large game at drinking time in the evening at another tank. Just as I came to it, I saw some eight wild dogs, who had that moment run into and killed a large wild sow. One had his muzzle in the entrails of the hog, and I hit him with a rifle-ball at above ninety yards off. I followed up and got another very long shot, and eventually lost the wounded dog in the thick jungle. I shot and bagged one last year in the same district: he was a pup. These two packs differed very much from each other, though found not above sixty miles apart, and in the same district—the first in the month of March, the second in the month of May. The first were long, very lean, almost red dogs,

[1] The Wild Sports of India. By Captain Shakespear. 1860.

standing, I should think, about twenty-two inches high, and with short hair. The last were more like wolves, and were of a yellow colour with black muzzles, and marks down the neck and back, one being a very handsome brute. They had rather rough hair. They run down and live upon the largest deer in the jungle, and, according to the accounts of native hunters, they adopt the following plan:— They run by nose; and having made themselves acquainted with the presence of Sambur or other deer in the valley or jheel of the jungle, they separate, and lie in wait at the different passes from the ghat, crouching on the high ground above the paths taken by the deer. One or two of the pack then go down and rouse the Sambur, who rushes up hill by one of the many paths. The dog who lies in waiting springs at his victim and fixes to his throat, and the others soon run into him. The Sambur or Elk, and the large Neelgai, are very formidable opponents to a dog, and constantly kill him with a single blow of the fore-foot, splitting his skull open: nor, indeed, can any but large and powerful dogs, in packs, run into and kill either of these kind of deer, which are twice as heavy and powerful as the Red Deer of Scotland.

"The natives have got an idea that these wild dogs attack and kill tigers, which is not at all probable. The idea has arisen from the fact of tigers that were known to be in certain jungles before the wild dogs came, leaving it after their arrival. This is accounted for by the game being so much alarmed at the presence of the wild dogs, and becoming so watchful from being constantly hunted by them, that the tigers find out that they cannot fall upon them. They thus

leave that part of the jungle for some other, where the deer have not been so much scared."

Colonel Walter Campbell states that "The wild dog of Southern India is a very fierce animal, about the size of a large pointer; of an uniform red or bright chestnut colour, with upright pointed ears, and a drooping bushy tail. They hunt in packs of from ten to thirty, and run mute. They are capable of pulling down almost any animal inhabiting the forest, and have even been known to attack men."

The Parsees of India hold the dog in much reverence. An officer of the Bombay army, whose opportunities for observation were considerable, tells me that when a Parsee dies suddenly, a dog is brought to the corpse, and if it licks the face of the deceased (which, by putting on a little ghee, is not difficult to manage), it is considered a sign of salvation. "This process occurred," says my informant, "at our own mess-room at Bhooj in Cutch, in 1827, when a Parsee mess-servant died sitting on the door-steps, almost in our presence. The mess-man was also a Parsee, and we saw the act in question; that is, the dog brought to lick the man's face. The body was carried from Bhooj to Cambay, to the 'Tower of Silence' there; a distance of two hundred miles." I am induced to believe this partiality for the canine species has been adopted by the Parsees since their intercourse with the Indians, because there is no animal more unclean with the Persians of the present day than the *dog*, 'Sug' being a common term of reproach or abuse with them. This may, however, arise from the present Persians being Mahommedans. The Parsee riots in Bombay in 1834 were occasioned by the orders given

to destroy the dogs. The Parsees objected, and tumults ensued. They caught all the dogs they could, and shipped them off to a desert island, where, wrung by the pangs of thirst and hunger, they devoured each other.

The ancient religion of light, which still shines after the lapse of so many centuries and annihilation of empires, is said to hold an exalted conception of the dog, and to have symbolized in him the principle of Good, and in the wolf the principle of Evil. This, and the passages in Genesis and Isaiah,—"Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf;" "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb," &c.,—prove how distinct has long been the character of these animals even in the East. And though the most remote of historical periods may be as nothing in comparison with the time required for such a change as the alteration of a species, yet the nature of these creatures has doubtless been totally opposed to each other during the recorded time of man.

The accompanying extract exhibits a few of the religious associations connected with the dog, and which, no doubt, research might widely extend.

"DOG-WORSHIP.[1]—Among the ancient Hebrews the dog was accounted an unclean animal, and looked upon with the utmost contempt. But among some ancient nations this sagacious and useful animal appears to have been an object of worship. Thus in 2 Kings xvii. 31, an idol of the Anites is mentioned under the name of Nibhaz, which the Hebrew commentators interpret as a barker, and they assert that this idol was made in the form of a dog. Traces of the ancient

[1] Faiths of the World. By the Rev. J. Gardner, M.D. and M.A.

worship of an idol of the same kind have been discovered in Syria, even in modern times."

"One city built in Egypt was named 'Cynopolis, or the City of the Dog.' Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in his 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,' says, 'The Egyptians had several breeds of dogs, some solely used for the chase, others admitted into the parlour, or selected as the companions of their walks; and some, as at the present day, selected for their peculiar ugliness. All were looked upon with veneration, and the death of a dog was not only lamented as a misfortune, but was mourned by every member of the house in which it occurred.' The dog was probably held in all the greater veneration in Egypt as being the emblem of Sirius, or the dog-star, which, as soon as it has ascended above the horizon, proclaims the approaching flood of the Nile.

"Among the Hyperborean tribes, with whom the dog is reckoned a very valuable animal, it occupies a conspicuous place in their traditions, being considered, as for instance among the Esquimaux, according to the accounts given by Franklin and Parry, and other Arctic navigators, as the father of the human family. The Chippewayan Indians had a tradition that they were sprung from a dog; and hence they neither ate the flesh of that animal themselves, nor could they look with any other feeling than horror upon those nations who fed upon it. In all these cases, probably, the dog is the symbol of the sun. A strange notion prevails among the Greenlanders that an eclipse is caused by the sun being pursued by his brother the moon. Accordingly, when this phenomenon takes place, the women take the dogs by the ears,

believing that, as these animals existed before man was created, they must have a more certain presentiment of the future than he has, and, therefore, if they do not cry when their ears are pulled, it is an infallible sign that the world is about to be destroyed.

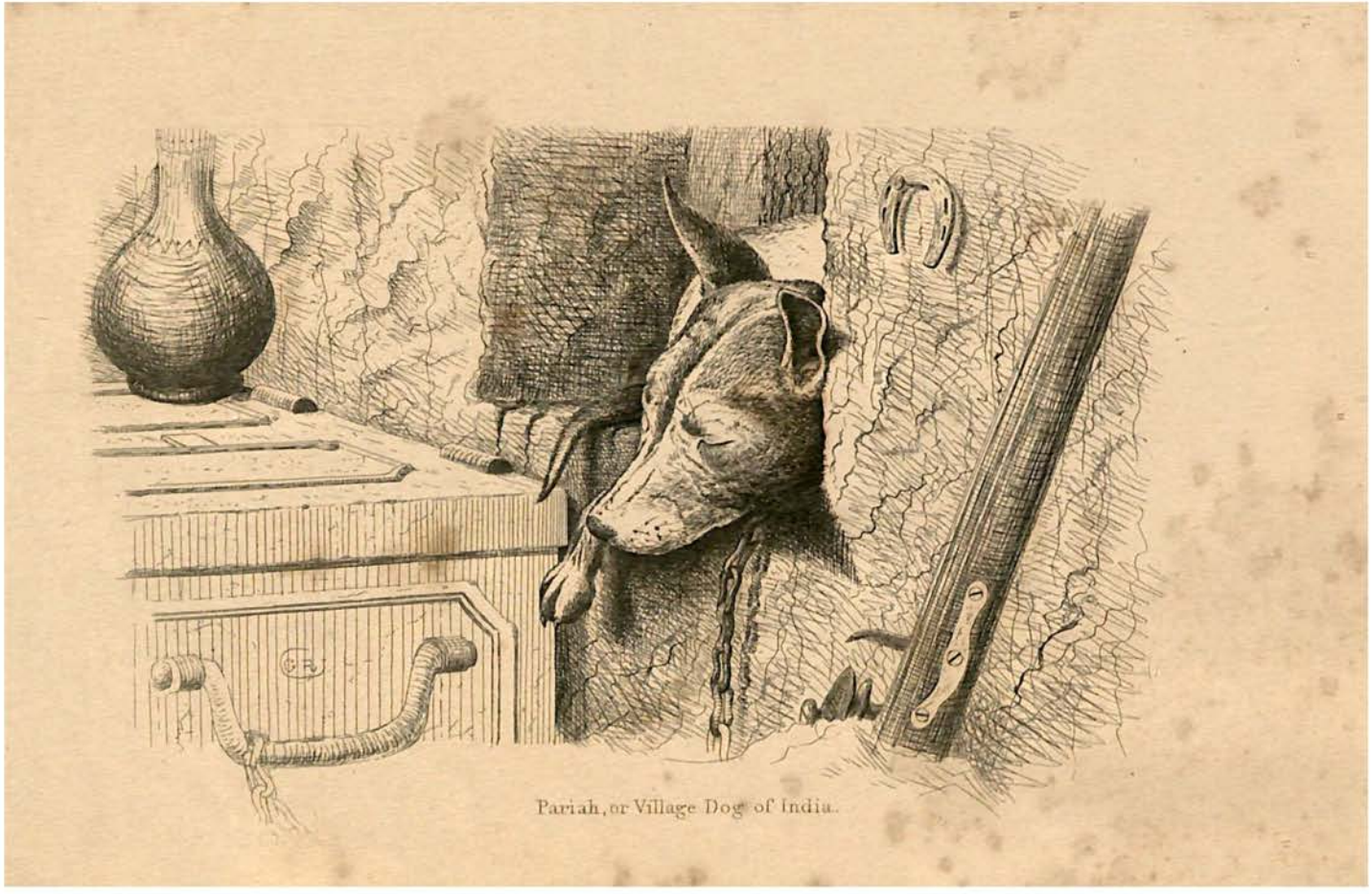
"The inhabitants of Japan have a superstitious regard for dogs. Thus we learn from Picart, in his 'Religious Ceremonies of all Nations,' The Emperor who sat on the throne when Kaempfer resided in Japan, was so extravagantly fond of them, that there has been a greater number of them in that kingdom ever since his reign (if we may depend on the veracity of this traveller), than in any other nation in the whole world. Every street is obliged to maintain a fixed and determinate number of them. They are quartered upon the inhabitants, and, in case of sickness, they are obliged to nurse and attend them. When they die, they are obliged to inter them in a decent manner in the mountains and hills peculiarly appropriated for the interment of the people. It is looked upon as a capital crime not only to kill them, but barely to insult and treat them ill; and no one but the legal proprietor is allowed so much as to correct any of them. All this reverence and respect is owing to a celestial constellation which the Japanese call the Dog, under the influence whereof the aforesaid Emperor of Japan was born. An old traveller gives an account of a peculiar custom which existed among the ancient Guebres or Fire-worshippers of Persia, and which shows that they held dogs in high religious estimation:—"Before they expose a corpse to the birds of prey they lay him decently on the ground, whilst some particular friend of his beats the hoof all round about the neighbouring villages,

in hopes to meet with a dog; and as soon as he is so fortunate, he endeavours to allure and bribe him with some crusts of bread, and to bring him as near to the corpse as possibly he can. The nearer the dog approaches it, the nearer they imagine the soul of the deceased must be to the mansions of eternal bliss. If he jumps upon him and seizes the bit of bread—which for that purpose is put into his mouth—it is an incontestable mark or presage of his future felicity: but if the dog, on the other hand, cannot be tempted to approach it, but keeps at a distance, it is a melancholy, unpropitious sign, and they almost despair of his happy state. When the dog has performed his part of the ceremony, two Daroos stand in a devout posture, with their hands joined close together, at about one hundred feet distance from the bier whereon the corpse is laid, and repeat with an audible voice a form of prayer of half an hour long, but with such hurry and precipitation that they scarce give themselves sufficient time to breathe."

During an eclipse, the Peruvians are affirmed to have set their dogs howling because they believed them to be special favourites of the moon. The Creek Indians of Alabama thought an eclipse to be a large dog threatening to devour the sun; and some South American tribes supposed dogs or boars to be gnawing the moon and making it bleed. Greenlanders imagined all foreigners to be descended from a race of dogs.

In India, and it is said also in Southern Africa, the English dog (like his Anglo-Saxon master) deteriorates rapidly both physically and mentally; losing his scent, strength, and

energy. The race could not, probably, be perpetuated for half-a-dozen generations. A great hostility is manifested in Hindostan by the common village native dog against the European dog, whom he detests almost as intensely, but far more openly, than his owner does the European. They cruelly worry every English dog they can set upon with a superior force, and follow his master with most vociferous barkings, to the secret and silent satisfaction, covered by a stolid mask, of the ryot or cooly. The village or Pariah dog of the peninsula of Hindostan varies in size from that of a large pointer or foxhound to that of a turnspit. Their colour is generally a yellow or fawn, but others are black, brown, &c. They are smooth-coated, with, in most cases, sharp, erect, or nearly erect, ears; pointed noses, and tapering tails, which are carried pretty well up and sometimes half-curled over. In fighting, which some of them will do stoutly, they snap, but do not keep their hold. Their companionable qualities, even when brought up from puppyhood by an Englishman, do not by any means equal (so far as the writer has observed), the noble and endearing attributes of the European animal; but they are vigilant watchers and useful servants. The Hindoo agricultural labourer and shepherd is much attached to his dog; and the callousness or thoughtlessness of those young men who, new to the country, and disregardful of the feelings and rights of the population, wantonly shoot or spear these to them frequently annoying foes, but faithful companions of their Asiatic masters, cannot be too strongly condemned. Some of these dogs are models of symmetry, and the free intercourse amongst them tends to create such. "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis." The fair



Pariah, or Village Dog of India.

appear to be gained by combat, in which, of course, the strongest, bravest, and cleverest prevail. The author once came suddenly, in some rather high grain, about a mile from any village, on a bitch and some half-dozen dogs. She was lying apart with one stout fellow by her side, and the others looking on couched in a circle at a respectable distance. These dogs in general appearance bear a close resemblance to the village and town dogs of Upper and Lower Egypt, those of Erment excepted. It seems as though this kind of dog was common to the greater part of Africa and all Southern Asia.

The Todas, a small pastoral tribe on the Neilgherry Hills, are said to have no dogs or weapons, and not to eat flesh. They are also stated to practise polyandry.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WORK on Australia, published in 1830 by Robert Dawson, has this excellent description of the native dog, to which that gentleman's opportunities for observation, as well as his ability and accuracy, give considerable value:—"The wild dog, which is a kind of small wolf, is the largest carnivorous animal known in Australia. They are, however, more of the dog than the wolf, as has been proved by the breed becoming intermixed, in some instances, with European dogs that generally accompany the natives in the woods. The only mischief this animal has been accused of, is that of taking young lambs and biting sheep, as dogs have often been known to do in England." . . . . "As the evening shut in, the dismal howlings of the native dogs were unusually loud and frequent on the hills opposite to us. These animals subsist in the woods almost entirely upon the kangaroos, and hunt them by scent, as an English spaniel would a hare. They never bark in hunting, or, indeed, upon any other occasion; and if we may judge from their very lean and mangy appearance, they either procure a very slender subsistence, or are much subject to disease. I apprehend the latter to be the case. The natives are exceedingly attached to dogs of any kind: I never saw a tribe without some of them. In the neighbourhood of almost every settlement the breed accompanying

the natives has become intermixed with the European dogs. The offspring partakes more of the nature of the foreigners in their barking and domestic habits, but less so in their shape and appearance. The native dog is drawn up in his flanks like a greyhound or small wolf, and bears a greater resemblance in shape to the latter animal than to any other that I am acquainted with. The natives frequently take the wild dogs when they are puppies and domesticate them; they become in this way as much attached as the common European dog, but they never possess the same open countenance and manner, being shy and sneaking, and instead of barking at a stranger, they will lower their tails, creep behind their master, and look between his legs. Neither will they fight when attacked by other dogs, otherwise than by throwing themselves on the ground, and snapping at their opponents.

"When a wild dog starts from his lair in sight of the common kangaroo dogs, they will run at him, and over him, and give him a shake or two; but if it is intended to kill him, you must assist the kangaroo dogs, or he will be let off without much damage. There are dogs, no doubt, that would accomplish it, but I never met with one of them. The native dogs are of various colours, red, black, red and white, black and white, and fawn. They are great enemies to sheep, which they kill whenever they can; most frequently at night, when in the fold. This is the only serious inconvenience the settlers experience from them: *it is*, however, an expensive one, because it obliges them to employ watchmen at the folds all night; and even then, in cold, wet weather, I have known the dogs enter the fold in spite of

both of them. The sheep, upon such an occasion, make a general rush from the dogs; the hurdles are frequently thrown down, and the flock is dispersed. The dog then attacks them as a common dog would do, by biting them behind the ear and sucking the blood; but if he meets with only one, and is not disturbed, he devours the flesh also.

"These dogs have been known to attack very young and weak calves, and foals also, but this is not of very common occurrence. The inhabitants of Australia are fortunate in having no worse enemies of prey than the native dog: he is the largest animal of that nature which has hitherto been found to exist in that portion of the globe, and no instance has occurred, that I know of, of his having attempted to make any attack upon a human being. The natives consider them as perfectly harmless. I never heard one of them allude to them as being dangerous either to themselves or their children."

Some persons have asserted that the aborigines eat dogs, but this author states he is satisfied to the contrary.

Townsend, in his truthful and interesting 'Rambles and Observations in New South Wales,' informs us that "The brain of the native dog is protected by a ridge of bone running down the centre of the skull, and which long resists the blows of a heavy bludgeon. English dogs readily attack them by day, but few will face them at night. The two, however, breed together. When at bay, and with a tree in their rear, they will defend themselves against many canine assailants; for their bite is very sharp. The blacks used to tame them, and use them in hunting, but I believe they never gave tongue." . . . . "I asked a hut-keeper where he

procured a famous dog that he had, and which would attack the native dog at night (a rare instance of courage), 'Oh,' said he, 'I *seen* the dog, and I said to Bill, Bill, says I, I'll give a cow for that ere dog; and a month arter Bill brought him. *I* didn't steal the dog; *I* don't know where Bill had him, I don't——." Dogs are generally very fond of the blacks, or perhaps of their wandering life. The mongrels possessed by them, and originally acquired from the settlers, are often a great nuisance to the latter, as they kill the calves and chase the horses. "During the winter nights the woods resound with the deplorable and doleful howling of the native dogs, as of fiends in torment."

The Australian native wild dog spreads over the plains and high lands of the southern and central regions, prowling around the camps of travellers at night. He is often poisoned with strychnia—a horrible death, and similar to one which has too often fallen to the lot of the unhappy aborigines—arsenic being, however, used for the latter. When a wild dog is wounded or poisoned, he is torn to pieces by his fellows. The fossil remains of the dingo are stated by Dr. Falconer to be found with those of extinct and living species of animals in the Australian drifts.[1]

Lloyd, in his 'Thirty-three Years in Tasmania and Victoria,' says, "in size and general appearance, the dingo bears a striking resemblance to the Scotch colley, excepting that it has pricked ears." English dogs will hunt and kill them. The dingo is stated, not only to hunt in packs, but to keep to

[1] Davis' Tracks of McKinlay. 1863. Therry's Thirty Years' Recollections of Australia. 1863.

a certain district, each pack hunting only within those limits. This assertion, however, requires confirmation.

The New Zealand dog, a smaller species of the Australian dingo, has, the natives say, disappeared before the European dog; as they believe their own brave, intelligent, and manly race will perish from the European himself, whose often-vaunted civilization is in most instances no more to other and weaker peoples than extermination by the sword, ruthless rapacity, the introduction of disease and vice, and the fomenting of warfare in the avaricious pursuit of gain;

> "——disclaiming all regard
> For mercy and the common rights of man,
> Build factories with blood, conducting trade
> At the sword's point, and dying the white robe
> Of innocent commercial Justice red."

The native New Zealand dog is still, though rarely, met with; but almost the whole race has become a mongrel breed. It was the only domestic animal the Maori possessed when discovered by the Europeans, and their traditions say it was the gift of certain deities.

The native dog of the islands of the Pacific is likewise said to be dying out. Manley Hopkins' book on Hawaii has these details:—

"Every woman has a pet animal; and mothers who are nursing their offspring will suckle a puppy at the same time —a rivalry by no means in favour of the strength or number of their own progeny."

"Mothers were in the habit of exchanging children, and allowing pet puppies to share nature's food with their own offspring."

"Ellis mentions as an instance of the hospitality of the Hawaiian chiefs, that two hundred dogs were cooked at one feast; and that Auna, his guide, had seen four hundred baked dogs at one entertainment, with proportionate quantities of fish, hogs, and vegetables. The value of the dogs, which are bred and fed purposely for eating, would be very great."

It is strange that this gentle and manly race of beings should not have had their sympathies more entwined with the creatures so much partaking of their character. That mothers should suckle an animal, and yet allow that same race to become an article of food, is a singular contradiction in feeling.

CHAPTER XXIV.

'BALDWIN'S African Hunting,' a journal of adventure full of interest, has the following notices of the dog:—

"Perhaps the only expensive, and as it proved, useless part of my outfit, was seven deerhounds, purchased from a keeper of Lord Fitzwilliam's; for, though Hotspur and Laddie were as good dogs as were ever slipped, they soon grew useless and died. The younger ones, being better acclimated, did me some good service for a time, but they, too, soon succumbed to the climate, and taught me never again to take out what the country itself can furnish better.

"Arrived at a kraal, where I was greeted as usual by a set of noisy curs, who invariably, at the sight of a white man, tumble head-over-heels in all directions, upsetting everything, as frightened as if they had seen an apparition. After the first alarm they bait you unmercifully, and for many minutes it is impossible to hear yourself speak. I don't know that I ever succeeded in making friends with a real Kaffir cur in my life, not even a puppy, and I scarcely ever saw, or knew, or heard of one good for anything; they do indeed lead the life of a dog. They are well fed when quite young, but afterwards they are expected to provide for themselves,

and are consequently wretchedly lean and mangy, but they continue to exist."

It might have been added, that, even in spite of hunger, misery, and unfeeling treatment, the Kaffir cur is still faithful to his savage master; here proved by the inveterate hostility shown to a foreigner of a hated race.

"After out-spanning on the same road, during the time the oxen were grazing, he strolled out to try to kill a buck. He wounded a steinbuck very badly, and was almost catching him, when he got into a hole. He had a dog with him, but it was chasing springbuck, so he went head-first into the hole himself, and succeeded in reaching the buck, but in his endeavours, had got so far that he could not make an effort to get back; his arms were right before him, and his back wedged fast. He struggled so hard that he became insensible, and must have been all but suffocated, when his dog (bull and pointer—I have often seen him) saved his life by going back to the waggon and attracting the notice of his Kaffirs, who followed the dog to his master's assistance, and dug him out more dead than alive, having been about five hours in this situation.

"The weather has been awfully hot. Two black dogs staid behind, not being able to hold out any longer, but they came on during the night. The fawn and light-coloured dogs do not appear to suffer so much from the sun."

"But anything like regard or gratitude for past presents and kindnesses is not in the nature of any Kaffir. I never heard an instance of one really becoming attached to his master. I had become quite fond of these two, Tanga and

Matakitakit, but it was a misplaced attachment, and I find you can only make use of these fellows as you would of a useful handy machine; and for the future I will lavish my kindnesses on the two much superior animals, horses and dogs, in spite of the missionaries dunning it into me that a black man is my brother. I could see yesterday that the good Samaritan was secretly annoyed and displeased that I would not shake hands with a parcel of his baptised singing heathens."

"Poor Gyp, I grieve to say, was taken by a tiger. I had ridden forwards to water, and she came after me on the spoor, before the waggons. It was night, and Adonis heard the scuffle, and poor Gyp's last breath, which left her carcase, not in the shape of a yell, but rather of a fierce angry *whine* that she could not gripe the brute in return. She was the gamest of the game, and had had numberless escapes, wonderful, lucky, or providential, whatever you like to call them."

Baldwin speaks of wild-dogs, but these probably were the wild-hoonden, and no true breed of dog:—

"I missed an excellent right and left shot at wild-dogs this morning, owing to my after-rider being a long way behind-hand with my gun. They were great big fellows, and trotted away as coolly as possible." A large wild dog, native name Inja, and also a small wild-dog, are likewise mentioned.

In Africa, the dog, like the ox and horse, dies from the bite of the tsetsé-fly, from whose fatal powers both man and wild animals are exempt.

No author has done more grateful justice to the character of the dog than Burchell in his 'Travels in Africa:'—

"Our pack of dogs," says Mr. Burchell, "consisted of five-and-twenty of various sorts and sizes. This variety, though not altogether intentional, as I was obliged to take any that could be procured, was of the greatest service in such an expedition, as I observed that some gave notice of danger in one way, and others in another. Some were more disposed to watch against men, and others against wild beasts; some discovered an enemy by their quickness of hearing, others by that of scent; some for speed in pursuing game; some were useful only for their vigilance and barking; and others for their courage in holding ferocious animals at bay. So large a pack was not indeed maintained without adding greatly to our care and trouble, in supplying them with meat and water, for it was sometimes difficult to procure for them enough of the latter; but their services were invaluable, often contributing to our safety, and always to our ease, by their constant vigilance, as we felt a confidence that no danger could approach us at night without being announced by their barking. No circumstances could render the value and fidelity of these animals so conspicuous and sensible as a journey through regions which, abounding in wild beasts of almost every class, gave continual opportunities of witnessing the strong contrast in their habits, between the ferocious beasts of prey, which fly at the approach of man, and these kind but too often injured companions of the human race. Many times, when we have been travelling over the plains where those have fled the moment we appeared in sight, have I turned my eyes towards my dogs to admire their attachment,

and have felt a grateful affection toward them for preferring our society to the liberty of other quadrupeds. Often, in the middle of the night, when all my people have been fast asleep around the fire, have I stood to contemplate these faithful animals lying by their side, and have learnt to esteem them for their social esteem of mankind. When wandering over pathless deserts, oppressed with vexation and distress at the conduct of my own men, I have turned to these as my only friends, and felt how much inferior to them was man when actuated only by selfish views.

"The familiarity which subsists between this animal and our own race is so common to almost every country of the globe, that any remark upon it must seem superfluous; but I cannot avoid believing that it is the universality of the fact which prevents the greater part of mankind from reflecting duly on the subject. While almost every other quadruped fears man as its most formidable enemy, here is one which regards him as its companion, and follows him as its friend. We must not mistake the nature of the case; it is not because we train him to our use, and have made choice of him in preference to other animals, but because this particular species feels a natural desire to be useful to man, and from spontaneous impulse attaches itself to him. Were it not so, we should see in various countries an equal familiarity with various other quadrupeds, according to the habits, the taste, or the caprice of different nations. But everywhere it is the dog only takes delight in associating with us, in sharing our abode, and is even jealous that our attention should be bestowed on him alone; it is he who knows us personally, watches for us, and warns us of danger. It is impossible for

the naturalist, when taking a survey of the whole animal creation, not to feel a conviction that this friendship between two creatures so different from each other must be the result of the laws of nature; nor can the humane and feeling mind avoid the belief that kindness to those animals, from which he derives continual and essential assistance, is part of his moral duty."

"The people of the Sahara (of Northern Africa) have great love for the *slougui* or greyhound. There, as in all Arab countries, the dog is looked upon as a servant in disgrace, troublesome, and cast off, no matter how useful he may be in guarding the *douar* or in looking after the flocks. The greyhound alone enjoys the esteem, the consideration, the tender attention of his master. The rich as well as the poor regard him as a companion of their chivalrous pastimes; while for the latter he is also the purveyor that supplies them with food. They do not grudge him, therefore, the most assiduous care. The couplings are as scrupulously superintended as those of their horses. A Saharene will go twenty or thirty leagues to couple a handsome greyhound bitch with a dog of established reputation; for one that is really famous will run down a gazelle. 'When he perceives a gazelle cropping a blade of grass, he overtakes her before she has time to swallow what she already holds in her mouth.' This is a hyperbolical expression, no doubt, but still it is based on a certain degree of truth.

"When the *slouguià*, or bitch, has pupped, the litter is never lost sight of for an instant. The women will sometimes give their own milk to them. Visitors arrive in troops, the more

numerous and eager according to the reputation of the mother. They surround the owner, offering him dates, kouskoussou, &c. There is no sort of flattery they will not lavish upon him in the hope of obtaining a pup: 'I am thy friend. Prithee, give me what I ask of thee. I will attend thee in thy hunts,' &c. To all these solicitations the owner usually replies that he will not decide upon what pups he means to keep for himself until after seven days. This reservation has its motive in a very singular observation, or fancy, of the Arabs: in every litter one of the pups gets upon the back of the others. Is it a sign of greater vigour? or is it mere chance? To ascertain this point they remove it from its habitual position, and if it returns to it for seven consecutive days, the owner builds upon it such extravagant expectations that he would not accept a negress in exchange. A prejudice causes them to attach the greatest value to the first, third, and fifth pups—in fact, to all the odd numbers.

"The pups are weaned at the end of forty days, but are still fed with goat's or camel's milk, thickened with dates or kouskoussou. In the Sahara the flocks are so numerous and milk so abundant, that it is not at all surprising that wealthy Arabs, after having weaned their greyhound pups, should set aside so many she-goats for their nourishment. When the pups are three or four months old their education commences. The boys drive out of their holes the jerboa, or the rat called *boualal*, and set the pups at them. The latter by degrees get excited, dash after them at full speed, bark furiously at their holes, and only give up the pursuit to begin another. At the age of five or six months they are assigned a prey more difficult to catch—the hare. Men on foot lead the greyhound

close to the form where the animal is couched. Then by a slight exclamation they set on the young dog, who rushes at the hare, and soon acquires the habit of coursing with speed and intelligence. From the hare they pass to the young of the gazelle. The Arabs approach the spot where these are lying near their mother and direct the attention of the greyhound to them. As soon as he is thoroughly excited and rears up with impatience, they let him go. After a few lessons of this kind, the greyhound understands perfectly what to do, and begins to press forward resolutely in chase of the old hinds themselves.

"When a year old the greyhound has very nearly reached his full strength. His scent is developed, and he follows the gazelle by its slot. Nevertheless, he is kept under some restraint, and not until the age of fifteen to eighteen months is he regularly allowed to hunt. From that period, however, he is held in leash, and often with great difficulty; for the Arabs say that when the greyhound scents the game, his muscular power becomes so great that, if he stiffens himself upon his paws, a man can hardly make him lift a leg. As soon as he sights a herd of thirty or forty gazelles, he trembles with joy, and looks up at his master, who cries to him: 'Ah, son of a Jew! thou canst not say this time that thou didst not see them.' The hunter then takes off his goat's-skin bag and pours a little water on the back and belly of the hound, who, in his impatience, casts a suppliant eye on his master. At last, he is free and bounds forward. Presently he tries to hide himself, stoops down, and follows a circuitous course until he is within an easy distance, when he springs forward with all his might, and picks out for his victim the finest

male in the herd. When the hunter cuts up the gazelle, he throws to the *slougui* the flesh around the kidneys. If he were to offer him the intestines, he would reject them with disdain. The greyhound that cannot hunt at two years' old will never be able to do so. There is a saying to this effect—

'A greyhound after two years,
And a man after two fasts (15 years);'

Meaning thereby that that is the proper age to judge what either will ever be worth.

"The greyhound is an intelligent animal and full of self-love. If, in slipping him, a fine gazelle is pointed out to him and he kills only a common-looking one, he is very sensible of the reproaches addressed to him, and slinks off, ashamed of himself, without claiming his portion. He has no lack of vanity, and indulges much in fantasia. A thoroughbred *slougui* will neither eat nor drink from a dirty vessel, and refuses milk in which the hand has been dipped. Has he not been taught this disdainful daintiness? And yet the utmost that is done for the common dog, their faithful and vigilant guardian, is to let him find his food among the offal and bones that are lying about. And while the latter is driven with hootings from tent and table, the greyhound sleeps in the compartment reserved for men, on carpets by his master's side, or on his very bed. He is clothed and sheltered from the cold, like the horse, and is even preferred for being chilly, as that is an additional proof of the purity of his race. The women take pleasure in bedecking him with ornaments, in tying collars of shells round his neck, and in securing him from the evil eye by fastening talismans

on him. He is fed with care, nicety, and caution, kouskoussou being lavished upon him. In summer time, to give him strength, they make a paste of milk and dates of which the stones have been extracted. There are some who never feed their greyhounds during the day. Nor is this all. The *slougui* accompanies his master when on a visit, and receives the same hospitality with him, having a portion of every dish.

"A thoroughbred greyhound will hunt with no one but his master. By his cleanliness, his respect for decency, and the graciousness of his manner, he shows that he recognises the attention paid to him. On his master's return after a somewhat prolonged absence, the *slougui* leaps with a bound on to his saddle, and caresses him. The Arabs talk to him: 'O friend, listen to me! You must bring me some meat. I am tired of eating dates:' and flatter him in many ways. The petted animal leaps about in a frolicsome manner, and seems not only to understand but to wish to reply. The death of a *slougui* fills the whole tent with mourning, the women and children bewailing him as if he were one of the family. Sometimes it falls to the greyhound to find food for all, and one who nourishes a family can never be for sale. Now and then, however, he may be given away in compliance with the supplications of women relatives or of the most respected marabouts. A greyhound that catches with ease the *sine*, or diminutive gazelle, and the *ademi*, the largest kind, is worth a she-camel; but one that can overtake the *rime*, a gazelle of the intermediate species, distinguished by the whiteness of its belly and thighs and the length of its horns, is priced as a valuable horse.

"The greyhound of the Sahara is far superior to that of the Tell. He is of a tawny colour, and tall, with a sharp snout, broad forehead, short ears, and muscular neck; the muscles of the hind-quarters being also very prominent. He has no belly, clean limbs, well detached sinews, the hock near the ground, the under part of the paw small and dry, the palate and the tongue black, and the hair very soft: between the two ilia there should be the breadth of four fingers, and the tip of the tail should be able to pass under the thigh and reach the hip-bone. Both the forearms are generally fired in five lines to harden the muscles.

"The most renowned greyhounds of the Sahara are those of the Hamiân, the Oulad-sidi-Shikh, the Harar, the Arbâa, and the Oulad-Naïl."

The Arabs hunt both on foot and on horseback. A horseman who would chase the hare must take with him a greyhound, which is called *slougui*, from Slouguiâ, a spot where they were originally produced from the coupling of she-wolves with dogs. The male *slougui* lives twenty years, the female twelve. Greyhounds that are able to run a gazelle down are rare.[1]

[1] Horses of the Sahara. By General E. Daumas.

CHAPTER XXV.

HERODOTUS has recorded that among the Egyptians, if a dog died, all the people of the house shaved their whole bodies and their heads; and that all persons buried their dogs in sacred vaults within their own city. The consecration of animals among that ancient nation (whose sublime monuments, hoary with untold ages, still stand serenely eyeing the stream of time which has consigned the labours of so many empires to oblivion,) was, perchance, partly drawn from the desire to infuse mercy and kindness into the hearts of men towards their subject creatures. The present condition of the dog on the banks of the Nile, in Egypt, is not improved since those remote times.

The dogs of the Egyptian towns are masterless, and live on carcasses thrown out on the mounds of rubbish outside the walls, on offal, and what is cast them by the charitable. In the villages and with the shepherds along the desert they are better cared for, protecting the property of the people from thieves, and their animals from wild beasts. These dogs are generally sandy in colour, but they vary—some are black, and others white. At Erment, near Thebes, is a breed of black dogs, quite different from those of Lower Egypt—fierce, excellent watchers, and having roughish wiry hair and drooping but small ears: they are stated to be derived from the Howara Arabs.

Numbers of dogs congregate on some of the rubbish mounds

outside the gates and walls of Cairo, and live on the carcasses of horses, asses, &c., which are thrown there. The Arabs, not having arrived at that pitch of western economy which terminates the utility of a beast of burden at a cheap restaurant, these masterless dogs act as scavengers, in which capacity they are accompanied by the large black and white yellow-billed carrion hawk, kites, and troops of black and grey carrion crows. Among the skeletons and scattered bones, heads, and hoofs, these dogs, about two feet in height, generally of a yellow colour, or black, or a dirty white, smooth-skinned, and mostly with erect pointed ears, may be seen in crowds, their mouths and necks bloody, snarling, snapping, fighting, tearing and gorging to repletion. The bitches scratch holes in the rubbish-heaps and there bring forth their young. After the bones of the dead animals are cleared of flesh by the dogs, bundles of them are collected and carried off by women and children.

The dogs of the towns associate in bands, and each band has its district and its chief. No other dog is permitted to enter the territory without being at once assailed. If, however, a dog wishes to pass from one quarter of the town to another, he is said to creep along with his tail down in a humble manner, and immediately the dogs of that part come upon him, to throw himself on his back, and deprecate their attack. After due examination he is allowed to proceed, but repeats his submissive actions whenever he meets new foes, and so, after enduring repeated challenges, gains his destination. These dogs are still and quiet during the day (unless, indeed, an European comes in sight, when their vociferousness is loud and long), but at night they are very vigilant, and guard the bazaars against the nocturnal thief.

Outside Cairo

The dog of lower Egypt has most likely existed, as we now find him, for many centuries. Lucan, in his 'Pharsalia,' says:—

"The body, whether rent, or borne away,
By foul Egyptian dogs, and birds of prey."

They would probably eat the dead had they the opportunity, as the village dogs near the Ganges and its affluents dô in Hindostan. From poverty, or economy, the Hindoo, instead of burning, often throws the corpse into the sacred stream with a couple of chatties tied to the neck. When the string gives way the body is carried down the flood till it grounds in some eddy, where it is speedily scented by the vulture, adjutant, crow, jackal, or Pariah dog.

Byron's lines are very truly descriptive of the scene that follows:—

"He saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull,
As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast."

The Siege of Corinth.

The condition of the dog is often wretched in many parts of the East. Porter says that those of Bagdad are miserably off. In some cities, however, the most charitable of "the faithful" have founded refuges for them and other animals, in Egypt, Turkey, and India.

Mahomet permitted dogs for the chase; and the flesh of

animals, captured by them in that manner, to be eaten, provided the name of God was uttered in slipping them, and if they had not devoured any portion. According to his law, animals are responsible in a future state; and one sect of Mussulmen believes that dogs will give evidence in another world against men. The prejudice in the East against dogs arises principally from their acting as scavengers and eating offal: but the feeling does not extend to foreign dogs, or those of different life. The Shâfe'ees hold themselves polluted by the touch of his nose, if wet; but others are only careful to prevent his licking them, or defiling them in a worse manner.

Lane informs us that the inhabitants of Egypt were humane to dumb animals, but their intercourse with Europeans has not rendered them more so; on the contrary, the conduct of many Christians has greatly conduced to the opposite effect, "For," says that most learned and accurate authority, "I do not remember to have seen acts of cruelty to dumb animals, except in places where Franks either reside or are frequent visitors—as Alexandria, Cairo, and Thebes. I now frequently see the houseless dogs beaten in the streets of Cairo, and that when quite inoffensive and quiet. I still observe men feeding them with bread, &c., and the persons who do so are mostly poor men. In every district of this city are many small troughs, which are daily replenished with water for the dogs. The shopkeepers paying each a trifle monthly for the purpose."

Many drinking fountains have now been placed in London, but in numerous instances for man only, though it would, in most of them, have been very easy to have had a space below where at least dogs, if not the over-driven and gasping sheep

and cattle, goaded by the savage drover on their way to the slaughter-house, might have slaked their last thirst.

Lane also tells us that dogs are eaten by many Maghrabees, or Western Arabs, settled at Alexandria, and by the few in Cairo. If the dog, where he is ownerless and pressed by necessity, eats man, man, on the other hand feeds on the dog in many places without that excuse. In addition to the Sandwich Islands, the dog is made an article of food at Otaheite, in China, on the Niger, in Guinea, Congo, the centre of Africa, Guiana, the West Indies, Mexico, and by gipsies in England. Sir W. Hamilton stated, in 1789, that dogs were eaten in Sicily, at Casalnuovo; so also said Swinburne. The Romans ate the dog, and so, according to Hippocrates, did the Greeks. Captain Carver relates he saw the Naudowessie Indians, in North America, eat dogs in 1766-8, for luxury, not necessity. The Esquimaux consider the dog as very dainty food. American and Asiatic savages sacrifice dogs. When the Koreki dread any infection, they kill a dog, wind the intestines round two poles, and pass between them. E. Ysbrant Ides tells of a Tungusian people, on the Schilka River, whose most solemn oath was killing a dog and drinking his blood. Europeans, in the selfish hope of escaping the natural penalty of their own vices or those of their foregoers, sometimes dissect the dog alive! Such deeds have been perpetrated by "a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and published them without shame, and who, nevertheless, are still suffered to erect their heads among human beings." The outraged name of Science is the cloak thrown by these men over their actions, but the fair form of Truth ever shrinks with abhorrence from the polluting contact of such sanguinary and remorseless hands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN English officer who was engaged in our rash expedition against Buenos Ayres, in 1806, says, when describing the country about one hundred miles north-west of that city.[1]

"Vast crowds of green plover making a great noise flew around us, and large bodies of wild dogs, who live and breed in holes, were visible, in quest of water and food. Lieutenant Balingall, by the power of imitating, decoyed two pups from their recess, which were afterwards domesticated with great difficulty. They were long very shy, but proved in the end very faithful housedogs. Their hair is harder and thicker than the tame sort. They subsist upon their fellows of the plain, and tend much to diminish the general stock of cattle. I often noticed their preference to the calves, which they attack in bodies of about twenty—guarded by the mother, the battle is sometimes furious and long-contested, but in almost all of them, natural affection is compelled to yield to a sense of self-preservation. Happily for the human race, they are cowardly by nature, for a shrill whistle will put thousands to flight, although above the ordinary size of the canine species."

[1] Gleanings and Remarks: collected during many months' residence at Buenos Ayres, &c. By Major Alexander Gillespie. 1819.

"Cruelty to brutes seems a striking characteristic of the lower orders, and the very methods used in slaughtering them tend much to render it an habitual stain. At every country house, bands of dogs are kept, to consume the carrion, to intimidate the wandering ladrones, as well as to repel the midnight assaults of their less civilised brethren, who visit the estancias in their roam, but their hostilities are always confined to bullying and barking. So prolific are they in this state of nature, that if they were not occasionally destroyed, they would overrun the land. To check their increase, which could not be effected by the tamer branches of the species, parties are formed twice a year from the adjacent country, all of whom are mounted and armed with their cuchillos, or knives. After compelling the dogs to brush from their holes by fumigation, they close them and pursue the refugees, butchering them in numbers. It is a stigma that on those occasions one unhappy victim is flayed alive, and so set free, which is imagined by those executioners, to make an impression upon the rest."

One proprietor near the Parana, out of 60,000 head of cattle on his estate, estimated his annual loss in calves, lambs, and young colts, at 2000, by the rapacity of the wild dogs.

Their courage, where man is not their enemy, would appear to be considerable, for, writes Major Gillespie, "Near the village, some dogs killed two lions while we remained, of a darkish brown colour, their limbs strong, and with their heads neither shagged nor broad."

This must be the Puma, a far more active and formidable

creature than any American dog. There are also small dogs without hair except on the head and tail, which are shagged; they are often companions of the ladies of the country.

Stedman in his 'Surinam' tells us that dogs taken to Guiana lose the habit of barking, and that the native dogs never bark. He also states that he never saw or heard of hydrophobia there. The Indians all keep dogs and hunt with them; they are of a dirty white colour, meagre, and small, with short hair, a sharp muzzle, and erect ears, very dexterous in finding game; but mischievous.

European dogs taken to Congo are also said to lose the faculty of barking. The natives there eat them.

WILD DOGS IN PUERTO RICO.

"This scant of sheep," says Aglionby, "is not to be laid upon the nature of the soil, as being unfit, or unwilling, to feed that sober, harmless creature; but it proceedeth rather of the wolvish kind of dogs which are here in multitudes: and who knows not that when they that should be friends become enemies there is no cruelty compared with theirs? There have been in this island far greater flocks, the cause of whose decay when I enquired of them that had been long dwellers here, they told us the reason was that which I mentioned; namely, wild dogs which are bred in the woods, and there go in great companies together. These wild dogs, whereas they should be protectors, through want of man's voice and presence to direct them better, become wolvish in their nature, and now make pityful havoc of the poor silly sheep.

"Now this strange alteration of these dogs proceedeth not

of any mixture of their kind with wolves, or any other ravenous beast (for I have not heard, nor could learn that the island breedeth any such, though I have asked many); but they tell me this cometh to pass by reason that these dogs find in the woods sufficient sustenance, and prefer wild liberty before domestical, and to themselves much more profitable service. A notable instruction to man, the natural reasonable beast, how easily he may grow wild, if once he begin to like better of licentious anarchy than of wholesome obedience."

"Here, if any desire (as I think all that hear hereof will desire), to know how these dogs can live in these woods, the answer, although very true, will seem happily as strange as anything that hitherto hath been reported. For they live of crabs; I mean not fruits of trees, though every tree hanging laded with strange fruits might perchance yield nourishment to that beast specially, which Nature above the rest hath enabled with a distinguishing and perceiving faculty of what is good or ill for them to eat: but by crabs I mean an animal, a living and sensible creature, in feeding whereupon even men find a delight, not only contentedness. For it is not only in these southerly parts of the world, as in England and the like countries, that these crabs can live only and are to be found in the sea: but these woods are full of these crabs, in quantity bigger than ever I saw any sea crabs in England, and in such multitudes that they have burrowed like conies in English warrens. They are in shape not different from sea crabs, for ought I can perceive: I have seen multitudes of them both here and at Dominica; the whitest whereof (for some are ugly black) some of our men did eat with good

liking, and without any harm that ever I heard complaint of. This is the meat which these wild dogs live of: which I do the rather believe, because at Dominica we did indeed see dogs in the woods, so far from any man's dwelling, that we wondered whereof they lived.

"The remembrance of what we had seen at Dominica, brought us to a more assenting of what was told us of the dogs and crabs of Puerto Rico: and then that leads us to another point looking the same way. For at our first coming to Puerto Rico, the dogs of the city every night kept a fearful howling, and in the daytime you should see them go in flocks into the woods along the sea side. This we took at first for a kind bemoaning of their masters' absence and leaving of them; but when within a while they were acquainted with us who at first were strangers to them, and so began to leave their howling by night, yet still they continued their daily resort to the woods, and that in companies: we understood by asking, that their resort thither was to hunt and to eat crabs, whereof in the woods they should find store."[1]

The traveller and naturalist, Von Tschudi, in describing the high table lands of Peru, called the Puna, lying between the lofty mountain chains of the Cordillera and the Andes; states that cats are unable to live at an elevation of 13,000 feet; and that dogs also suffer, but not to the same extent:—

"Thickets of rushy grass are inhabited by the Pishacas, or Yutu, a species of partridge which the Indians catch by dogs.

[1] Aglionby's Account of the Earl of Cumberland's Expedition to Puerto Rico. MS.

These dogs of the Puna Indians are a peculiar race (Canis Ingæ, Tsch). They are distinguished by a small head, a pointed muzzle, small erect ears, a tail curling upwards, and a thick shaggy skin. They are in a half-wild state, and very surly and snappish. They furiously attack strangers, and even after having received a deadly wound they will crawl along the ground, and make an effort to bite. To white people they appear to have a particular antipathy; and sometimes it becomes rather a venturous undertaking for a European traveller to approach an Indian hut, for these mountain dogs spring up to the sides of the horse, and try to bite the rider's legs. They are snarlish and intractable even to their masters, who are often obliged to enforce obedience by the help of a stick. Yet these dogs are very useful animals for guarding flocks, and they have a keen scent for the pishacas, which they catch and kill with a single bite."

Tschudi, one night, slept in the hut of a Puna shepherd; "and," says he, "while saddling my mule at daybreak, one of those fierce little dogs which are domiciled in every Indian hut, slily watched my movements; and though he had rested at the foot of my bed during the night, yet he was only prevented, by the repeated threats of his master, from making an attack upon me."

In the province of Maynas, in Tropical America, dogs bury themselves in the sand to avoid the musquitos or sancudos. The chegoe, also attacks them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PHILIP Camerarius,[1] after detailing some of the fearful and almost incredible atrocities, practised by Italian nobles in the Old World in demoralised Italy; recounts the misery and despair inflicted by Europeans on the unoffending and defenceless people of the New. How has that priceless gift, the dog, been abused!

"But what should let us to tell here that which histories report touching the conquerors of the New World, who have not been much gentler to the West Indians, than the aforesaid princes to others of their time: especially after they made themselves masters of the citie of Cusco, where they committed (as in all the countrey besides) most horrible ravages and massacres. For Benzo and others write, that there were some Spaniards who having passed away the time with cutting a many poore Indians into pieces, like flesh for the butcherie, gave the pieces when they had done, for meat to their dogs. Oviedus reporteth a pleasant storie, which I will here set downe. Diego Salazar, famous for having beene one of the conquerors of Saint John's Island, had a great dog, very cruell, and well flesht upon the Indians, which dog was called Bezerillo. The night after that day wherein the

[1] Living Librarie.

Spaniards had overthrowne in battell the Cacick Mabodomacha, Salazar was minded to set his dog upon an old Indian woman, that was a prisoner: now, that he might doe it the more handsomely, he giveth this old woman a letter to carrie to the Governour, being then a league off, meaning, so soone as she should be gon a little way, to let loose his dog after her. The poor soule going on merrily, in hope of deliverance by the meane of that letter, was not gon a bow-shoot on her way, before Salazar sent his dog after, who overtakes her presently. She seeing the raging curre running after her with open mouth, sits her dówne upon the ground, and begins to say to him in her language; *Seignior dogge, seignior dogge, I carrie these letters* (therewith showing him the letters sealed) *to the governor.* And then adding, *Seignior dog doe not hurt me.* Bezerillo, lesse dogged than his lord Salazar, being (as it were) moved with the humble and abject prayers of the poore old woman, made a full stop, and lifting up his leg pisseth against the woman, as it had beene against a wall. The Spaniards that knew the currish and cruell nature of Bezerillo, made a miracle of the accident, and were ashamed to kill a woman whom such a dog had spared alive. This showeth the truth of that saying of Aristotle, *That anger groweth calme towards those that stir not,* as appeareth in dogs that never bit persons layd along upon the ground. We read also, that the West Indians in Peru, being not able to find gold inough to satisfie the covetousnesse of the Spaniards, who applied divers kinds of tortures unto them, hid themselves in the woods; but the Spaniards going thither a hunting with their dogs, and thereby discovering the Indians, made them be set upon, strangled, and torne in pieces: they

that were left alive being driven into despaire, to be rid at once out of so many miseries hung themselves with their owne hands. A Spaniard, a Jacobin Frier, and after a Bishop, called Bartlemew de las Casas,[1] confirmeth these things, as having seene them; for describing the affaires of Peru, he deploreth withal the unhappienesse of the Indians; *But I must needs* (saith he) *recount another devilish act, and I know not if it agree not more with the most cruell beasts, than with men. The Spaniards keepe of purpose certaine furious and bloody curres, with which they use to bite, throttle, and teare the Indians in pieces. For my part thinke not that good and right Christians, and they that will be thought to bee so* (*but are not indeed*) *can say, That they ever heard tell of the like,* to wit, That the Spaniards carrie about with them wheresoever they goe, a great number of Indians chained as if it were herds of swine. They kill them, cut them into pieces, and keepe a shambles of mans flesh. You shall oft-times heare one of them say to another, Lend me a quarter of flesh of thy viliago (that is to say villaine, for so in outragious disdaine they call everie Indian) to give to my dogs, I will give thee the like when I shall kill one of my viliagos: behaving themselves in that, as if they pleasured one another with quarters of mutton, or with legs of porck. Some of them when they goe a hunting (as they doe ordinarily), being asked at their comming home, if they had good fortune: Yea (say they), for with my dogs I have pulled downe and killed so many and so many viliacos. If it be not to the number of fifteene or twentie, they thinke they have not made a good hunting. This Spanish Bishop

[1] In his book of the Destruction of the Indians by the Spaniards.

writeth of these and many other such beastly furious parts in the Spanish booke, printed at Sevill, Anno 1552, since translated into French, and published. Moreover, Anthonie le Pois, in a certaine discourse, alleageth out of the Histories of India, how that, by the commandement of Veluoa, a Spanish captaine, Pancras, a great Indian Cacick, and many other great followers of his, were throwne to dogs, which did throttle and eat them. Hee addeth, That in this voyage a Spanish souldier had such a terrible dog which he carried with him, that in bickerings hee would strike more feare into the Indians, than the Spaniards themselves could doe; whereby his master received a double pay everie moneth, one for himselfe, another for his dog. At the last, in a conflict the Indians with arrowes killed this foure-footed Spaniard, at which they rejoiced more than if they had feld a great number of two-footed enemies. This dog called Leonino, had this singular qualitie, that if any Indian prisoner did save himself by running, and the souldier would command the dog to run after, and bring him back againe; Leonino would follow the footing of the prisoner, and though he had hid himselfe among a thousand Indians, the dogge would know him againe, and by his leapings at him give him warning to come backe againe: If he obeyed, the dog would doe him no hurt; but if he resisted, Leonino would teare him in pieces. Touching the tortures and hunting with dogs practised by the Spaniards against the West-Indians, Anthonie Arnold[1] saith these words: in Peru they have publike tortures in the market-places, where they may put a thousand men at once, and

[1] In his Plea against the Jesuits.

there the souldiers and their boyes torment these poore soules to make them confesse where their treasure lies. When they can make an escape, they goe and hang themselves in the mountains, and by them their wives, and their little children at their feete. These monsters of tyrannie goe a hunting men, as they doe heere hunt stags. They send them out to seek for honie and wax, and send their dogs after them to rent and devoure them. Peter Martyr Miliannois[1] saith the same, where he reporteth, That the Indians burned certaine bodies which the dogs had torne in pieces. And after, he hath discourse at large of the ragingnesse of the dogs upon the poore, naked, and unarmed Indians; neverthelesse (saith he) the business fell out otherwise in the encounters between the Spaniards and the Caribes and Caramarians: for these people being fierce and fitter for the war than any other, shoote with great suddennesse poysoned arrowes, werewith they kill the dogs that come anything neere them."

Campanella[2] states that this cruelty with dogs was introduced by Fedremen and Benalcazar's people, and that it became general, dogs being the main arm against the Indians.[3] In Mexico the fighting dogs who were made use of in the war and had been the tomb of many kings and caciques, when this food failed them, devoured whole pasturages of sheep and swine.[4]

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[1] Lib. ii. Decad. 3. [2] De Monarchiâ Hispanicâ, p. 249.

[3] L. F. Piedrahita, Historia General de las Conquistas del Nuevo Reyno de Granada, p. 305.

[4] Remesal, Historia de la Provincia de Chiapa y Guatemala, p. 173.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE varieties of the dog are more numerous on the continent of Europe than throughout the whole remainder of the globe. Many volumes would be required to give even a partial description of them.

The shepherds' dogs of South Russia are thus described[1] as discharging their office of protecting the flocks from the nocturnal violence of the wolf:—

"The shepherds make their evening meal round a blazing fire, with their twenty watchful dogs encircling them. . . . . They lie down for their night's rest in the following order: the old head-shepherd and his guests choose the waggon for their lodging, the other shepherds drive the sheep close together into a circle round the waggon, and form with the dogs a cordon round the flock. Each shepherd lays the fur and 'swita' which, both in summer and winter, form his mattress and coverlet, on the grass of the steppes, and all place themselves at equal distances from each other. Between every two shepherds three or four dogs are placed, also at equal distances from each other. In order to make the dogs stay on their respective posts, a piece of an old cloak or sheep-

[1] Reisen in Sudrussland, vol. ii. p. 209. J. G. Kohl.

skin is laid on the spot. A mat of this description, belonging especially to each dog, is kept for him in the waggon, and as each knows its own, he is sure to lie down wherever he finds it. The wolves would scarcely dare to attack a fortress so well garrisoned."

In the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Apennines of Calabria, dogs perform the same service. The powerful wiry dogs which guard the Bergamese sheep in the mountains are said to be able to cope singly with a wolf. They wear formidable spiked collars, and take charge of the flock in the absence of the shepherd.

Murray's 'Summer in the Pyrenees' thus mentions the noble protectors of the flocks:—

"Their fine-looking dogs, a couple of which are generally attached to each flock, have nobler duties to perform than that of chasing the flock and biting the legs of stragglers. They protect it from the attacks of wolves and bears, against whose approach they are continually on the watch, and to whom they at once offer battle. So well aware are the sheep of the fatherly care of these dogs, and that they themselves have nothing to fear from them, that they crowd around them, as if they really sought their protection; and dogs and sheep may be seen resting together, or trotting after the shepherd, in the most perfect harmony. The Pyrenean shepherd, his dog, and his flock, seem to understand each other's duties. Mutual security and affection are the bonds which unite them."

"He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice."

The virtues of the dog are his own—his vices those of his master (at least Addison says he has been the companion of man 3000 years, and only learned of him to worry his species in distress). By the following extract from the 'Times' of February 29, 1864, a remarkable instance is shown of the difference of the Irish from the English dog. In England—a comparatively honest and justice-loving land—the canine race bark at the thief; but in the sister isle they give warning of the approach of the police! Paddy sporting on Sunday, recalls to mind the Act of the 13th Richard II.

Speaking of a proposed dog show in Dublin:—

"Whatever may be proposed to improve the breed of dogs, something effectual should be done to diminish their number, for there are loud complaints from all parts of the country that they are becoming an intolerable nuisance. The number of worthless dogs in Ireland is prodigious, one or more of them being kept at every cabin. They annoy passengers and frighten horses by their furious barking on the public roads. Being half-starved at home, since the failure of the potatoes, they go prowling over the country at night in search of food. They attack flocks of sheep and kill many of them, worrying the rest almost to death. During the spring they prey upon lambs to a fearful extent. They are a protection to robbers and other bad characters at night, because they bark at the constabulary patrol, and thus give warning to criminals to keep out of the way. Many of them are also kept for poaching purposes, and their owners overrun the country hunting game, especially during the hours of worship on Sunday. From

all these causes a tax on dogs would be very well received by the Irish gentry, and would be a real benefit to the country."

"During my tour," says Sir Francis Head,[1] "wherever I went I had observed that Irish dogs are infected with a wooden log tied round their necks, and which bruises their knees if they attempt to go faster than a trot. 'It 's inflicted on um by the aristocracy of England!' said a man, of whom I had modestly inquired on the subject." . . . "As an English dog runs about unfettered, but *taxed*, and an Irish dog lives untaxed, but *logged*, it would admit of argument, if 'the twa dogs' were to meet, which was the freest animal of the two."

The dog, to a certain extent, propagates disease, but more especially where he is neglected, and the habits of the people are filthy. Mr. Simon, surgeon to the Medical Department of the Privy Council, has stated that dogs and animals eating the raw offal of slaughter-houses contribute largely to the dissemination of parasitic diseases produced by the tape-worm. In Iceland, where these complaints are numerous, causing one-fifth of the mortality, the agency of the dog in spreading them is established. The sheep-disease also, the sturdy or gid, so prevalent in the United Kingdom, is most common among flocks herded by many dogs. Irish pigs, however, are the great spreaders of the plague, most especially when herding with human beings, living in common, and devouring their excrement, or when fed on horseflesh, entrails, or diseased

[1] A Fortnight in Ireland.

meat. Pigs receive the complaint from man, and so may dogs in the same manner.[1]

A friend in Galway has obliged me with some particulars concerning the dogs in that county:—

"The poor people keep dogs in their cabins, but in almost every case small ones. Those who have it feed them on potatoes and milk; the very poor only give them the skins and such scraps as the animals can pick up. In the villages there are some very miserable looking dogs: the people keep them more as companions than as watch-dogs, for they have but little to take care of, and those small dogs are great cowards; they will bark violently at a stranger while outside, but the moment you enter the door they run into their corner and hide. In some cabins you will now and then find a nice little terrier, or a small spaniel; but the generality are what people call cabin curs, most of them very ugly dogs, with large heads and long rat-like tails. You will rarely ever find a large one with those people—they could not feed them. Those little dogs are greatly attached to their poor owners. I can give you an instance of their attachment, but I fear it may be long; however I will put it in as few words as possible.

Not many months past a needy man was travelling on foot from a village at the other side of Galway to one down in the west. He took his little dog with him; it was a small smooth white one, something of a terrier, but a very common-looking dog. The man having travelled two days with but little sus-

[1] See Gamgee (J.), Professor Edin. Veterinary College; Dr. Leared; Dr. Hjaltlin, head of the Medical Board at Reykjavik.

tenance, was so exhausted with hunger, after being refused food at several cottages by which he had passed, that he turned into a field beside the road and lay down, not able from starvation to go any farther. Some people going by heard a low howl and went into the field, where they found the man almost dead, the little dog sitting at his head. At the moment my brother happened to be driving from church, so he stopped, and while having the man put up on the car, observed the dog, who was in a great state of excitement, so much so, that he put him up too—then the little creature was quite contented. My brother took them to the police-barrack and his little boy offered food to the starving dog, but he would not taste it, and kept quite close to his master while they were trying to restore him. When he saw him better and able to eat, then the little animal devoured his own food ravenously, all the while watching his master. The man and dog went away next morning, and we heard no more of either since.

"The sheep-dog in this country is rather a handsome animal: it is a very well made dog, with a long thick coat, which makes it appear much larger than it really is, and a long well-furnished tail. These dogs are rather curiously marked: the upper part of their body is nearly black, as also that of the head and tail; the rest of the body, legs, and the fringe of the tail is a light brown, and the lower part of the face lighter still. All sheep-dogs in this part of the country are marked as I have described, and are unlike any I have ever seen in England. They are such gentle creatures that they will allow a perfect stranger to come up and pet them.

"In every woodranger's cottage you will find a small dog

very like the fox—their head and ears remarkably so. These dogs are kept purposely for catching rabbits, but strange to say, they never kill them. They are not taught to preserve the life of the rabbits, but it is their nature. Ferrets are not always used with these dogs, yet they often catch larger rabbits than they can carry. They are of no use as watch-dogs; this I learnt from the people who have them. Their colour is not that of the fox, but in most cases it is something similar; many of them are a mixture of reddish brown and black—their size is that of a small Scotch terrier, with long back and very short legs, and a large tail not unlike the fox's brush.

"In Ireland we have a good many small smooth black terriers: I am told they are most sagacious animals. Also small black spaniels, likewise very intelligent. These dogs are chiefly found with the gentry and amongst the better class of farmers. There are also a large number of bulldogs kept by the farmers, very fierce brutes, not only wicked to strangers, but just the same, if vexed, with those to whom they belong. I have seen some dogs of this kind in the county Limerick, where they are very numerous. If left without their food for any time, be it ever so short, after their usual hour, they become so furious that no one dare go near them. They are kept tied up all day and let loose at night in the farmyard. In appearance they resemble the English bulldog, but are a muddy-white in colour, and some are cream-coloured."

CHAPTER XXIX.

SEVERAL naturalists have laboured to confound the identity of the dog with that of the wolf, fox, and jackal, (particularly the former), animals his very opposites in moral nature. Their arguments consist principally of assertions of an entire similitude of structure; that the dog and wolf will breed together, and the progeny is fertile; that the wolf is capable of the highest domestication and great affection for man; and finally (which is correct), that the period of gestation is the same. Now, in the first place, if the wolf, fox, jackal, and dog, are the same animal, how is it they have different names? How is it that their habits, when in a wild state, roaming through the forest and uninfluenced by man, are so different? If the dog is a wolf, then the dog is also a fox; but the life of a fox is not like the life of a wild dog; on the contrary, it is very much opposed to it. The construction of the eye of the fox is not similar to the eye of the dog, and there are other points which are very inharmonious with each other. The position of the dog and fox being identical in species is, however, quite untenable, as much so as the identity of the dog and hyena, which also has been argued for. Relinquishing, nevertheless, that style of argument, and addressing the question of the similarity of the dog and wolf

alone. The similarity of structure is denied by Richardson,[1] who asserts that the intestines of the wolf are shorter; the orbits higher and more forward in the skull; the proportion between the bones of the hind legs is different; also the number of toes; and the structure of the teeth, which are larger, stronger, and longer, and the molars more adapted for breaking bones, than in the dog;—altogether, that the wolf is formed for more carnivorous pursuits than the dog.

That the dog and wolf will breed together, and that the progeny is fertile (fertile at least to a very limited extent, for no more has been proved), is correct. Nevertheless this amounts to little. The fertility of hybrids of animals far more widely separated than the dog and wolf has been abundantly proved, and proved, too, to a far greater extent than anything ever achieved respecting those two. No one can doubt that the hare and rabbit are totally distinct creatures. In hair, skin, anatomy, colour, odour, and habits, they are very far asunder. They bear great animosity to each other; their fecundity differs greatly. Though in a state of nature and living near each other, they never mix or mingle, and while one trusts to speed and the open field for safety from its enemies, the other takes refuge in its burrow. Yet the fertility of hybrids between the hare and rabbit has been demonstrated and established beyond the shadow of a doubt. Monsieur Rouy, of Angoulême, commenced in 1847 to breed for commercial purposes between the hare and rabbit. He has propagated the race (which he has named Leporides) for at least thirteen generations without any diminution of vigour in the animals,

[1] H. D. Richardson on the Dog. W. S. Orr & Co.

of which he sends above a thousand yearly to market.[1] Richardson asserts that the progeny of the dog and wolf are sterile with *each other.*

Wolves and wild dogs are found in the same forests; now if they were the same animal this would not be the case; they would intermingle, and all distinction soon be obliterated. On the contrary, they live apart, and are totally different in appearance. Where sexual connexion takes place between the dog and wolf, it is (except in the Arctic regions) owing to their being artificially brought together, and whilst under the overpowering influence of nature's law of propagation. But it is "lust hard by hate," and those very creatures, and though of opposite sexes, would, from their intense hostility, destroy each other at any other time. If dogs were wolves they would, in a wild state, revert rapidly to their original type. If dogs are wolves, wolves are dogs, and should be easily reclaimed. But the prophet of nature tells us, "He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf."

Does any man believe that he could, in even half a century, by breeding and educating pure wolves, ever convert them into sheep-dogs? Does he think the wolf would dwell with the lamb? Would he trust his flocks to them on the downs of Sussex or the hill-sides of the Highlands? "They would have a wild trick of their ancestors!" Buffon bred dogs and wolves for four generations, but left no satisfactory result. Frederic Cuvier in later experiments attested that procreative power lessened by degrees in the mule race of dog and wolf. The following account, taken from 'Bell's Life' the 16th of

[1] Studies in Animal Life. Lewes, 1862.

November, 1862, is another singular proof of progeny arising from animals of totally different races:—

"EXTRAORDINARY CURIOSITY.—A SUBJECT FOR NATURALISTS.—We had submitted to our inspection on Friday last two hybrid animals, whose existence certainly is an incontestable answer to the question which has often been mooted by naturalists,—'Can or will animals of the canine and feline race breed together?' The animals to which we allude are the produce of a lioness and a true English mastiff. They are a dog and bitch, and are about seven weeks old. The bitch presents no extraordinary feature, and at first glance would be taken for a mongrel, while the dog at once catches the eye as something uncommon. He has all the true colour of the African lion, has a black stripe down his back, and a species of black fringe under the jowl, which has all the appearance of an incipient mane. Both animals have the power of extending and retracting the claws like a cat; and their movements, especially those of the male, when playing together and when feeding, partake more of the feline than the canine method. The male stands nearly a foot high, the female not quite so large; their limbs are immensely powerful, and their general appearance assures one that, when full grown, they will be most formidable customers. That they are really what they are represented to us is a matter of certainty and not of speculation. The mother was brought to this country four years back by Captain W. H. Patten-Saunders, and given to his mother, in whose possession she has been ever since. The sire, a fine mastiff, has also been in that lady's possession for the same period. They have

constantly occupied the same yard, but have generally been chained up. The lioness has never seen a lion since her arrival in this country, and no animal except the mastiff can have had access to her. These curiosities will, no doubt, create great speculation among naturalists, and the discussion will tend to enliven the coming dull season, if no more useful end will be answered."

In the Museum at Keswick is an animal said to be between a racoon and a sheep. The lion and tiger will breed together, and Caius says the same of the bear and bandog.

That the wolf has been tamed, and, in some cases, shown great affection for man, is true; but the instances, strong as they are, seem to be only exceptions to a rule. Besides, the same may be said of other animals: the elephant, lion, otter, and even the seal, have been perfectly domesticated, and shown marked attachment. Similar facts might be brought forward of other animals, and also of birds and reptiles; indeed, perhaps there is no species of creature which might not be largely influenced by love if consistently shown to it by man. The succeeding instances exhibit the wolf in two lights:—

"A lady near Geneva had a tame wolf, which seemed to have as much attachment to its mistress as a spaniel. She had occasion to leave home for some weeks; the wolf evinced the greatest distress after her departure, and at first refused to take food. During the whole time she was absent he remained much dejected. On her return, as soon as the animal heard her footsteps he bounded into the room in an ecstasy of delight; springing up, he placed one paw on each

of her shoulders, but the next moment he fell backward and instantly expired.

"M. de Candolle, Lecturer on Natural History of Geneva, related this story."

O'Brien's Round Towers of Ireland, p. 468.

Lord Byron[1] said, in reply to a question from Moore concerning Southey's Roderick, as to the possibility of a dog being able to know his master, when neither his mother nor his mistress could recollect him,—

> "The dog who lay,
> Before Rusillo's feet, eyeing him long
> And wistfully, had recognized at length,
> Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,
> His royal master. And he rose and lick'd
> His wither'd hand, and earnestly looked up,
> With eyes whose human meaning did not need
> The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
> To court and chide the long-withheld caress."
>
> (*Poetical Works*, Ed. 1838.)

"—— As for canine recollections, as far as I could judge by a cur of mine own (always bating Boatswain, the dearest, and, alas! the maddest of dogs), I had one (half a *wolf* by the she side) that doted on me at ten years old, and very nearly ate me at twenty. When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches, and never would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him. So, let Southey blush and Homer too, as far as I can decide upon quadruped memories."—1815.

[1] Moore's Life of Byron, p. 274.

In Southey's 'Common Place Book' occurs this extract:—

"Our back country settlers generally say that to tame wolves is as impracticable as to civilize Indians."

Hist. Coll., vol. iv. p. 99.

The next example is from the 'Field' of the 30th May, 1863:—

"TAMING THE WOLF.—Some years ago, when at Gibraltar, I obtained a young wolf-pup, and reared him and fed him myself, and he was for some time quite tame. He soon, however, became very savage when he was being fed, but would allow me to come up to him and fondle him at other times. At last he broke his chain and nearly killed a child, and had to be destroyed. At one time I used to take him out and give him rats, which he used to kill and eat, till one day a rat fastened on his lip, and he never would look at one afterwards. One day I gave him a bullock's head, and in eating it one of the bones stuck in his throat. He allowed me then to come up to him and take the bone out, but he was just as savage soon afterwards when eating."—S. S. J.

The female wolf may be tameable perhaps. In the instances given by F. Cuvier and others of tame wolves, they were generally not at large; if they had been, they might have returned to the woods, killed sheep and cattle, and, perhaps, their owner, instead of dying in his defence like the dog. Modus says, that wolves eat the fur of their prey, and that dogs never do. Clamorgan differs as to this. Wolves devour the dog, but the dog turns with disgust from the carcase of the slain wolf. Dogs will not kill tame rabbits. No

one, perhaps, ever heard of a wolf learning to bark, yet dogs of foreign countries, who never barked, acquire the practice from European dogs. Wolves swarmed in Ireland, and were not exterminated till recent times; nevertheless no wolf-like dogs are found there. Indeed the wolves owe their destruction materially to a special breed of dogs, the magnificent and now extinct Irish wolf-hound. The noble sheep-dog of the Pyrenees has no outward resemblance to the wolf of those mountains. Where dogs have run wild in England and preyed on sheep, we never read of their attacking human beings; and when hunted by a pack of hounds these refused to kill them. Even in Australia it is difficult to get the English dog to kill the Dingo; but fox-hounds in France will run into a wolf and worry him at once.

The dog is no more a wolf than man is an orang: structure of frame in both cases brings them near to each other, but constitution of mind puts them far asunder. People persistently seek for the original type of a species, and if unable to find what is consistent with their theory, fix on something else, and try to bend evidence to support their particular view. Perhaps the origin of the domestic dog is to be sought in the forests of the East, but if it exists not there it matters not; the type may have disappeared ages ago. Where can the camel be found in a wild state? Also other domesticated animals? For example, the cat: the indigenous wild cat of our woods is undoubtedly not the same creature as the domestic cat.

Between dog and wolf there exists an instinctive, a reciprocal, and a deadly hatred; and though wild animals always attack with peculiar animosity tamed creatures of

their species, it does not appear that the latter have like feelings against the former. I once knew a case of a magpie which escaped from his cage, but, though he never could be caught, he did not join his brethren, but haunted the garden and neighbourhood of the house, where he had frequent battles with a young cock. The Dingo is looked upon as a true dog, but there are no wolves on the continent of Australia, and its animal life is peculiar to the region. The question of the origin of the dog can only be solved by the resolution of the great enigma of the origin of species. But the mental eye will probably never pierce the gloom of that dark and profound gulf which separates us from the knowledge of long-passed changes. So far as the little span of human records extends, there is nothing but what shows the dog to have ever been the same creature as he exists at this hour in relation to man, and totally distinct from the wolf, whose nature is marked in Genesis,—"Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf." After all, in nature no such distinction as species exists; the line of division cannot be drawn; Nature being a continuous chain of changing and invisible links. So-called species may alter slowly and depart wider by degrees from what it was once, but it cannot be suddenly introduced—the chain cannot be cut and a new link of homogeneous form and metal be welded in between.

The dog exists in a wild state as much, or more, than the wolf, not in one, but in many parts of the globe. Throughout Hindostan, Ceylon, Java, Nepaul, Beelochistan, Persia, Natolia, Congo, Guinea, Nubia, Australia, South America, and possibly in many other countries. These species vary considerably from each other in colour, size, and probably in

disposition. Man in many places has domesticated some of these; he also created breeds; and some have returned to a wild state. That all dogs, or other families of animals, or even the races of man himself, arose from a single pair, is probably now believed by few. Neither is it probable that any race appeared at once on the globe in the form we now find it.

The specimens of the European, Abyssinian, and Indian Wolf, at the Regent's Park, Zoological Gardens, are unmistakeably alike in general appearance. The two Dingo Dogs from Australia do not resemble them in either general form, appearance, or colour. They are red, changing to white under the belly and neck: in size about that of a Scotch sheep-dog, and to which they have much similitude in shape, but are most compactly made. Their noses are black, and eyes brown; ears erect and pointed; tails bushy, with a very little white at the tips (which latter is a mark said never to occur in the wolf), but carried very differently from those of their neighbours the wolves. In their play and manners, too, several actions and sounds were indicative of the dog, and their aspect and expression is by no means wolfish. On giving one some bread he tossed it frequently in the air quite playfully. The long elastic trot of the European wolf is very different from the gait of a dog. The odour of the wolf is strong and disagreeable, very dissimilar from that of the dog, which, on the contrary, when the animal is kept properly, is pleasing. The wolf's breath is offensive, and his flesh rejected by other animals. Only a wolf, it is said, will eat a wolf. Other differences between the dog and wolf might be enumerated. The greatest, however, and most striking, is their

moral natures, and it is impossible to believe that such creatures as those immortalized by Landseer in his 'Dignity and Impudence,' and 'The Distinguished Member of the Humane Society,' can have a common origin and be identical with the sinister, ferocious, sanguinary, cowardly, and cruel wolf. 'Blind Mæonides' thus contrasted them:—

"Grim as voracious wolves that seek the springs
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended, and with lolling tongue,
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
And gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more."

Homer's Iliad.

"Th' unwearied watch their list'ning leaders keep,
And couching close, repel invading sleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;
———— they start, they gaze around,
Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound."

Homer's Iliad.

Most valuable evidence of the ineradicable nature of the Lupine race is that left by Gaston Phœbus and Jean de Clamorgan; as also by Christopher Wase. Testimony of such a character, based on the experience and observations of periods when the wolf was a common animal, is incalculably more reliable than a few isolated and forced experiments made by two or three individuals in recent times.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BRITISH DOG.

THE dogs of Britain were held in high estimation both for war, the combats of the arena, and the pursuits of the chase, so far back as the days of the Roman Empire, and probably even anterior to those times. There is no mention made of them by Cæsar; but as cattle abounded, and the natives lived principally on flesh and milk, and were clad in skins, no doubt they possessed many dogs to conduct their herds and protect them from thieves and wolves, as well as to guard their dwellings in the forests and for the purposes of sport. As was the case with the ancient Germans, hunting must have occupied much of the attention of the Britons. It is uncertain, however, if they coursed the hare, for their superstition prevented them from eating it; but their neighbours the Gauls coursed with very swift and handsome greyhounds, both smooth and rough, for the pleasure and excitement of the pursuit. Indeed the greyhounds of the Gauls, if not those of the Celts, were fully equal to those of our own times, and little has been added to the knowledge of coursing possessed by their masters.[1] The dog, with other

[1] See Arrian.

animals, was placed, it is stated, under the Gaulish altars of Hems, or thrown on the funeral pile of his master; and gipsies in England at this very day are said to burn or destroy the most favourite animal of a deceased gipsy at the obsequies of the latter.

Strabo, who was a contemporary of Cæsar, said of Britain, "It produces corn, cattle, gold, silver, and iron, which also form its exports, together with skins, slaves, and dogs of a superior breed for the chase. The Gauls use these dogs in war, as well as others of their own breed."[1] Gratius Faliscus, likewise, who lived within fifty years of that period, in his hunting poem writes:—

"But if you visit the Morinian shores,
Whose ebbing waves oft leave the Ocean doubtful,
And thence cross o'er to Britain, set aside
The form and colour, which in British dogs
Are the worst points, but, when the tug of war
And inbred courage spur them to their work,
Then is their metal seen; Molossian hound
In vain competes with them."

From the latter authors alone it is clear that the English mastiff was a redoubtable animal, and highly prized, being superior even to those of Epirus; while, according to the former, either this or some other breed was both sagacious in hunting and formidable in war.[2] Moreover, Claudian mentions, in his poem on the second consulate of Stilicho, "British dogs about to break the huge necks of bulls;" and Camden, writing of Winchester, says, "Wolphgangus Lazius

[1] Giles' Ancient Britons.

[2] Strabo, Book iv., cap. 5, sect. 2.

thinks that this procurator had the care of the Emperor's dogs in this place." There can be little doubt that dogs from these islands were exported by the Romans for the sports of the amphitheatre; for Symmachus, a Consul in the fourth century, mentioned them in his seventy-sixth letter to his brother. I thank you, said he, for the present you made me of seven Scottish dogs, which were shown at the Circensian games to the great astonishment of the people, who could not judge it possible to bring them to Rome otherwise than in iron cages, like lions and tigers, so fierce were they. These animals were most likely the Irish wolf-dog.

Nemesianus also recorded the worth of our hounds: "But not Spartan whelps only, or Molossian only, ought we to feed; insular Britain will send swift ones, and such as are adapted to the chase in our quarter of the world." And Oppian, in his work on hunting, wrote: "But there is a certain strong breed of hunting-dogs, small, but worthy of a sublime song, which the wild tribes of painted Britons maintain, and they call them by the name of gaze-hounds: their size, indeed, is equal to that of the worthless pampered domestic table-dogs —crooked, slight, shaggy, dull-eyed, but their feet armed with formidable nails, and furnished with numerous envenomed teeth. Again, the gazehound is most of all excellent for his nose, and first rate for tracing, since he is greatly sagacious in finding the footsteps of animals that pass along the ground and moreover very expert in indicating even the very odour that floats in the atmosphere."

This description most probably refers to the beagle, or some such hound; but certainly is not the gazehound, with which breed it has no similarity whatever.

Thus Britain possessed in those times at least three species of dogs, namely, the formidable mastiff of Gratius, the scenting-hound of Oppian, and the greyhound mentioned by Nemesianus. Rome, in the time of Gratius, was mistress of the known world; the choicest spoils and rarities of all countries found their way to the imperial city, and we may, therefore, conclude from the lines of the Faliscian, that the fighting dogs of this island were matchless on the globe.

The fondness of the Romans for the sports of the field was, at least, equalled by that of the Saxons, who imposed some restrictions on them.

"During the Saxon Age," states Lappenberg, in his 'England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings,' "the noble craft of hunting was the chief recreation of the highest personages, both temporal and ecclesiastical. Elfred was distinguished, even in his early youth, for his skill and boldness in the chase; and of adventures, stratagems, and negligence, through their passion for this recreation, on the part of other princes, many stories are yet extant. Even Eadward the Confessor himself appears to have spent a great part of his time between masses and hunting. The Anglo-Saxons made a distinction between the higher and lower chase; the former was expressly for the King, or those on whom he had bestowed the privilege of sharing in it; the latter only was allowed to the proprietors of the land. Besides the ecclesiastical and secular laws of Cnut, we have his 'Constitutiones de Foresta,' composed, as the preamble informs us, for the benefit of the churches of England. By this document four thanes were appointed in every province for the administration of justice in all matters connected with the Forests, under whom were four inferior

thanes, to whom was committed the immediate care of the vert and venison, and under each of these were two men, whose duty it was to keep watch by night, and perform other servile offices. For their services each of these ranks received respectively an annual remuneration of two hundred shillings, sixty shillings, and fifteen shillings of silver, besides horses and arms. All crimes and delinquencies, committed by individuals of the two subordinate classes, were to be tried and punished by the superior thanes, while these latter were amenable to the king only. Beside the hart, buffaloes, hares, and rabbits were enclosed, which enclosing, as well as the stalling of the beasts of venery, was one of the onerous services imposed on the villeins and burghers. Wolves and foxes, when found without the enclosure, every one was allowed to shoot, and it may excite our wonder how the latter animal, for ages the object of unremitting persecution and sport to the gentry of England, has escaped from total annihilation. The British dogs, which had drawn the attention of the Romans, were also cherished by the Anglo-Saxons, and every two villeins were under the necessity of maintaining one of these animals. The heador (heah-deor) hund, or molossus, was, as its name implies, used for chasing the larger animals."

The remarks of the learned author prove he knew more of the fox-hunting of the Saxons, than of the solicitude with which the vulpine breed is now regarded in England.

As in earlier times, the herdsmen who reared and guarded the numerous great droves of swine which ranged the vast forests of beech and oak, must have kept many fierce dogs to assist them, and protect them and their charge from the attacks of wolves and marauders.

The sheep and cattle of the lords and villeins grazing on the common pastures were likewise, no doubt, watched by the like incorruptible servants.

Asser says that Alfred was an ardent and expert hunter at twelve years of age; also, that he condescended to teach his falconers, hawkers, and dog-keepers himself, and Sharon Turner tells us of the Anglo-Saxons, that "one of their principal diversions was hunting," and that "Alfred is praised by his friend Asser for his incomparable skill and assiduity in the arts of the chase. He is stated to have gone as far as Cornwall to enjoy it." [1]

The hunt of Edmund, the grandson of Alfred, at Ceoddri, is thus described by a contemporary:—

"When they reached the woods they took various directions among the woody avenues; and lo, from the varied noise of the horns and the barking of the dogs, many stags began to fly about. From these, the king, with his pack of hounds, selected one for his own hunting, and pursued it long through devious ways with great agility on his horse, and with the dogs following. In the vicinity of Ceoddri were several abrupt and lofty precipices hanging over profound declivities. To one of these the stag came in his flight, and dashed himself down the immense depth with headlong ruin, all the dogs following and perishing with him. The king, pursuing the animal and the hounds with equal energy, was rushing onwards to the precipice: he saw his danger, and struggled violently to stop his courser; the horse disobeyed awhile his

[1] Bede, iii. 40.

rein: he gave up the hope of life, he recommended himself to God and his saint, and was carried to the very brink of destruction before the speed of the animal could be checked. The horse's feet were trembling on the last turf of the precipice when he stopped."[1]

In the Saxon dialogues we have this conversation on hunting:—

"I am a hunter to one of the kings."

"How do you exercise your art?"

"I spread my nets, and set them in a fit place, and instruct my hounds to pursue the wild deer till they come to the nets unexpectedly, and so are entangled, and I slay them in the nets."

"Cannot you hunt without nets?"

"Yes; with swift hounds I follow the wild deer."

"What wild deer do you chiefly take?"

"Harts, boars, and rein-deer (rana), and goats, and sometimes hares."

"Did you hunt to-day?"

"No, because it was Sunday; but yesterday I did. I took two harts and one boar."

"How?"

"The harts in nets, the boar I slew."

"How dared you slay him?"

"The hounds drove him to me, and I, standing opposite, pierced him."

[1] Cott. MSS., Cleop. B. 13. Life of Dunstan.

"You was bold."

"A hunter should not be fearful, because various wild deer live in the woods."

"What do you do with your hunting?"

"I give the king what I take, because I am his huntsman."

"What does he give thee?"

"He clothes me well, and feeds me, and sometimes gives me a horse or a bracelet, that I may follow my art more lustily."

An Anglo-Saxon by his will gave two hawks and all his stag-hounds (headon hundar) to his natural lord.[1] Edward the Confessor's chief delight was the sports of the field and cheering his swift hounds as their cries echoed through the forest glades; also hawking. Every day after his morning devotions he indulged in these amusements. William of Malmesbury records that Athelstan, Alfred's grandson, imposed on the King of Wales, after a victory, a yearly tribute, including "as many dogs as he might choose, which, from their sagacious scent, could discover the retreats and hiding-places of wild beasts." Edgar, his successor, was likewise passionately fond of field sports. Canute and the Danes, it seems, introduced much severer game-laws than those of the Saxons, the odium of which is too entirely ascribed to the Norman monarchs, who continued and increased them. Harold rarely travelled without hawk and hound. In Crompton on Courts, and in Camden also, is a grant from the Confessor, the authenticity of which, though some doubt,

[1] Thorpe's Reg. Roff. p. 24.

is believed by Blount and others to be genuine, and is at any rate of great antiquity.

"Edward le Confessor graunt a vn Raffe Peperking loffice de garder de son Forest de hundred de Chelmer and Daunceing in Com. Essex in taile come appiert p. Record in Lescheker escrie modo sequente, viz. :—

Iche Edward King
Have yeuen of my Forest the keeping
Of the hundred of Chelmer and Dauncing
To Randolph Peperking, [1] and to his Kynlyng,
With Hart and Hynde, Doe and Bucke,
Hare and Foxe, Cat and Brocke,
Wyldfowle with his flocke,
Partridge, Fezant Hen, and Fezant Cocke,
With greene and wilde stub and stocke
To keepen, and two yeomen by all their might,
Both by day and eke by night,
And hounds for to hould,
Good, swift and bould,
Foure Greyhounds, and sixe Ratches,
For Hare and Foxe, and wyld Cattes :
And therefore yche made him my booke
Witnesse the Bishop of Wolstone
And booke ylerned many one,
And Sweyne of Essex our brother,
And taken him many other,
And our steward Howelyn,
That besought me for him.

"Cel graunt iaye icy insert, per que poyes voyer le plaine meaning del graunt de Roy in cel temps, & auxi q̄ux sont beastes de Forrest & de Warreyn," &c. "Quant al dit

[1] The Normans called him Ranulph Peverel.

graunt, ieo troue in libro William Camden de descripcion de Britaine." Fol. 340. Vide 1 H. 7.

The above alludes to Waltham Forest on the Lea, formerly known as the forest of Essex. In Camden's day it was, he says, a chace of vast extent, full of game, and containing the largest deer in the kingdom. In the 'Britannia,' greyhounds and ratches, are given greahounds and racches; but in Gough's edition grehouns. He refers as his authority to the Records of Hilary Term, 17 Ed. II., in the Exchequer.

Kemble informs us, in the Introduction to his 'Codex Diplomaticus Aevi Saxonici,' that the Saxon Kings quartered their huntsmen, horses, dogs, and hawks on their subjects. Kenulf, King of the Mercians, granted a charter in 821 to Abingdon monastery, which says, "We therefore command, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that no man who arrives inflated with pride, nor king, shall demand pasture, nor bringing men whom we call 'fæsting men,' nor those who carry hawks or falcons, or lead horses or dogs." [1]

The Ancient Laws and Institutes of England [2] are not silent as to the dog. In those of Alfred we find:—

"OF TEARING BY A DOG.—If a dog tear or bite a man, for the first misdeed let vi shillings be paid; if he (the owner) give him food; for the second time, xii shillings; for the third, xxx shillings. If, after any of these misdeeds, the dog escape, let this 'bōt' [3] nevertheless take place. If the dog do more misdeeds, and he keep him; let him make 'bōt,' accord-

[1] Dugdale's Mon. Ang. [2] B. Thorpe, 1840. [3] Compensation.

ing to the full 'wēr,[1] as well wound-'bōt' as for whatever he may do."

Edgar enacted, "An oxe's bell, and a dog's collar, and a blast-horn, either of these three shall be worth a shilling, and each is reckoned an informer."[2]

Ethelred ordered that hunting, marketing, and worldly works should be abstained from on Sundays. Canute did likewise; and as to hunting, "And I will that every man be entitled to his hunting, in wood and in field, on his own possession. And let every one forego my hunting: take notice where I will have it untrespassed on, under penalty of the full 'wite.'"[3]

This is said to be the oldest mention of Forest Laws in England.

Edgar's Canons say also, "Nor within the church-enclosure let there come any dog, nor yet more a swine, if it can be so ordered." Likewise, "And we enjoin, that a priest be not a hunter, nor a hawker, nor a dicer, but apply to his books, as becomes his order." The Penitentials of Theodore Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 688 to 690, and of Ecgberht Archbishop of York, A.D. 735 to 766, make mention of the clergy in regard to their pursuits of hunting and drinking.

Alcuin, writing to the monks of Wearmouth about the students, said, "Let the boys be accustomed to attend the praises of our heavenly King; not to dig up fox-earths, not

[1] The price of a man killed. A fine for offences.
[2] Perhaps because the collar had a bell attached.
[3] Mulct; fine for violation of law.

to pursue the fleeting course of hares."[1] From this it would seem that fox and hare hunting were then pursued, but that the fox, instead of being drawn for, was dug out and turned down.

In the interesting and recent work, entitled 'A History of Domestic Manners, &c., in England during the Middle Ages,' it is written, "The dogs (hundas) used for the chase among the Anglo-Saxon were valuable, and were bred with great care. Every noble or great land-owner had his *hund-wealh*, or dog-keeper." . . . "They seem to have hunted in couples. The Anglo-Saxon name for a hunting-dog was *ren-hund*,[2] a dog of chace, which is interpreted by greyhound." The author likewise asserts that a total dissimilarity exists between the dogs pictured in the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts and the British dogs represented in the Romano-British Pottery. Probably the Saxons and the Danes, and the Romans too, introduced breeds of their own. A swift hound, according to the 'Colloquy of Alfric,' was equal in value to a hawk.

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[1] William of Malmesbury, Gesta Regia, lib. i.

[2] Ducange suggests it may mean running-hound, or coursing hound, and be derived from *rennan*, Saxon for run. He also says it is the same as ram-hund, the dog mentioned in the Forest Laws of Canute. The latter statement is not plausible, for it is in the highest degree improbable that running hounds were permitted within the forest bounds. The derivation taken from the Saxon Glossary published in the reign of Edward III. is equally unreasonable—viz., that it comes from *ren*, Saxon for rain; a dog that watches out of doors in the rain!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

AMONG the Celts the dog was highly esteemed. Aneurin, a Celtic poet of the sixth century, uses the word as an honourable designation. In his poem on the battle of Cattraeth, where his countrymen were defeated by the Saxons, and in which he, a North-British chieftain, bore part, he says, when deploring the loss of his companions,—

> "There escaped only three from the power of their swords,
> Two War Dogs from Aeron and Cynon,
> And I."

When praising a chief, he remarks,—

> "He would allure the wild dogs with his hand."

The first quotation may allude to the use once made of dogs in battle by the Cimbri and other nations, perhaps also by the Alani. The second may apply to a breed of wild dogs once existing in Britain.

The very curious Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales, comprising those of Howel the Good, King of South Wales, enacted by him in the beginning of the tenth century at his Hunting Lodge in Caermarthenshire, and confirmed by the Pope, contain much interesting legislation as to hunting and the dog. Aneurin Owen, in his translation, states, that three Codes exist—that of Venedotia or North Wales, Dimetia or

South Wales, and Gwent or South-east Wales; all instituted by Howel, but modified according to local customs. It appears by these, that the game laws among the Britons were much milder than those introduced by the Saxons, and still more than those by the Danes, and above all, by the Normans into England.

Various breeds of dogs even then existed. The first amongst these was the gellgi, a large hound or buckhound, so named either from his being of a dun or bay colour, or from his hunting in coverts; the milgi or greyhound; the olrhëad or tracker; the bytheuad, a hound or harrier; the cholwyn or spaniel; the bugeilgi or shepherds'-dog; the ki-taeog or peasants' dog (perhaps the origin of our cur-dog, unless it may come from corgi, a sheep-dog); and the callawet or watch-dog, otherwise wandering dog. The derivation, however, of some of the names is not clear.

The following treats of the heir to the throne, the king's huntsman, and their dogs, also of various matters more or less connected with the latter.

The heir apparent, or "Edling," sat in the palace between the guest and the chief falconer, and his expenditure was defrayed from the king's coffers, including his horses and dogs. When he died they went to the king, and were the only heriot he rendered; his dogs were rated at the same worth as the king's. The chief huntsman was also one of the fourteen persons who sat on chairs in the palace; and his dogs, likewise, were of like worth as the king's. The chief of the household had the use of the king's horses, dogs, hawks, and arms; and his own horses and dogs were valued as his Sovereign's, to whom they went at his decease.— *Venedotian Code.*

"XVI.—OF THE CHIEF HUNTSMAN, HIS OFFICE, HIS PRIVILEGE, AND HIS DUTY, this treats.

1. The tenth is the chief huntsman (*i.e.* his place in the palace).

2. He is to have his land free; and his horse in attendance; and his linen clothing from the queen, and his woollen clothing from the king.

3. His seat in the palace is on the other side of the screen, next to the priest of the household, and the huntsmen with him.

4. His lodging is in the kiln.

5. His allowance is three hornfuls of liquor, and a mess of meat; one of the hornfuls of liquor from the king, another from the queen, and the third from the chief of the household.

6. He is to have a third of the dirwy[1] of the huntsmen, and the amobyr[2] of their daughters.

7. He is to have twenty-four pence from every one of the huntsmen when office is given to him.

8. He is to be from Christmas until the month of February with the king, when he shall desire it: and from the first week of the month of February he is to take his dogs, his horns, and his leashes, and go to hunt the hinds: and his horn is to be of the buffalo, and its worth is a pound. And from that time to the feast of St. John at Midsummer he is to hunt the hinds; and during that time he is not to answer anyone in any claim upon him, unless it be one of his fellow officers: and some say that he is only to swear by his horn and his leashes.[3]

[1] Fine on an offender. [2] Fee paid on marriage.

[3] "By his dogs, his horns, and his leashes." *Gwentian Code.*

9. He is to have the skin of an ox, in winter, to make leashes; and the skin of a cow in summer, to make boots.

10. On the morrow after the feast of St. John, at Midsummer, he is to go to hunt stags: and unless he be taken before he has risen from his bed and put on his boots, he is not obliged to answer any one who may have a claim upon him. From that time to the calends of winter there are twelve lawful pieces in the harts; and for that reason they are to be hunted until the calends of winter. And the ninth day of the calends of winter he ought to go to hunt wild swine; and from that time he is to hunt them until the calends of November:[1] and during that time he is not to answer any one's claim, unless it be one of his fellow officers, and that to the calends of the month of November, when the wild swine are hunted, if he be cited before he puts on his boots.

11. And on the calends of November he is to share the skins, and pay all his fellow officers who have a right to a share: and then answer. And after that, the skins are to be divided into two portions and a third; the two portions to the huntsmen, and the third to the king. Of the two portions of the huntsmen, the huntsmen with the covert hounds are to have two shares, and the huntsmen with the greyhounds one share. And the chief huntsman is to have two shares of the skins from the huntsmen with the covert hounds and two shares from the huntsmen with the greyhounds. And from the king's third of the skins he is to have a third: and he is the third man who shares in the king's third. After all this is completed, the chief huntsman is to show the dogs, his

[1] December?

skins, the horns, and the leashes to the king: and after he has shown them, he takes his progress among the king's villains;[1] and from that time unto Christmas they are to be on the progress: at Christmas they must return to the king, to take their privilege and seat in the palace.

12. The dogs of the chief huntsman are of like worth with those of the king.

13. Whoever shall have anything to share with the king, whether he be the chief huntsman or another; that person is to divide and the king is to choose.

14. The protection of the chief huntsman is, to convey an offender so far, that the sound of his horn can scarcely be heard.

15. His saraad[2] is six kine, and six score of silver, to be augmented once.

16. His worth is six score and six kine, to be augmented once."—*Venedotian Code.*

By the Dimetian and Gwentian Codes he had also other privileges; and according to the latter he could not be sued unless taken in his bed before putting the boot on his right foot.

By the Venedotian Code on the king's hunting, if dogs were slipped at a stag, and it was killed; to whomsoever the dogs belonged the owner of the land was to have the hind quarter.

By the Dimetian Code, it was free for the king to hunt everywhere in his country, and the owner of the land was

[1] See annual payment in Merioneth, 44 Edward III., vol. ii. p. 76.

[2] Disgrace, or fine for an insult.

not entitled to have the hind quarter of any hart killed by the king's huntsman upon it. The Gwentian Code agreed as to the latter.

If a breyr[1] hunted with covert-hounds, he was to wait until the king's huntsmen slipped their dogs three times in the morning. He could then loose them, and if the stag was killed the owner of the land was to have the quarter.

Any traveller wounding any wild animal from the road in the king's forest might pursue it so long as it remained in view.

Where dogs were set to watch, the first dog which took a roe-buck, fox, or hare, it belonged to that dog and its owner.

When a king's hart was killed on the territory of a breyr in the morning, he was to keep it entire till mid-day, and if the huntsmen then arrived they were to take it. If not, it was to be flayed, and the skin, liver, hind quarter, and the dogs, taken home. In case the huntsmen did not arrive that night he took the whole of the flesh and kept the dogs and the skin for the huntsmen.

The aillts, or villains of the king, were to support the dogs, huntsmen, falconers, and others, all of them once every year.—*Venedotian Code.*

Dogs, hawks, and horses where paid as fine by the king of Aberfraw to the king of London.—*Venedotian Code.*

"XIV.—THE WORTH OF DOGS.

1. The worth of the king's buck-hound is one pound, when trained:[2]

[1] A mote-man, high-man.

[2] A stallion was rated at a pound; a palfrey at 120*d.*; a carthorse at 60*d.*

2. Six score pence, untrained:

3. Three score pence, when a year old:

4. Thirty pence, when a whelp in the kennel:

5. Fifteen pence, from its birth until it shall open its eyes, is its worth.

6. The worth of the king's greyhound, if trained, six score pence:

7. If untrained, three score pence:

8. When a year old, thirty pence:

9. A whelp in the kennel, fifteen pence:

10. From its berth until it shall open its eyes, seven pence halfpenny.

11. The spaniel of the king,[1] is a pound in value.

12. The spaniel of an uchelwr,[2] a pound.

13. The spaniel of a free-man, is six score pence in value.

14. The spaniel of an aillt, four pence: the same worth as his cur.

15. The worth of the buck-hound of an uchelwr is the same as that of the king's greyhound.

16. The worth of the greyhound of an uchelwr is equal to half the worth of the king's greyhound.

17. Whatsoever dog belongs to an aillt is of the same value as his cur.

18. Whosoever may possess a cur, though it be the king, its value is four pence.

19. A herd-dog, that goes before the herd in the morning, and follows them home at night, is worth the best ox."[3]—*Venedotian Code.*

[1] "Or the queen." *Gwentian Code.* [2] A high man.

[3] Animal of the herd it may guard.

The fox and otter were free hunts to every person on the land of another, "because they were always on the move; for they had no haunts," and by the Dimetian and Gwentian codes, the roebuck also. This must have applied to the hill or greyhound fox. The skins of the fox, otter, wolf, hart, and ox were eight pence each in value, but that of the marten was twenty-four pence, and of the beaver six score pence. Those of the sheep, goat, and roebuck but one penny, and the cow and hind seven pence each.—*Venedotian Code.*

The milk of the cat, bitch, and mare were considered worthless.—*Dimetian Code.*

Nothing was to be paid for a cast at a dog, stag, or wild colt in corn. Three legal vessels of generation, a cat, bitch, and squirrel.—*Dimetian Code.*

49. "There are three legal needles: the sewing needle of the queen; the needle of the mediciner of the palace for sewing of wounds; and the needle of the chief huntsman for sewing the torn dogs: the worth of each of those is four legal pence: the needle of a seamstress in general is a legal penny in value."—*Dimetian Code.*

51. "There are three one-footed animals: a horse; a hawk; and a greyhound (or covert-hound), whoever shall break the leg of any one of them, let him pay his whole worth."—*Dimetian Code.*

"There are three animals whose foot and life are of the same worth: a horse; a greyhound; and a hawk: the reason is, because they are unclean, and are worthless when they are lame, as their use depends upon their feet; and, therefore,

their feet are of the same worth as their lives."—*Welsh Laws*, p. 558.

64. "There are three broods of the same value as their dams, whether there be one or many of them, if they be stolen: the litter of a covert-bitch; the farrow of a sow in her sty; and the eyrie of a hawk."—*Dimetian Code.*

90. "There are three thieves liable to a camlwrw: a dog stealer; a stealer of herbs, that grow on the earth," &c.—*Dimetian Code.*

"XIV.—OF DOGS.

1. If a dog be killed, or stolen, a camlwrw [1] is to be paid for it.

2. For a mad dog, or for the mischief it may commit, no reparation is to be made: the oath of one person is sufficient to deny a dog.[2]

3. The king's covert-hound cub, before it opens its eyes, is of twenty-four pence in value:

4. In its couch, it is forty-eight pence in value.

5. In its kennel, it is four score and sixteen pence in value.

6. In its random hunting, it is six score pence in value:

7. When it shall be trained, it is a pound in value.

8. The value of the king's greyhound, from first to last, in law, is half of that of the king's covert-hound, of the same age.

[1] Mulct for wrong, of nine score pence, three kine or more. The Gwentian Code says "there is no dirwy for a dog, though stolen, only a camlwrw."

[2] "For it is a back burden of an unclean animal." *Gwentian Code.*

9. Any one who shall put out the eye, or cut off the tail of the king's covert-hound, is to pay twenty-four pence to the king, for every cow that the dog may be rated at in value.

10. There is one animal which rises in value from four pence to a pound in one day; a covert hound: if it belong to a taeog[1] in the morning its worth will be four pence; and, if it be given to the king, its value is one pound.

11. A stallion when grazing out, and a greyhound without its collar, lose their privilege.

12. A breyr's[2] covert-hound and a king's greyhound, of the same age, are of equal worth.

13. A breyr's greyhound, from first to last, in law, is of half the value of a breyr's covert-hound of equal age.

14. The cub of a villain's cur, before its eyes open, is a curt penny in value.

15. In its couch, it is two pence in value:

16. In its kennel, three pence:

17. At liberty, its value is four curt pence:

18. Of whatever the kind the dog of a taeog may be, its worth is four pence, unless it be a shepherd-dog, and that is three score pence in value, if it will go before the cattle in the morning, and come behind[3] them at even, and make three turns round them in the night; and that can be certified by the owner, with a neighbour above his door, and another below his door.

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[1] Churl, or villein. [2] Mote-man, high-man.

[3] "Guarding the hindmost." *Gwentian Code.*

19. A cur, although it belong to a king, or a breyr, is of the same value as the cur of a villain.

20. A dog accustomed to bite, if killed beyond nine paces from the house, nothing is to be paid for it; if it be killed within the nine paces, twenty-four pence is to be paid.

21. There is no legal worth set upon a harrier; for there was not a dog of that kind in the time of Howel the Good; and therefore it is to be appraised.

22. An appraised worth is to be put upon every thing upon which no written legal worth is fixed.

23. If a dog attack any person, let the person place his weapon between him and it; and, if the dog go upon the weapon so as to be killed, nothing is to be paid for it.

24. If a dog bite any person, so that the blood come, the owner of the dog is to pay the worth of his blood to the person bitten; and if he who is so bitten kill the dog before it escape from him, he is to have nothing, but sixteen pence for his blood.

25. If a dog accustomed to bite persons bite three persons,[1] and is not killed by its master, then it is to be tied to the leg of its master with a rope of two spans in length, and there killed; and let the owner of the dog pay a camlwrw to the king."—*Dimetian Code.*

By the Dimetian Code a cur dog was worth four curt pennies.

Madness prevailed at times among dogs.—*Gwentian Code.*

[1] "Tear a person three times." *Gwentian Code.*

A man might scowl at a dog attacking him, and on two other occasions.—*Gwentian Code.*

Little children, dogs, and cocks, were the three signs of the inhabitancy of a country. Which then by the Welsh laws was entitled to a court and church, and the privileges of an inhabited country.—*Gwentian Code.*

"XXII.—HERE IS THE WORTH OF THE FURNITURE.

111. The collar of the king's greyhound, eight pence.
112. The collar of a gwrda's[1] greyhound, four pence.
113. The leash of the king's greyhound, four pence.
114. The leash of a gwrda's greyhound, two pence.
115. The leash of a tracker greyhound, eight pence."

Venedotian Code.

WELSH LAWS.

Four pence paid for a house cur. It reached its worth in a year, as did a cat and a sheep. If killed with weapon in hand in self-defence, no compensation due.

VI.—OF ANIMALS.

Some species of dogs are of higher rank than others:—

4. "There are three higher species of dogs: a tracker; a greyhound; and a spaniel.

[1] Breyr. *D.* and *G.*

5. [There are three kinds of trackers: a bloodhound,] a covert-hound, and a harrier.

6. There are three kinds of curs: [a mastiff;] a shepherd-dog; and a house cur."

A house cur's value, like a goat's and sheep's, did not augment with the privilege of their owners.

No man to lose his life for a dog stolen, a bird, or wild animal.

The horses, favourite dogs, hawks, and arms, were ebediw.[1]

Book IV.

35. "There are three proofs respecting an animal. One is, whoever has his dog killed, and he assert it to be a sheep-dog, he is to prove it; the second is, if a person kill a dog because of its being mad, and the owner of the dog contradict him, and say that it was not mad, the person who killed it is to prove it was so, by showing that he had seen it attacking dogs and men, or that he had seen it with its tongue knawn;[2] the third is, a dog of mischievous habits; if it be killed, it must be proved that it was accustomed to bite men, or of doing other injuries."

If the dogs, of a man engaged in driving cattle from his corn, killed the cattle, he was to pay, but not if he broke their necks or hurt them in driving them lawfully. If his neighbour's dogs came and killed them, the latter was to pay. He was not to drive them with dogs beyond his own boundaries. There was no fine for a person killed by a mad dog.

[1] Heriot, paid by an heir of a vassal to his lord.

[2] This means with the tongue hanging out, as is the case with a rabid dog when he runs.

C. III.

6. "Nine score pence is to be paid for a dog, a bird, and a wild beast, should they be killed; and the oath of one person denies them."

C. IV.

Any person setting on other person's dogs was liable for the injury done by them.

B. XIII.

"There are three motes of pursuit: after a wolf; after thieves; and after a mad dog: and all who shall hear the cry are to assemble together."

For murder, treason, treachery, and irretrievable spoliation, everybody of every age within hearing of the horn had to accompany the exile and keep up the barking of dogs till he put to sea and had gone three score hours out of sight.

Of the three dues of a lord from his man was the feeding of his dogs: dovraeth (domesticity).

To deny taking a dog or bird, the oath of one man sufficed; but twenty-four were required for a horse. If a dog or bird was taken, restoration was to be made to the owner, and nine score pence to the lord. It was not accounted theft.

No man was allowed to take the flesh of a tame or hidden animal torn by a wolf or dogs, without the owner's consent. There were three indispensables of a summer resident—a bothy, a herdsman's dog, and a knife.

If a wife abused her husband, wishing drivel on his beard, dirt in his teeth, or called him a cur (gestavc), she was to pay him three kine; or if she liked it better, to receive three

strokes with a rod the length of his fore arm and the thickness of his long finger, on any part of her person he pleased, her head excepted.

This may seem a singular method of regulating the ladies; but those who are curious in matrimonial legislation will find in these laws some other rules still more surprising.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LEGISLATION concerning the dog must have existed in England from a remote period; the natural instinct for the chace, so general in the human heart, not only in all ranks but among all people, both barbarous and civilized, and which was a strong characteristic of the Celtic and Teutonic races, soon led to the powerful and wealthy engrossing that enjoyment thus passionately pursued. Some laws in all likelihood were passed prior to those of Canute, though they are the oldest Forest laws known in this country. Gurguntius, son of Belyn, is said to have made forests in Wiltshire;[1] but the origin of most of our forests is lost in antiquity. Certainly in Domesday we only find the names of five, namely, the New Forest, Windsor, Gravelings, Wimbourne, and Whichwood; but it is believed that many others were in the kingdom, and Odericus Vitalis mentions that William the Conqueror hunted in the forest of Dean. Canute's laws allowed every freeman to sport on his own land, and Edward the Confessor confirmed this, but enforced death for hunting in the Crown domains, and a man who even unintentionally put a wild beast out of breath incurred a fine or flogging: if it was a stag royal, two years imprisonment, or deprival of all privileges and exclusion

[1] Concordantia Historiarum.

from human society, (frendles man). If a serf caused the death of a stag, his own life expiated the crime.

William the Conqueror maintained and added to these regulations: "Whoever took a stag or a buck was deprived of his eyes, and no one dared complain; for the wild king loved wild beasts as though he were the father of wild beasts."[1]

Rufus continued these enactments; and Henry the First reiterated by charter the laws of the Conqueror, retaining the forests as his father held them; as also did Stephen and Henry the Second. The latter monarch, Cœur de Lion, and John made more forests, to the heavy burthen of men of all ranks.

The grinding tyranny of the forest laws was greatly ameliorated by the Charter of the Liberties of the Forest, made by John and confirmed by Henry the Third, to pacify the kingdom, and which was established and enlarged by Edward the First. The greater part of the realm was, till that Charter, entirely forests, but by it all those made of the lands and woods not the property of the Crown, by Richard and John, were disforested:—"About this same time," 1252, says Matthew Paris, "Geoffrey Langley, Knight, who had oppressed beyond measure all whom he could get into his power by any means whatever, was removed from the office of forest-keeper. His removal gave great satisfaction to many of the English."

The earliest game-laws known in this kingdom relating to the dog are those before mentioned of Canute, or Cnut, the Dane. These were enacted at a Parliament held at Winchester in 1016, and written in Danish, some words of which

[1] Roger of Wendover. Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

were left in the translation. Lord Coke cast, but, it is thought, unjustly, a doubt on their authenticity.[1]

John Manwood, in his 'Lawes of the Forest,' published in 1598 and 1615, thus renders them:—

"31. No mean person may keepe any grey-hounds; but freemen may keepe grey-hounds (greihounds), so that their knees be cut before the verderors of the Forest, and without cutting of their knees also, if they doe abide ten miles from the bounds of the forest. But if they doe come any nearer to the forest, they shall pay twelve pence for every mile; but if the grey-hounds bee found within the forest, the master or owner of the dog shall forfeit the dog and ten shillings to the king.

32. What dogges a man may keepe in the forest. These little dogges, called velteres,[2] and such as are called ram-hundt[3] (al which dogges are to sit in ones lap), may be kept in the forest, because in them there is no daunger, and therefore they shal not bee hoxed or have their knees cut; but although they bee lawfull dogges, they must be lawfully used and kept, as it doth appeare by the next Canon.

33. The price of a meane man.—If, by misfortune, such a

[1] P. Lewis's Historical Enquiries concerning Forests and Forest Laws. 1811. Whitaker's Whalley.

[2] Cowell says, greyhounds in Germany are called Welters; in Italy, Veltros. In Holinshed and Harrison's version, written "Welter Langeran." Lewis translates it Vetterors. It must mean here a little greyhound, a pet dog like the Italian, kept as a playmate, and too small for the chase. Whitaker's Whalley suggests for Langeran—longsnout, from grun, groon, or groin, which in Lancashire dialect is a sharp snout.

[3] A sheep-dog, or ram-hound; this dog was necessary to those who pastured sheep and cattle in the forest.

kinde of dogs doe become mad and savage, and doe runne up and downe everie where, by the negligence of their master, and so doe become unlawfull, then the owner must yeeld a recompence to the king for their unlawfulnesse. If they bee found within the circuit of the forest, then the master of such dogs must bee sought out, and hee shall yeeld recompence, according to the estimation of a meane man, which, according to the auncient law, is ten pounds.

34. The price of a freeman.—If a greedie ravening dog doe bite a wild beast in the forest, then the owner shall yeeld recompence for the same, according to the price of a freeman, which is twelve times a hundred shilling. But if he doe bite a royal beast, then he shall be guilty of the greatest offence."

"These," says Manwood, "are the Constitutions of Canutus concerning the Forest, very barbarously translated out of the Danish tongue into Latin, by those that tooke the same in hand. Howbeit, as I find it, so I set it downe, without any alteration of my copie in any iote or title."

The cutting of the knees of greyhounds, enforced by the laws of Canute, was one method of maiming dogs kept in or near forests, and incapacitating them for killing or chasing game. In the laws of Henry the First it is called "the wretched expeditation of dogs,"[1] and Odericus Vitalis said of that king, "Reserving for his own sport the beasts of chace in the forests of England, he even caused all dogs kept on the verge of the woods to be mutilated by having one of their claws chopped off, and reluctantly licensed some few of the greater

[1] Ancient Laws of England, p. 228.

nobles and his particular friends to have the privilege of hunting in their own forests."[1] In the 14 Henry II. men of Northumberland were amerced 22*s.* 10*d.* for not cutting the feet of their dogs—"non truncaverant pedes canum suorum;"[2] and in the 18th of the same reign, Roger Mantell and William Fitz Ralf rendered account to the Exchequer of the paunage of the king's forests throughout England for that and the previous year, paying £7 12*s.* for that year for the New Forest; £6 for Windsor, &c.; and among the smaller perquisites as bark, honey, wax, &c., 5*s.* for each dog unexpeditated—"et de 10*s.* pro 2 canibus non expedatis."[3] John enforced the game laws rigorously, indeed, exceeded them, for, besides creating more forests, he, according to Henry de Knyghton, the canon of Leicester, ordered all dogs and mastiffs in every forest in the kingdom to be slaughtered.[4] "Canes et mastivi per omnes forestas Angliæ occiduntur." But it is probable the good canon's statement must be received with the usual reserve necessary when monks write of that king. King and clergy hated each other heartily. Once in Wales a man was brought before John, charged with the murder of a priest. "What! of a priest?" exclaimed John, "I have an enemy the less—let him go!" A remarkably fine stag being taken one day in hunting, on his being quartered and the fat seen, John remarked, "How fat the rascal is,—yet he never heard mass!"

Holinshed says, "At the same time he gave commandement

[1] Book xi. c. 23, Bohn's Ed.
[2] Madox's Exchequer, p. 559; Mag. Rot. 14 Hen. II.; Rot. 11 b, Northumb
[3] Ib., Mag. Rot. 18 Hen. II.; Rot. 2 a, Not. et Derb.
[4] Twysden, p. 2417.

unto Hugh Nevill, high justice of his forrests, that he should award his precepts unto all forresters within the realme, to give warning to all the white monks that before the quindene of S. Michaell they should remove out of his forrests all their horsses of haras, and other cattell, under the penaltie to forfeit so manie of them," &c.

The 'Liberties of the Forest,' granted by John, and given in Roger of Wendover's history, are very much, as regards expeditation, in accordance with the charters afterwards bestowed by his son. These liberties were encroached upon; for in 1225 Hugh de Neville and Brian de L'Isle, with others, went through England to investigate the forests, and the above author tells us, "All did as they chose in the disforested woods, and not only men, but dogs also, who used formerly to be footed, enjoyed these liberties." Different methods from that practised by the Danes for maiming dogs, came at later periods into use, and are, including the former, mentioned under the various terms genucission, hoxing, hocksinewing, hambling, hozing, lawing, expeditation, espealtare, espeuteisoun, espelotte, and footing. It appears that at first a sinew was divided; but probably, in consequence of this being found to render the dog almost useless, a different plan was adopted, namely, that of cutting out the ball, and finally the manner of striking off three claws of the right fore-foot, which last was instituted at the assizes of Woodstock by Henry the Second.

John Manwood, whose work on the Laws of the Forest was published in 1598, informs us that every man dwelling within any forest might keep a mastiff about his house for the defence of it and his goods, if it was lawfully maimed, lawed,

or expeditated, according to the assizes of the forest. He says Henry the Second, in the assizes of Woodstock, enacted this law; and by the Charta de Forestâ it appears that in every third year, when the Regard of the King's Forest was performed, the lawing and expeditating of mastiffs, and other dogs, within it, was made "by the view and testimony of honest men."

In the 6th of Edward the First it was ordained, if any mastiff be found on any deer, the same mastiff being expeditated, then the owner shall be quit of that deed. Also that no mower, or harvest-man, shall bring with him any great mastiff (*Mastiuum magnum*) to the field to drive away the king's deer, but little dogs to look to things without the covert, so that, although those who lived within the forest might keep mastiffs which were maimed about their houses, it was not permitted to carry them afield; and we here see the little dog guarding the labourer's coat and dinner, as in our own times.

Either the mastiff in those ages was a very different animal from the massive creature of later times, or, it was feared, they would hunt and alarm the game, though unable to overtake it. By the Forest Charter it was moreover decreed that any man keeping a dog within the forest not expeditated, (that is, not lawed or having the claws of his fore-foot cut out), should be amerced three shillings. Little dogs, however, might be kept without lawing, as laid down in Canute's Laws. Likewise, by the assizes of Pickering, 10th Edward the Third, it appears one made his claime to be quit of footegeld;[1] which is to keep dogs unlawed within the forest

[1] From the Saxon fot, a foot, and geldan, to pay.

without fine or forfeiture, by reason of a grant to him or his ancestors. And by the assizes and customs of the forest it is laid down in the 17th article:—

"De his qui clamant habere libertates sicut Canes inexpeditatos & Leporarios infra metas Forestæ, nihil eis faciendum sine warranto domini regis vel Justiciariorum suorum."

That dogs unlawed, and greyhounds, might be kept within the bounds by certain privileged persons. Greyhounds, however, were not permitted in a forest, except in such special cases; neither were spaniels. There was no law to expeditate greyhounds; but at the commencement of our Forest Laws they were forbidden in or near forests at all; indeed, by Canute's law, no ordinary man could even possess a greyhound.

This maiming of dogs is derived, Manwood says, as follows:—

"This verbe Expeditor, to make lame, or to make one halt, or unable to run, is a made Latine word, used in stead of Mutilo, to make one lame: and in the Assizes and Customes of the Forest, that were made in the time of Edward the First, there this word Mutilatus is used for Expeditatus, as a word of better Latine, and meete to bee used for that purpose. Canutus, in his one and thirtieth Canon, doth call the lawing of dogges Genuiscissio; but that was a kind of cutting or laming of dogges in the hammes, and that sort of laying of dogs the old foresters were woont to call Hamling, or Hoxing, and of some Hocksynewing. King Henry the Second was the first that began to cut off the

claws of the forefeet of mastives: And therefore he called that maner of torment of lawing of dogs, Expeditatio Mastiuorum, the expeditating of mastives, taking that name (Expeditating) of making them lame and unable to run, Ex pede, of the hurt or mayhem that they have of the foot, by the cutting off of the three clawes of the forefoot."

By the Forest Charter no dogs (mastiffs) could be expeditated but in places where it was customary in the time of the first coronation of King Henry the Second. Manwood was of opinion that no dogs were to be expeditated by law but mastiffs alone, "and such like curres that are of the Mastive kinde."

"Budæus," says he, "calleth a Mastive Molossus; in the old British speech they doe call him a Masethefe, and by that name they doe call all manner of Barking curres, that doe use to Barke about mens houses in the night, because that they doe Mase and feare away theeves from the houses of their masters."

This word does not occur in Cotgrave, Kelham, Johnson, Ash, Skinner, or Nares; but it may come from *mas*, the abbreviation used for *master* by Ben Jonson and Lyly, and mean master thief, that is, to master or overcome a thief. Manwood goes on to say, "there is no dogge that doth barke so shrill, as the Mastive doth, nor so much."

The Mastiffs were examined by the Regarders of the Forest and the Foresters, every third year, and a return made to the Verderers, Judges of the Courts, of all those kept within the forest, and of their owners. The court of Swanimote, or Attachments, then might cause all those mastives to be

brought before them at the forty-day court, and a meet and convenient man with such instruments as were fit for that purpose, and do execution. The owners of the dogs were likewise liable to a fine of three shillings which went to the King. The penalty previous to the Charta de Forestâ was the fine of an ox.

"The manner of expeditating of such mastives, is especially set downe and declared in the Charter of the Forest in the sixt article, in these words, 'Talis autem expeditatio fiat per Assisam communiter usitatam, viz, quod tres ortelli abscindantur sine pellotâ de pede anteriori,' and such expeditating of Mastives shal be done according to the Assises commonly used; that is to say, three clawes of the forefoot shal be cut off by the skin: and accordingly, the same is now used; for the mastive being brought to set one of his forefeet upon a peece of wood of eight inches thicke, and a foot square, the one with a mallet, setting a chissell of two inches broad upon the three clawes of his forefoot, at one blow doth smite them cleane off, and this is the manner of Expeditating of Mastives."

By this is meant three claws without the skin; but it is impossible to amputate three claws at one blow with a straight tool in that manner, without cutting off part of the foot.

This practice continued in Elizabeth's and James's reigns, for Manwood states:—

"At this day, in all places in England, where forests are, there is no doubt but that there must be expeditating of

mastives, except that they have some speciall Charter or graunt from the King to the contrarie."

The Assises of Henry the Second, at Woodstock, laid down this law in regard to all forests where the King's wild beasts had a "firm peace;" it did nevertheless not apply to Chases. Any owner of a mastiff found unexpeditated or hambled, within a forest, either Duke, Earle, Baron, or any other man, was liable to pay the fine of three shillings; but this did not hold respecting other kinds of dogs. If the mastiff hurt any of the wild beasts of the forest, the owner was answerable for the same over and above the said fine. Any person of dignity and honour keeping greyhounds and hunting with them in those bounds, was liable to indictment before the Justices of the forest, and amercement at their discretion, according to his dignity and estate.

The following is from Manwood as to what applies to dogs in the Charter of the Forest published in the 2nd, A.D. 1217, and the 9th year, of King Henry the Third; and the same may be found in the Statutes of the Realm, vol. I. pp. 20, 26.

"6. The enquirie or view for lawing of dogges being within our Forest, shal be made from henceforth, when the Regard is made, that is to say, every iii yeere, and then it shall be done by the view and testimony of honest men, and not otherwise. And he whose dog is not then found expeditated shal be amerced, and shal pay for the same 3s. And from henceforth no oxe shal be taken for lawing of dogs. And such lawing shal be done by the assise commonly used, that

is to say, that iii clawes of the fore-foot shal be cut off by the skinne.[1] But from henceforth such lawing of dogges shall not be done, but in places where it hath beene accustomed from the time of the first coronation of the aforesaid King Henry our grandfather." Charta de Forestâ, cap. 6.

The above Charter of the 2 Henry III., was nearly exactly repeated in the Carta de Forestâ, 25 Edward I., and again confirmed by the Statute of Fines levied. 27 Edward I. A.D. 1299.

Then come the

"Assisa & consuetudines Forestæ, published an. 6 Edward I.[2]

8. If there be any Greyhounds found running to doe any hurt, the forester shall retaine them, and present them in the presence of the Verderors, and send them to the king or chiefe Justice of the Forest.

9. If any Mastive[3] be found upon any Deere and shal be expeditated,[4] he whose Mastive he is shal be quit of the deed, but if he be not expeditated, the owner of such Mastive shal be guiltie, as if hee had given it with his owne hand,[5] and he shal be put by vi pledges, whose names shal be written, and also what (kind?) of dog it was."

"16. No Mower shall bring with him a great Mastive, to

[1] "Quod tres ortelli abscindantur sine pelota de pede anteriori." That is, without the ball. Orteils, ortieux, ortaux. Qy. claws or toes. See Le Roy Modus.

[2] Statutes of the Realm, vol. i. p. 244.

[3] "Si quis mastivus."

[4] "Mutilatus," maimed.

[5] As if he had done the deed with his own hand.

drive away the deere of our Lord the King, but little dogges to looke to things without the covert.[1]

"17. Of these which claime to have priviledges, as dogges unlawed and greyhounds, within the bounds of the forest, there shal be nothing done unto them without our Lord the King his warrant, or his Justices'."

"20. It is lawfull to the Abbot of the Borough of S. Peter, to hunt, and to take Hares, Foxes, and Martrons[2] within the bounds of the Forest, and to have unlawed dogs, because he hath sufficient warrant thereunto."

Very frequent mention is made in ancient rolls and charters, of this law respecting dogs in England. It does not appear to have existed in France and consequently was not introduced by the Normans, but was in force prior to their conquest of England, and no doubt brought in by the Danes. Ducange quotes no French authority for it, or indeed any authority but English. After Canute's laws he refers to those of Henry the First, chapter 17, where it is called, he says, "the wretched maiming of dogs."

Henry the Third gave a charter to the Bishop and Prior of Carlisle allowing the canons to chase the deer with hounds into the king's forest and to take them there.[3] He also granted the Abbot and Monks of Reading free warren on their estates, and exemption from lawing their dogs, in the royal Forests:[4] and Stephen de Segrave, Justiciary of

[1] To look to such things as lie open.

[2] "Mureligos," probably wild-cats; or martens, otherwise martrens.

[3] Nicholson and Burns' Westmoreland and Cumberland. Appendix, No. xxvi., vol. ii. p. 545.

[4] Blount's Law Dictionary, 1670. Dug. Mon. Aug., Art. "Reading."

England, received a charter of exemption from expeditation for the dogs of himself and his heirs, and their men for ever, in the manor of Awkenbury in Huntingdonshire.[1] Tichfield Abbey, in Hampshire, had a similar privilege from that king, and freedom from all decrees of the forest.[2]

[1] Archæologia, vol. xv. 1806.

[2] Dug. Mon. Ang., vol. ii. p. 661.

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